Everybody's Magazine

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FOUR OCTOBER 1919 VOLUME XLI

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT
A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUST MADE FOR THE SENATE GALLERY BY JAMES E. FRASER.

My Neighbor, Theodore Roosevelt

By Hamlin Garland

Author of "A Son of the Middle Border," "Maintraveled Roads," etc.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT WAS THE GREATEST AMERICAN OF HIS GENERATION. UNSELFISH AND SINCERE IN PURPOSE, UNSWERVING IN SEEKING THE RIGHT AND FOLLOWING IT, HE GAVE A LIFETIME OF DEVOTED PUBLIC SERVICE WHICH MUST STAND AS AN INSPIRATION TO THE YOUTH OF THIS LAND FOR ALL TIME, AND SET UP IDEALS WHICH IT IS NOT ONLY A DUTY BUT A PRIVILEGE FOR ALL TRUE AMERICANS TO FOLLOW. THE MEMORY OF SUCH MEN IS A NATION'S GREATEST INSPIRATION, AND IT MUST BE EMBODIED AND PRESERVED IN SOME ENDURING FORM.

AN ASSOCIATION, CALLED THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, HAS BEEN FORMED TO ERECT A SUITABLE AND ADEQUATE MONUMENTAL MEMORIAL TO HIM IN WASHINGTON, AND TO ACQUIRE, DEVELOP AND MAINTAIN A PARK IN THE TOWN OF OYSTER BAY, WHICH MAY ULTIMATELY INCLUDE SAGAMORE HILL, TO BE PRESERVED LIKE MOUNT VERNON AND LINCOLN'S HOME AT SPRINGFIELD. TO CARRY THIS PROGRAM TO SUCCESS, THE ASSOCIATION WILL NEED A MINIMUM OF $10,000,000 AND, SO THAT THIS MEMORIAL FUND MAY BE FULLY REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICA, IT ASKS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM AT LEAST 4,000,000 INDIVIDUALS.

IN THIS APPEAL WE ARE GLAD TO JOIN, BELIEVING THAT A CONTRIBUTION TO THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL WILL BE, IN THE HIGHEST SENSE, A PLEDGE OF DEVOTION TO IDEAL CITIZENSHIP. CHECKS MAY BE SENT TO ALBERT H. WIGGIN, TREASURER, ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, 1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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IN THE early eighties, while holding down a claim in McPherson County, Dakota, I had for neighbor (a hundred miles or so to the west) a young rancher by the name of Theodore Roosevelt. It is true that I never saw him and that I was altogether too inconspicuous an object for even his keen eyes to discover. Nevertheless, in the borderer's sense we were neighbors.

Our first meeting, which came about, as I love to recall, from his motion rather than from mine, took place in New York City nearly ten years later. For several years I had been living in Boston (where I had made a start at writing stories of Iowa and Dakota) and it was while visiting my publishers in the metropolis some time in the latter part of '95 or early part of '96 that I was surprised by a note from Theodore Roosevelt, who was at this time one of the commissioners of police, containing an invitation to lunch with him. He wrote: "As I have only a short time to give to my luncheon, I have fallen into the habit of eating my midday meal at B——'s bakery on Broadway. I hope you won't mind such a hasty meal, and that you will meet me there promptly at one o'clock on Monday."

Understanding that my former neighbor in Dakota was at this time not only a rising politician, but a rich and aristocratic citizen of New York, I accepted his invitation with a pleasure somewhat clouded with anxiety as to what sort of man I should find in him and just what I could say of interest to him. I dreaded the meeting at the same time that I eagerly sought the honor of his acquaintance.

My anxiety was entirely unnecessary. My embarrassment was swept away by the cordiality of his greeting. He was at this time as compact, as lithe and as full of fire and grace as a panther, and when he stepped forward, extending his hand, saying, "I am glad to know you," I believed that he meant it. I was captivated by his powerful and *happy* personality.

He spoke at once of my stories and went so far as to name some of the characters which had most appealed to him. Then, turning to one of his guests, he called out, "Riis, I want you to know Hamlin Garland," and it was in this way that I first met Jacob Riis.

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Stephen Crane, the third guest, I had known for some years—he was, in truth, a protégé—but the fourth man, William A. Chanler, was a stranger to me. Concerning him Roosevelt said: "Chanler has just returned from a hunting trip in Africa."

As a group, we indicated something of our host's wide range of intellectual activities. He loved even at that time to assemble men of varied character and distinctive accomplishment.

Putting me at his left, he took occasion, almost before we had opened our napkins, to speak again of my work and to express a desire to know more about my plans and my residence. So prompted, I told him very briefly of my bringing up on an Iowa farm and of my claim-holding in South Dakota. This seemed to add to his interest in me and led to some humorous remarks of his own concerning his own ranch life. He then said, "You and Riis should be friends, being both uplifters," and in this was an acknowledgment that he was aware of my reform tendencies.

Some time during the luncheon he turned to me again and said: "How would you like to come down to my Commissioner's Court and sit through a trial of some of my delinquent 'cops'?"

I assured him that it would give me very great pleasure to do so, whereupon he said: "Come down on Thursday and I'll take you on the bench with me. The procedure may interest you."

The total impression which he made on me was that of a happy, busy and genial official in the early summer of his life and of almost perfect physical health. I liked him and was proud of the fact that, for some reason, he liked me.

On Thursday, promptly at the hour named, I entered his office and was at once taken into the court-room and up to the place where he sat. Only one of his fellow commissioners was present, and he stayed but a short time. We had the bench all to ourselves, and the morning's events return vividly to my mind as I write. Roosevelt was combined advocate, judge and jury. He not only put most of the questions, he rendered all of the decisions. In a low voice he explained each case to me, taking me into the merits of each accusation, and in several instances inviting my judgment.

One delinquent especially interested me. He was a tall, blond native American, very evidently from the country, and as he came forward and lifted his eyes to us I detected in his face an expression of timidity as well as of shame, and while Roosevelt was regarding him sternly, I leaned over and whispered to him: "Don't be too hard on that man. That is 'Lemuel Barker of Willoughby Pastures.'"

Roosevelt slammed his hand down on the desk and said: "By George, you're right. He looks as if he had just stepped out of Howells' novel."

It pleased me to know that New York had a commissioner of police who not only read Howells' novels but remembered his characters.

The young culprit was deeply mortified by his position and admitted his fault with a sad frankness. I can not be sure exactly what his plea was, but I think he acknowledged having been asleep while on duty and gave some excellent reason for his weakness. At any rate, Roosevelt turned to me and said: "Now what would you do in such a case?"

"I'd let him off easy," I replied. "He comes of good country stock and is ambitious to do the right thing. Give him another chance. I'm sure he will not repeat his fault."

With a kind of magisterial aloofness, Roosevelt then said: "Young man, you are new in the service and your record is good. You've never been here before, and I'm going to overlook this particular offense, but don't let it happen again."

With deep emotion, the young fellow thanked the commissioner and returned to duty.

My interest in these court proceedings led Roosevelt, at the end of the session, to say: "Perhaps you'd like to come down some night and make inspection with me."

"I should enjoy it keenly," I replied, and in this I was very sincere. I had heard much of Commissioner Roosevelt's habit of "prowling about the streets at midnight in disguise" with intent to keep an eye on his roundsmen and in order that his force might be kept at the highest point of efficiency. To make one of these rounds seemed a most picturesque and delightful way of studying him and the workings of his system, for I realized even then that he was the vitalizing spirit of the force."

On the night named, I found Jacob Riis at our rendezvous. He too had been invited to join in Roosevelt's East Side prowl.

Gay, full of humorous stories and gibes at Riis and myself, the commissioner started out, wearing a plain dark suit, with a soft hat pulled low over his face, while Riis and I followed along behind, or walked on either side of him when the pavements permitted.

Riis knew this part of America as perfectly as I knew the home farm in Iowa, for it was his chosen field of labor and reform, but to me it was an utterly foreign and, I confess, rather menacing region. I was very glad of the support which the presiding officer of the police court afforded me.

As we walked, Roosevelt talked of the police force and of what he was trying to make of it. He spoke in high praise of Waring, who, as street commissioner, had made Manhattan a cleaner city than it had ever been before. "Waring's White Wings," as the people called the street cleaners, were everywhere during the day, and the pavement fairly shone with their brushes. It was plain that their work had inspired Roosevelt, strengthening his determination to clean up the city morally as Waring had cleared it of its grime and refuse. He intended his roundsmen to be as efficient in their way as Waring's White Wings were in theirs.

As we threaded the narrow and, to me, dangerous streets of the lower East Side, Roosevelt had a keen eye for the action of his "cops." At one point he indicated where two roundsmen were chatting on a corner, and said: "They are permitted a few minutes' talk at such meetings, but they are not expected to spend their time in gossip. We will wait here a few minutes and see what happens."

He was curt and stern with a man whom he saw coming out of a saloon. "What are you doing in there? You are here for work," he said, "not to lean on somebody's bar."

One or two offending officers were disposed to bluster. "Who the hell are you?"

"I am Commissioner Roosevelt," he snapped out with the incisive authority of a military commander, and his words produced all the effect which a novelist could reasonably expect. His name had already become a terror to the loafer and the crook. No grafting roundsman was safe from his punishment. It was evident that he had put an entirely new spirit into the force.

We ended our patrol by dropping in at some little restaurant for supper, and I went away to my lodgings with a realization that I had been elected to friendship by one of the most interesting and powerful citizens of New York City.

It is with especial clearness that I recall a luncheon given in Roosevelt's honor by Brander Matthews, for it was a very notable luncheon indeed. Willliam

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Dean Howells was there, and Owen Wister, as well as several other writers of distinction, but Theodore was the life of the party, vital, blithe, humorous. His talk was all of the East Side and its marvelous mixtures of races and religions. He radiated good humor and happiness, and it interested me to see how delightedly Howells and Matthews and Wister gave themselves up to his admirably phrased stories. Howells was especially impressed, and, at the close of one of the best of these accounts, earnestly remarked: "You must write these stories down while they are fresh in your mind."

"I can't find the time," Roosevelt replied.

"You must *take* the time," urged Matthews, and Howells added:

"You need only to talk to a stenographer as you have been talking to us. If you do not record these impressions now, you are likely to lose your keen enjoying memory of them—other duties and other experiences are likely to overlay your 'cops' and their comedies."

These warnings did not succeed in their purpose. Roosevelt never made record of these experiences, at least not in the spirit of his talk at that luncheon. Without doubt his audience inspired him, for Matthews offered witty and suggestive comments, and Howells, by an occasional question, drew from the commissioner one of the most picturesque and significant monologues I have ever heard.

He described the religious street festivals of the Jews, the Syrians, the Greeks. He outlined certain curious racial rows and rivalries in these processions, producing a picture of East Side New York which made it seem as strange, as remote to me as if it had been a part of far Constantinople or Beirut, and all that he described was touched with such vivid humor and cast into such felicity of phrase that it remained throughout at the level of good literature.

In my diary I find these precise words written that night: "Roosevelt, overflowing with ideas, experiences, things to tell, dominated the table. Plainly a big personality, humorous, yet capable of deepest emotion."

This luncheon must have been in recognition of the fact that he had resigned his office as commissioner and was about to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, for the next entry in my diary is dated January 18, 1898: "Dined with Theodore Roosevelt, the present Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a man who is likely to be much in the public mind during his life. . . . He is not unlike Kipling in physical frame, strong-necked, square-headed and deep-chested, a man of powerful prejudices and intense dislikes; but manly and just in all his impulses."

I put this down exactly as I find it. But, alas! I have only scant records of our many other meetings. I was in Washington at this time, working on a "Life of Ulysses S. Grant," and as Roosevelt had made me free of his office, I dropped in several times to see the naval wheels go round—and they spun! He was no clerk, no humble assistant; he was the Secretary of the Navy. There was no question about that in my mind.

Sitting a little aside and behind him, with a hand of supplementary emotional

I watched him at his work. I listened while he talked with specialists and received messengers from other departments of the Government. I heard him give orders for increased target practise. He discussed with me the relative weight and power of German and other fleets. He was even then a believer in preparedness and had a premonition of the fact that America was about to lose her adolescent character as a colony remote from the world's affairs and to become a factor in European politics.

His superior, John D. Long of Massachusetts, being absent at the time, Roosevelt ordered guns and shells and made other preparations for the Spanish War which seemed about to break upon us.

Some time during this winter, I can not quite be sure of the date, I dined with Senator Lodge in company with Henry Adams and Secretary Roosevelt, and though I can not recall the precise date, I do recall the hectoring which I got after dinner, while we were taking our coffee in Lodge's beautiful library. The Populist movement was still something of a problem to the Republican leaders at this time, and Roosevelt, knowing that I had been a student of Western farm conditions, and that I had expressed decided sympathy with certain phases of the Alliance program, set to work to draw from me whatever I could give which would enable him to get at the bottom of the prairie farmers' grievance. This was characteristic of him. He was a good listener when a man could give him something which he needed to know.

He did not smoke, and neither did I. So, while the others reclined deep in their chairs, he walked the floor, studying me with speculative glance as if earnestly trying to get at my point of view, putting swift questions to me, and from time to time disagreeing, in order that I might reveal my most radical tendencies.

He was perfectly fair with me and listened patiently, but the poor farmers got but very little sympathy from Henry Adams, who was a pessimist of incurable bitterness. Two or three times Roosevelt took my side against the Eastern men: "You must remember that Garland and I are both Western farmers. We know the conditions out there."

This sense of fair dealing, of willingness to grant the other man's point of view, added to my admiration of him. In truth, his own experiences as a Dakota rancher were of enormous importance in his life. They not only made him tolerant, they gave him understanding and furnished him

outlook which proved of the greatest service to him in his after career. He was interested in me because I embodied the West—the West he knew and loved.

Not long after this I confided to him that I was planning to go into the Yukon Valley by way of the Overland Trail, and he at once became deeply concerned. My plan appealed to his love of the trail and the mountains, and one night, while dining at his house with young Lodge, Senator Lodge's son, the entire evening was given over to talk of the wilderness and the details of my preparation for the trip.

Roosevelt beamed with boyish enthusiasm. "To think!" he said to young Lodge, "I have at my table a man who knows the difference between an *apparejo* and *parfleche!*"

The Spanish War was overshadowing us at this time, and yet I have no recollection that he made any allusion to it that night. He was wholly concerned with my maps, my Klondike bed, matters which were really vital. "By George, I wish I could go with you," he said wistfully. "You have planned a magnificent adventure."

Truth was, he loved the plains, the mountains, with an emotion which contained the spirit of song. Dakota, Wyoming, Montana formed the golden country of his adventurous youth, and I believe his wish to join me in my exploration was sincere, although it was, of course, only a mood. My talk called to his mind a thousand pictures of the Big Horns, the Yellowstone, and many other peaks and rivers, for I had spent the previous summer in study of the northern Cheyennes, Crows and Blackfeet.

In excuse for my running away from the war, I explained to him that my eyes were full of library dust, and I needed a whiff of mountain air. "Furthermore," I added, "this is my last chance to explore the American wilderness. This trip is necessary to complete my education."

He did not oppose my going, although he told me he was thinking of resigning, to enter the army as a cavalryman.

I strongly urged him to remain where he was. "This is to be a naval war," I said, "and you are just where you belong. The navy needs you."

He was not to be turned aside by my advice or any other admonition. His love of horses, his enthusiasm for those who ride determined his course. He gave up the swivel chair and swung once more to the saddle, and while I was outfitting for "the long trail" through British Columbia he was preparing for service as lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Rider Regiment in Cuba. When I saw him next, I had been into the headwaters of the Yukon and he was Colonel Roosevelt, Governor of New York, and a national figure. His instinct had led him to choose precisely the right path for advancement.

The war had been "only a little war," as he himself admitted, but it had appealed

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strongly to the American people, and his own part in it had been so picturesque, so vigorous and so compelling that he had become the most distinguished figure in the field. He was now known to all America not only as a man of action, but as an Eastern reformer and scholar, one who knew and loved the West.

I sent him my heartiest congratulations, saying: "All you need to do hereafter is to listen to my advice—and disregard it."

During his term at Albany I saw little of him, although he was kind enough to invite me to visit him, but after he had accepted the nomination for Vice-President and was campaigning against Bryan, I saw him several times. One of these occasions (of his own making) was a luncheon at the Century Club.

Again I accepted his invitation with pleasure mixed with anxiety. At this time I was not in political agreement with him. Bryan, the opposition candidate, came nearer to expressing my notions in those days than McKinley, and I had been reading, from day to day, with mingled amusement and sorrow, the fiery denunciations which my neighbor Roosevelt was making concerning my candidate's economic theories. I was appalled, furthermore, to find that our luncheon fell on the day following the most scathing of all Roosevelt's up-state speeches. I could not help wondering just what sort of a meal we would make of it!

He met me with all his old-time cordialty and led me to a little side table on the sunny side of the room where we could face each other with no alien ear between us. With humorous inflections, he began:

"Now, as you are a Bryan man and I am campaigning for McKinley, perhaps we'd better keep to safe subjects. Suppose we talk of the Klondike and cattle-ranching and Indians and other perfectly delightful and non-controversial subjects."

To this I agreed so readily that he smiled at my look of relief, and in this spirit we began our luncheon. However, long before we reached our coffee, he suddenly asked: "Does Bryan perfectly express the reforms which you have in mind?"

"No, he does not," I confessed, "but he comes nearer to it than your running mate. If it were a question of Roosevelt or Bryan, I should certainly vote for Roosevelt," I explained.

Thereafter all restrictions were off! Nevertheless, I arose from our luncheon with a keen and joyous realization that Colonel Roosevelt campaigning from the tail-end of a special car and Theodore Roosevelt lunching with a Dakota neighbor were two entirely distinct personalities. He was nothing like as fierce as the reporters made him out to be.

In 1901, while spending the summer in Colorado, I heard with special interest that the Colonel, as we now called him, was to be the guest of honor on "Wild West Day," which came as a part of Colorado Springs Quarter Centenary celebration. He had been elected Vice-President of the United States and was

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high in the tide of public favor. His popularity was indeed tremendous. He was not merely the man of the hour, he was the man of the decade and of the future.

As one of his friends, I was assigned a seat in his box, and during the review we renewed our reminiscences of the West. He was very gay—more dynamic than ever—and the most powerful, the most versatile and the most admired man in all America at this time. Naturally I was deeply touched when he congratulated me upon my recent marriage and asked: "Where is your wife? Is she in town?"

I explained that she was staying with some friends in the Springs. In his swift fashion he said: "Tell me when I can find her; I want to call upon her."

"No, no," I protested, "you are royalty. Mrs. Garland and I will call upon you."

This suggestion he put aside. He would have none of it. "I shall call upon her at four o'clock this afternoon. You can be there or not, as you please," he added jocosely.

This was like him. In the midst of throngs of politicians and business men, eager to speak to him, to shake his hand, he insisted on taking time to call upon the wife of one of his poorest and most uninfluential fellow craftsmen.

Naturally my wife and her hostess were greatly pleased and somewhat fluttered when the Vice-President drove up to the gate (there were very few automobiles in those days) and we all waited in tense expectancy for his entrance.

He came in breezily, boyishly gay and cordial. There was nothing official about him. He was more like a college boy out on vacation, and the women were soon at ease with him. With nothing of the gallant about him, he was always highly chivalrous in his attitude toward women, and my wife was charmed with him. He was bubbling with humorous stories and droll comment, and some of his jokes concerned the dreadful theories which I had from time to time championed during our past acquaintance. I am not sure but that he warned my wife against me as a Populist. I do most certainly recall, and very clearly, that he delighted the household by his half-hour visit, and that he made my wife his partisan for life. His manner toward her was so cordial and so manly that she could not fail of admiring him.

As he rose to go, I went forth with him to the door and down the walk to the gate, talking as we went concerning a wolf hunt which had been arranged for him. He reverted to our differences concerning hunting and said in explanation—almost by way of apology—"I hunt only 'varmints' now."

When about to step into his carriage, he took my hand in cordial grip and said with deep emphasis: "My dear fellow, I congratulate you once again. Your wife is fine." From his seat in the carriage he added: "I am giving a breakfast at the hotel to-morrow morning in honor of John Goff and some of my Rough Rider boys, and I want you to come. The boys will probably call it 'dinner' and some would call it luncheon; anyhow I would like you to see some of the men who rode with me, and you'll hear some good Western talk. Bring your host, Mr. Erich, with you!"

Of course I accepted at once, but I had my doubts about Louis Erich, for I knew he would go, if he went at all, with very decided mental reservations. He was a gentle and cultivated man who considered Roosevelt a rank conservative. Nevertheless he consented to go.

Roosevelt placed me between a man from Mexico with only half an ear and a certain young lieutenant of the Rough Rider regiment. John Goff, who sat in the place of honor at our host's right hand, was a renowned hunter and guide, a small man, shy and silent, who seemed to be overwhelmed by Roosevelt's deference to him on all matters concerning grizzly bears and mountain lions. My neighbor with one ear had been a member of the Rough Riders.

Theodore was at his best—and I remembered by way of contrast, that far away luncheon at Brander Matthews' house when Howells and Owen Wister were chief guests in Commissioner Roosevelt's honor. He was just as humorous, just as enthralling and quite as vivid in his tales of cowboy soldiers as he had been while describing the doings of his "cops" and the life of the streets in East Side New York, but his comment was slightly less satirical. That he had almost forgotten his experiences as commissioner of police was evident, and I wondered if he would ever find time to record these equally intimate descriptions of the Cuban campaign which he was giving us with equal literary power and distinction.

It is difficult to describe or even to suggest the grace, the charm of Roosevelt's manner during that breakfast. He not only told stories with admirable literary brevity, he drew out Goff and Daniels and Llewelyn—at least he got quaint elliptical replies from them—and the entire two hours was to me a pow-wow of most absorbing interest.

Of his cowboy troopers he said to me privately: "They weren't strong on discipline, but they were perfectly willing to fight, and they *did* fight whenever they got the chance."

When I saw Roosevelt next, he was seated in the executive chamber of the White House. The man whom the "old guard" had tried to smother with a Vice-Presidency had been fatefully raised to the highest place in American government. My neighbor of "the Short-grass Country" was now the ruler of the greatest republic in the world, and I was at once rejoiced and somewhat awed to realize that there was in Washington a man who was my personal friend. In writing to him I expressed this feeling, but he made no reference to it. He merely said: "Come and see me when you are in Washington."

Of course I went to see him—everybody did—but I went without any request for official favor. I wanted nothing from him except his continued friendship. I considered myself not of his party at this time, but even if I had been I should not have used our friendship in any way.

He received me with the same friendliness as of old and permitted me to sit in the executive chamber and see some of its larger wheels go round. He was overflowing with amusing stories and found time to keep in mind most of our mutual literary and artistic interests. His memory was prodigious. He forgot no one

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and he stored up all he read with the most astounding ease. He seemed never at a loss and never tired. He was our first young President—young in spirit and years—and he made his youth and vigor felt at once.

He loved the companionship of men and women of the arts, and one of the occasions I especially delight to recall, is a musicale at the White House where Paderewski played, for the roll of the guests that night showed the widening range of Roosevelt's intellectual activities.

The great Polish pianist (he is himself a President now) played like a man inspired, for he deeply admired Roosevelt, regarding him as a great sovereign, which he was by the divine right of a clear brain and a noble spirit. I have never heard the piano played as the great Pole played it that night.

Roosevelt was not especially musical. So far as I know he never sang, and I can believe that the opera was a weariness to him, but he seemed to enjoy Paderewski that night and applauded heartily at the close. I should hate to believe that he applauded because, and merely because, the music ceased. He loved a good play, but he hated certain types of farce comedy. Stories of intrigue he abominated. Anything which degraded women he could not abide. I never heard him speak a word or utter a sentence that a refined woman might not hear. And yet no one ever called his virility in question.

How he kept up his reading at the White House I can't understand—but he did. He knew what all his aspiring writer friends were doing and often rejoiced with his sympathy or helped us with his criticism. He was acquainted with architects and sculptors; so that when the time came to remodel the White House he put the work in charge of masters of the art. Meade and MacKim undertook by his direction to restore it to what it had originally been—a beautiful mansion of the Colonial type—a home which Mrs. Roosevelt was notably fitted to understand and maintain.

In truth, Roosevelt was the first of our Presidents to know and value the artist. He knew Daniel Chester French as well as Howells, Cass Gilbert as well as Burroughs. When he wished a new design for a coin, he called on Saint-Gaudens. No expert was too expert for him. He wanted the best and the strongest man available.

One day I lunched with him in the small room just to the right of the door, for the main dining-room was being redecorated, and the sound of the floor-polisher was heard in the hall. Mrs. Roosevelt, Alice and two of the boys were present, and I had the pleasure of seeing President Roosevelt in the midst of his very lively family. To watch the mighty hunter and Chief Executive play the part of husband and father increased my regard for him. Powerful as he was, impetuous as he seemed, he was in truth consideration itself when he came into relationship with his wife. No matter what his impassioned discourse might be, the slightest motion of her hand, a lifted eyebrow, would arrest him at once.

This chivalrous deference on his part moved me to announce that I had made a discovery.

"A discovery," he asked. "What have you discovered?"

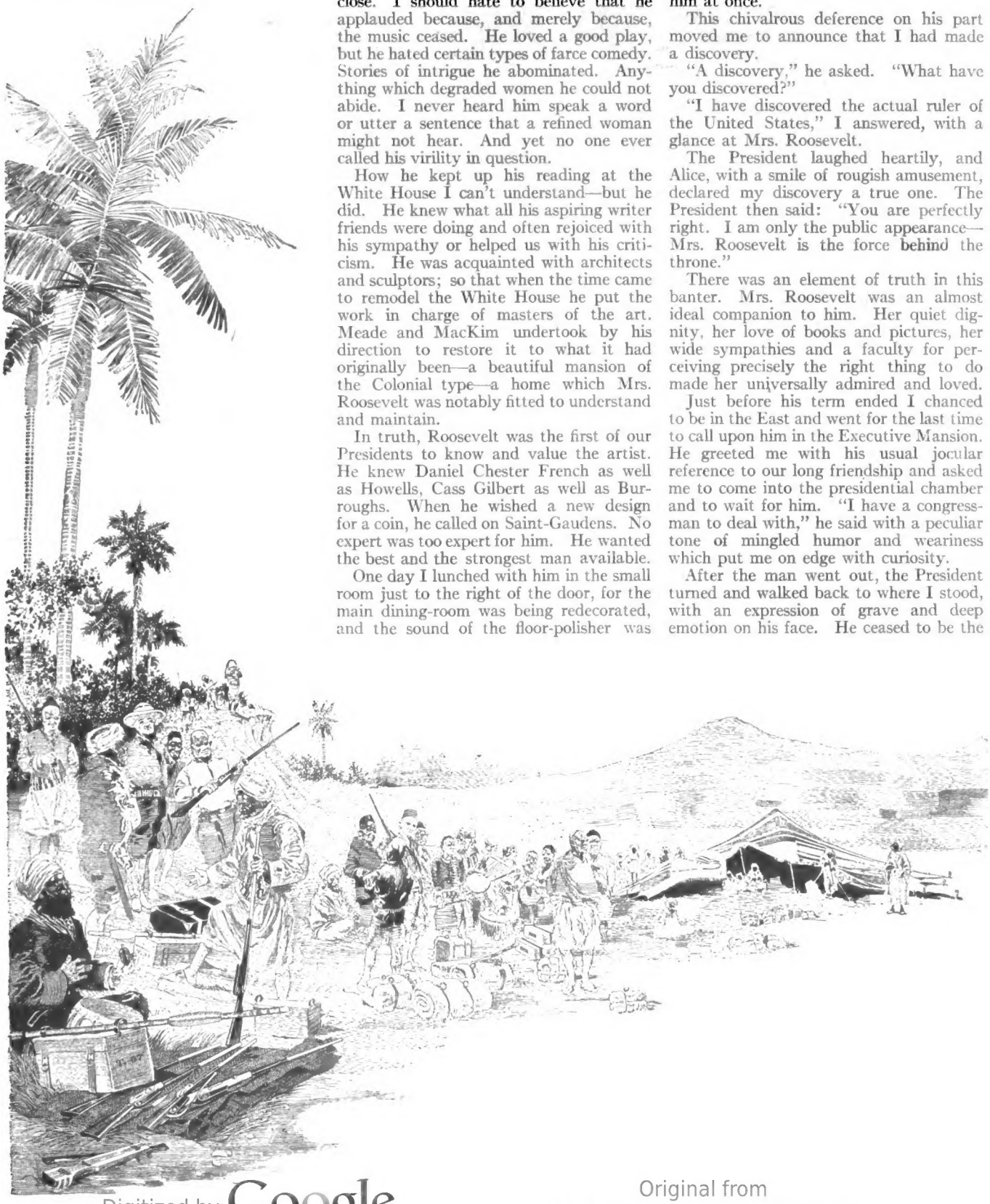
"I have discovered the actual ruler of the United States," I answered, with a glance at Mrs. Roosevelt.

The President laughed heartily, and Alice, with a smile of rougish amusement, declared my discovery a true one. The President then said: "You are perfectly right. I am only the public appearance—Mrs. Roosevelt is the force behind the throne."

There was an element of truth in this banter. Mrs. Roosevelt was an almost ideal companion to him. Her quiet dignity, her love of books and pictures, her wide sympathies and a faculty for perceiving precisely the right thing to do made her universally admired and loved.

Just before his term ended I chanced to be in the East and went for the last time to call upon him in the Executive Mansion. He greeted me with his usual jocular reference to our long friendship and asked me to come into the presidential chamber and to wait for him. "I have a congressman to deal with," he said with a peculiar tone of mingled humor and weariness which put me on edge with curiosity.

After the man went out, the President turned and walked back to where I stood, with an expression of grave and deep emotion on his face. He ceased to be the



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official and became a fellow craftsman. It was as though he had suddenly realized the inevitable slipping away of the power with which he had been clothed for more than seven years. He became the thinker, the historian.

He had changed in those seven years; he was older and wiser and stronger than when he had entered the White House, but he was still younger at the close of his two terms than any other president, and the question that was in my mind (and in the minds of many others) was: "What can he do? After holding the highest office in the nation, what can Roosevelt do consistent with the dignity of the office he has so worthily filled?"

He was in magnificent health and mental vigor, unwearied and untouched of bitterness, and yet I thought I detected in him the natural regret of the man who is putting down a scepter which has filled his hand for so long that it has become a part of his life; but he said nothing of that, and I, of course, did not allude to it nor to the significance of the scene just ended.

Turning at once to the purpose which had led me to visit him, I said: "Do you recall the luncheon at Matthews' house in '97 when Howells warned you that if you did not put down your stories of the 'cops' while they were fresh in your mind you would lose them?"

"Yes," he replied with reflective tone, "and I remember saying that I had no time to write, and that I probably could not find time later to write of them."

"You never have," I answered. "Perhaps you recall that Howells said, 'All you need to do is to talk to a stenographer as you have been talking to us.'" He did not appear to recollect this, but I went on: "I am here to-day to urge you to make immediate record of your experiences. Do it at once and do it fully and frankly. Make it a faithful record. Let us know just what being President means."

He became thoughtful. His head drooped for a moment. "It ought to be done," he said slowly. "I see the historical value of it, but it will be hard for me to find the repose necessary. I am no anchorite. I am a man of active life." His tone changed and a faint smile came into his eyes. "Furthermore, if I should do it as you and other of my friends would like to see me do it, it could not be published in my time or yours."

"Very well, then," I retorted, "do as Mark Twain told me he has done; write it out and lay it away for future generations."

He would not definitely promise to do this; and when some years later he did actually come to the writing of it, something of the keen edge of his perception had worn off. The result was disappointing to me. As a record it dealt too much with dead policies and not enough with living personalities.

In 1917, more than twenty years after our first meeting, I went out to Sagamore Hill with my wife in answer to his invitation to be a guest at a little "consolation dinner," as he called it. We found Mr. and Mrs. Julian Street, Mr. and Mrs. Hagedorn and Sidney Brooks among the guests. The colonel received us at the door, dressed in a khaki riding suit, booted and spurred as if he had just come in from a ride, which was probably the case. He was most cordial and as gay as a boy in appearance, although he confessed to me in private that he was "no good," a statement of physical distrust which gave me a touch of keen pain. It was a tone he had never used before, and I laid it to the effect of the jungle fever which still lingered in his blood.

At luncheon he was full of stories of the social side of life in the White House and kept us shouting with laughter. He told of one Western senator who held up the march to the dining-room by refusing to go in with any woman but his wife. "'I've heard of the goings on here in Washington,' said he, 'and I don't intend to countenance any of these new-fangled ideas.' Mrs. Roosevelt solved the problem by leading all of the women in before us, while the scrupulous senator and I brought up the rear."

Among other things our host showed us the drawing which the German Emperor had sent to him while in the White House, and also a remarkable series of photographs of the Kaiser and himself taken during a military review at Potsdam or somewhere else. On the back of each picture in the Kaiser's own handwriting were certain descriptive lines which testified to his high admiration of his great American visitor. "When we shake hands we shake

(*Continued on page 94*)

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The hill-folk say that a great ghost-elephant is sometimes seen in their deepest jungles. A gray-haired mahout is ever with him, companion in his games and revels.

—From the Memoirs of a Traveler.

The Elephant Remembers

By Edison Marshall

AN ELEPHANT is old on the day he is born, say the natives of Burma, and no white man is ever quite sure just what they mean. Perhaps they refer to his pink, old-gentleman's skin and his droll, fumbling, old-man ways, and his squeaking treble voice. And maybe they mean he is born with a wisdom such as usually belongs only to age. And it is true that if any animal in the world has had a chance to acquire knowledge it is the elephant, for his breed are the oldest residents of this old world.

They are so old that they don't seem to belong to the twentieth century at all. Their long trunks, their huge shapes, all seem part of the remote past. They are just the remnants of a breed that once was great.

Long and long ago, when the world was very young indeed, when the mountains were new, and before the descent of the great glaciers taught the meaning of cold, they were the rulers of the earth, but they have been conquered in the struggle for existence. Their great cousins, the mastodon and the mammoth, are completely gone, and their own tribe can now be numbered by thousands.

But because they have been so long upon the earth, because they have wealth of experience beyond all other creatures, they seem like venerable sages in a world of children. They are like the last veterans of an old war, who can remember scenes and faces that all others have forgotten.

I

FAR in a remote section of British India, in a strange, wild province called Burma, Muztagh was born. And although he was born in captivity, the property of a mahout, in his first hour he heard the far-off call of the wild elephants in the jungle.

The Burmans, just like the other people of India, always watch the first hour of a baby's life very closely. They know that always some incident will occur that will point, as a weather-vane points in the wind, to the baby's future. Often they have to call a man versed in magic to interpret, but sometimes the prophecy is quite self-evident. No one knows whether or not it works the same with baby elephants, but certainly this wild, far-carrying call, not to be imitated by any living voice, did seem a token and an omen in the life of Muztagh. And it is a curious fact that the little baby lifted his ears at the sound and rocked back and forth on his pillar legs.

Of all the places in the great world, only a few remain wherein a captive elephant hears the call of his wild brethren at birth. Muztagh's birthplace lies around the corner of the Bay of Bengal, not far from the watershed of the Irawadi, almost north of Java. It is strange and wild and dark beyond the power of words to tell. There are great dark forests, unknown, slow-moving rivers, and jungles silent and dark and impenetrable.

Little Muztagh weighed a flat two hundred pounds at birth. But this was not the queerest thing about him. Elephant babies, although usually weighing not more than one hundred and eighty, often touch two hundred. The queerest thing was a peculiarity that probably was completely overlooked by his mother. If she saw it out of her dull eyes, she took no notice of it. It was not definitely discovered until the mahout came out of his hut with a lighted fagot for a first inspection.

He had been wakened by the sound of the mother's pain. "*Hai!*" he had exclaimed to his wife. "Who has ever heard a cow bawl so loud in labor? The little one that to-morrow you will see beneath her belly must weigh more than you!"

This was rather a compliment to his plump wife. She was not offended at all. Burman women love to be well-rounded. But the mahout was not weighing the effect of his words. He was busy lighting his firebrand, and his features seemed sharp and intent when the beams came out. Rather he was already weighing the profits of little Muztagh. He was an elephant-catcher by trade, in the employ of the great white Dugan Sahib, and the cow that was at this moment bringing a son into the world was his own property. If the baby should be of the Kumiria——

The mahout knew elephants from head to tail, and he was very well acquainted with the three grades that compose that breed. The least valuable of all are the Mierga—a light, small-headed, thin-skinned, weak-trunked and unintelligent variety that are often found in the best elephant herds. They are often born of the most noble parents, and they are as

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big a problem to elephant men as razor-backs to hog-breeders. Then there is a second variety, the Dwasala, that compose the great bulk of the herd—a good, substantial, strong, intelligent grade of elephant. But the Kumiria is the best of all; and when one is born in a captive herd it is a time for rejoicing. He is the perfect elephant—heavy, symmetrical, trustworthy and fearless—fitted for the pageantry of kings.

He hurried out to the lines, for now he knew that the baby was born. The mother's cries had ceased. The jungle, dark and savage beyond ever the power of man to tame, lay just beyond. He could feel its heavy air, its smells; its silence was an essence. And as he stood, lifting the fagot high, he heard the wild elephants trumpeting from the hills.

He turned his head in amazement. A Burman, and particularly one who chases the wild elephants in their jungles, is intensely superstitious, and for an instant it seemed to him that the wild trumpeting must have some secret meaning, it was so loud and triumphant and prolonged. It was greatly like the far-famed elephant salute—ever one of the mysteries of those most mysterious of animals—that the great creatures utter at certain occasions and times.

"Are you saluting this little one?" he cried. "He is not a wild tusker like you. He is not a wild pig of the jungle. He is born in bonds, such as you will wear too, after the next drive!"

They trumpeted again, as if in scorn of his words. Their great strength was given them to rule the jungle, not to haul logs and pull chains! The man turned back to the lines and lifted higher his light.

Yes—the little elephant in the light-glow was of the Kumiria. Never had there been a more perfect calf. The light of greed sprang again in his eyes. And as he held the fagot nearer so that the beams played in the elephant's eyes and on his coat, the mahout sat down and was still, lest the gods observe his good luck, and being jealous, turn it into evil.

The coat was not pinky dark, as is usual in baby elephants. It was distinctly light-colored—only a few degrees darker than white.

The man understood at once. In the elephants, as well as in all other breeds, an albino is sometimes born. A perfectly white elephant, up to a few years ago, had never been seen, but on rare occasions elephants are born with light-colored or clouded hides. Such creatures are bought at fabulous prices by the Malay and Siamese princes, to whom a white elephant is the greatest treasure that a king can possess.

Muztagh was a long way from being an albino, yet a tendency in that direction had bleached his hide. And the man knew that on the morrow Dugan Sahib would pay him a lifetime's earnings for the little wabbly calf, whose welcome had been the wild cries of the tuskers in the jungle.

II

LITTLE Muztagh (which means White Mountain in an ancient tongue) did not enjoy his babyhood at all. He was born with the memory of jungle kingdoms, and the life in the elephant lines almost killed him with dulness.

There was never anything to do but nurse of the strong elephant milk and roam about in the *keddah* or along the lines. He had been bought the second day of his life by Dugan Sahib, and the great white heaven-born saw to it that he underwent none of the risks that are the happy fate of most baby elephants. His mother was not taken on the elephant drives into the jungles, so he never got a taste of this exciting sport. Mostly she was kept chained in the lines, and every day Langur Dass, the low-caste hillman in Dugan's employ, grubbed grass for her in the valleys. All night long, except the regular four hours of sleep, he would hear her grumble and rumble and mutter discontent that her little son shared with her.

MUZTAGH'S second year was little better. Of course he had reached the age where he could eat such dainties as grass and young sugar-cane, but these things could not make up for the fun he was missing in the hills. He would stand long hours watching their purple tops against the skies, and his little dark eyes would glow. He would see the storms break and flash above them, behold the rains lash down through the jungles, and he was always filled with strange longings and desires that he was too young to understand or to follow. He would see the white haze steam up from the labyrinth of wet vines, and he would tingle and scratch for the feel of its wetness on his skin. And often, when the mysterious Burman night came down, it seemed to him that he would go mad. He would hear the wild tuskers trumpeting in the jungles a very long way off, and all the myriad noises of the mysterious night, and at such times even his mother looked at him with wonder.

"Oh, little restless one," Langur Dass would say, "thou and that old cow thy mother and I have one heart between us. We know the burning—we understand, we three!"

It was true that Langur Dass understood more of the ways of the forest people than any other hillman in the encampment. But his caste was low, and he was drunken and careless and lazy beyond words, and the hunters had mostly only scorn for him. They called him Langur after a gray-bearded breed of monkeys along the slopes of the Himalayas, rather suspecting he was cursed with evil spirits, for why should any sane man have such mad ideas as to the rights of elephants? He never wanted to join in the drives—which was a strange thing indeed for a man raised in the hills. Perhaps he was afraid—but yet they could remember a certain day in the bamboo thickets, when a great, wild buffalo had charged their camp and Langur Dass acted as if fear were something he had never heard of and knew nothing whatever about.

One day they asked him about it. "Tell us, Langur Dass," they asked, mocking the ragged, dejected-looking creature, "if thy name speaks truth, thou art brother to many monkey-folk, and who knows the jungle better than thou or they? None but the monkey-folk and thou canst talk with my lord the elephant. *Hai!* We have seen thee do it, Langur Dass. How is it that when we go hunting, thou art afraid to come?"

Langur looked at them out of his dull eyes, and evaded their question just as long as he could. "Have you forgotten the tales you heard on your mothers' breasts?" he asked at last. "Elephants are of the jungle. You are of the cooking-pots and thatch! How should such folk as ye are understand?"

This was flat heresy from their viewpoint. There is an old legend among the elephant-catchers to the effect that at one time men were subject to the elephants.

Yet mostly the elephants that these men knew were patient and contented in their bonds. Mostly they loved their mahouts, gave their strong backs willingly to toil, and were always glad and ready to join in the chase after others of their breed. Only on certain nights of the year, when the tuskers called from the jungles, and the spirit of the wild was abroad, would their love of liberty return to them. But to all this little Muztagh was distinctly an exception. Even though he had been born in captivity, his desire for liberty was with him just as constantly as his trunk or his ears.

He had no love for the mahout that rode his mother. He took little interest in the little brown boys and girls that played before his stall. He would stand and look over their heads into the wild, dark heart of the jungle that no man can ever quite understand. And being only a beast, he did not know anything about the caste and prejudices of the men he saw, but he did know that one of them, the low-caste Langur Dass, ragged and dirty and despised, wakened a responsive chord in his lonely heart.

They would have long talks together, that is, Langur would talk and Muztagh would mumble. "Little calf, little fat one," the man would say, "can great rocks stop a tree from growing? Shall iron shackles stop a prince from being king? Muztagh—jewel among jewels! Thy heart speaks through those sleepless eyes of thine! Have patience—what thou knowest, who shall take away from thee?"

BUT most of the mahouts and catchers noticed the rapidity with which the little Muztagh acquired weight and strength. He outweighed, at the age of three, any calf of his season in the encampment by a full two hundred pounds. And of course three in an elephant is no older than three in a human child. He was still just a baby, even if he did have the wild tuskers' love of liberty.

"Shalt thou never lie the day long in the cool mud, little one? Never see a storm break on the hills? Nor feel a warm rain dripping through the branches? Or are these matters part of thee that none may steal?" Langur Dass would ask him, contented to wait a very long time for his answer. "I think already that thou knowest how the tiger steals away at thy shrill note; how thickets feel that crash beneath thy hurrying weight! A little I think thou knowest how the madness comes with the changing seasons. How knowest thou these things? Not as I know them, who have seen—nay, but as a king knows conquering; it's in thy blood! Is a bundle of sugar-cane tribute enough for thee, Kumiria? Shall purple trappings please thee? Shall some fat rajah of the plains make a beast of burden of thee? Answer, lord of mighty memories!"

And Muztagh answered in his own way, without sound or emphasis, but giving his love to Langur Dass, a love as large as the big elephant heart from which it had

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They bellowed and trumpeted and charged. Their tusks clicked like the noise of a giants' game of billiards.

sprung. No other man could even win his friendship. The smell of the jungle was on Langur Dass. The mahouts and hunters smelt more or less of civilization and were convinced for their part that the disposition of the little light-colored elephant was beyond redemption.

"He is a born rogue," was their verdict, and they meant by that, a particular kind of elephant, sometimes a young male, more often an old and savage tusker, alone in the jungle—apart from the herd. Solitariness doesn't improve their dispositions, and they were generally expelled from a herd for ill-temper to begin with. "Woe to the fool prince who buys this one!" said the graybeard catchers. "There is murder in his eyes."

But Langur Dass would only look wise when he heard these remarks. He knew elephants. The gleam in the dark eyes of Muztagh was not viciousness, but simply inheritance, a love of the wide wild spaces that left no room for ordinary friendships.

But calf-love and mother-love bind other animals as well as men, and possibly he might have perfectly fulfilled the plans Dugan had made for him but for a mistake the sahib made in the little calf's ninth year.

He sold Muztagh's mother to an elephant-breeder from a distant province. Little Muztagh saw her march away between two tuskers—down the long elephant trail into the valley and the shadow.

"Watch the little one closely to-night," Dugan Sahib said to his mahout. So when they had led him back and forth along the lines, they saw that the ends of his ropes were pegged down tightly. They were horsehair ropes, far beyond the strength of any normal nine-year-old elephant to break. Then they went to the huts and to their women and left him to shift restlessly from foot to foot, and think.

Probably he would have been satisfied with thinking, for Muztagh did not know his strength, and thought he was securely tied. The incident that upset the mahout's plans was simply that the wild elephants trumpeted again from the hills.

Muztagh heard the sound, long drawn and strange from the silence of the jungle. He grew motionless. The great ears pricked forward, the whipping tail stood still. It was a call never to be denied. The blood was leaping in his great veins.

He suddenly rocked forward with all his strength. The rope spun tight, hummed, and snapped—very softly indeed. Then he padded in silence out among the huts, and nobody who had not seen him do it would believe how silently an elephant can move when he sees fit.

There was no thick jungle here—just soft grass, huts, approaching dark fringe that was the jungle. None of the mahouts was awake to see him. No voice called him back. The grass gave way to bamboo thickets, the smell of the huts to the wild, bewitching perfumes of the jungle.

Then, still in silence, because there are decencies to be observed by animals no less than men, he walked forward with his trunk outstretched into the primordial jungle and was born again.

III

MUZTAGH'S reception was cordial from the very first. The great bulls of the herd stood still and lifted their ears when they heard him grunting up the hill. But he slipped among them and was forgotten at once. They had no dealings with the princes of Malay and Siam, and his light-colored coat meant nothing whatever to them. If they did any thinking about him at all, it was just to wonder why a calf with all the evident marks of a nine-year-old should be so tall and weigh so much.

One can fancy that the great old wrinkled tusker that led the herd peered at him now and then out of his little red eyes, and wondered. A herd-leader begins to think about future contestants for his place as soon as he acquires the leadership. But *Hail* This little one would not have his greatest strength for fifteen years.

It was a compact, medium-sized herd—vast males, mothers, old-maid elephants, long-legged and ungainly, young males just learning their strength and proud of it beyond words, and many calves. They ranged all the way in size from the great leader, who stood ten feet and weighed nearly nine thousand pounds, to little two-hundred-and-fifty-pound babies that had been born that season And before long the entire herd began its cautious advance into the deeper hills.

The first night in the jungle—and Muztagh found it wonderful past all dreams. The mist on his skin was the same cool joy he had expected. There

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were sounds, too, that set his great muscles aquiver. He heard the sound that the bamboos make—the little click-click of the stems in the wind—the soft rustle and stir of many leafy tendrils entwining and touching together, and the whisper of the wind over the jungle grass. And he knew, because it was his heritage, what every single one of these sounds meant.

The herd threaded through the dark jungle, and now they descended into a cool river. A herd of deer—either the dark sambur or black buck—sprang from the misty shore-line and leaped away into the bamboos. Farther down, he could hear the grunt of buffalo.

It was simply a caress—the touch of the soft, cool water on his flanks. Then they reared out, like great sea-gods rising from the deep, and grunted and squealed their way up the banks into the jungle again.

But the smells were the book that he read best; he understood them even better than the sounds of green things growing. Flowers that he could not see hung like bells from the arching branches. Every fern and every seeding grass had its own scent that told sweet tales. The very mud that his four feet sank into emitted scent that told the history of jungle-life from the world's beginnings. When dawn burst over the eastern hills, he was weary in every muscle of his young body, but much too happy to admit it.

THIS day was just the first of three thousand joyous days. The jungle, old as the world itself, is ever new. Not even the wisest elephant, who, after all, is king of the jungle, knows what will turn up at the next bend in the elephant trail. It may be a native woodcutter, whose long hair is stirred with fright. It may easily be one of the great breed of bears, large as the American grizzly, that some naturalists believe are to be found in the Siamese and Burman jungles. It may be a herd of wild buffalo, always looking for a fight, or simply some absurd armadillo-like thing, to make him shake his vast sides with mirth.

The herd was never still. They ranged from one mysterious hill to another, to the ranges of the Himalayas and back again. There were no rivers that they did not swim, no jungles that they did not penetrate, no elephant trails that they did not follow, in the whole northeastern corner of British India. And all the time Muztagh's strength grew upon him until it became too vast a thing to measure or control.

Whether or not he kept with the herd was by now a matter of supreme indifference to him. He no longer needed its protection. Except for the men who came with the ropes and guns and shoutings, there was nothing in the jungle for him to fear. He was twenty years old, and he stood nearly eleven feet to the top of his shoulders. He would have broken any scales in the Indian Empire that tried to weigh him.

He had had his share of adventures, yet he knew that life in reality had just begun. The time would come when he would want to fight the great arrogant bull for the leadership of the herd. He was tired of fighting the young bulls of his own age. He always won, and to an elephant constant winning is almost as dull as constant losing. He was a great deal like a youth of twenty in any breed of any land—light-hearted, self-confident, enjoying every minute of wakefulness between one midnight and another. He loved the jungle smells and the jungle sounds, and he could even tolerate the horrible laughter of the hyenas that sometimes tore to shreds the silence of the grassy plains below.

But India is too thickly populated by human beings for a wild elephant to escape observation entirely. Many natives had caught sight of him, and at last the tales reached a little circle of trackers and hunters in camp on a distant range of hills. They did not work for Dugan Sahib, for Dugan Sahib was dead long since. They were a determined little group, and one night they sat and talked softly over their fire. If Muztagh's ears had been sharp enough to hear their words across the space of hills, he wouldn't have gone to his mud-baths with such complacency the next day. But the space between them was fifty miles of sweating jungle, and of course he did not hear.

"You will go, Khusru," said the leader, "for there are none here half so skilful with horsehair rope as you. If you do not come back within twelve months, we shall know you have failed."

Of course all of them knew what he meant. If a man failed in the effort to capture a wild elephant by the hair-rope method, he very rarely lived to tell of it.

"In that case," Ahmad Din went on, "there will be a great drive after the monsoon of next year. Picked men will be chosen. No detail will be overlooked. It will cost more, but it will be sure. And our purses will be fat from the selling-price of this king of elephants with a white coat!"

IV

THERE is no need to follow Khusru on his long pursuit through the elephant trails. He was an able hunter and, after the manner of the elephant-trackers, the scared little man followed Muztagh through jungle and river, over hill and into dale, for countless days, and at last, as Muztagh slept, he crept up within a half-dozen feet of him. He intended to loop a horsehair rope about his great feet—one of the oldest and most hazardous methods of elephant-catching. But Muztagh wakened just in time.

And then a curious thing happened. The native could never entirely believe it, and it was one of his best stories to the day he died. Any other wild tusker would have charged in furious wrath, and there would have been a quick and certain death beneath his great knees. Muztagh started out as if he had intended to charge. He lifted his trunk out of the way—the elephant trunk is for a thousand uses, but fighting is not one of them—and sprang forward. He went just two paces. Then his little eyes caught sight of the brown figure fleeing through the bamboos. And at once the elephant set his great feet to brake himself, and drew to a sliding halt six feet beyond.

He did not know why. He was perfectly aware that this man was an enemy, jealous of his most-loved liberty. He knew perfectly it was the man's intention to put him back into his bonds. He did not feel fear, either—because an elephant's anger is too tremendous an emotion to leave room for any other impulse such as fear. It seemed to him that memories came thronging from long ago, so real and insistent that he could not think of charging.

He remembered his days in the elephant lines. These brown creatures had been his masters then. They had cut his grass for him in the jungle, and brought him bundles of sugar-cane. The hill people say that the elephant memory is the greatest single marvel in the jungle, and it was that memory that saved Khusru then. It wasn't deliberate gratitude for the grass-cutting of long ago. It wasn't any particular emotion that he could reach out his trunk and touch. It was simply an impulse—another one of the thousand mysteries that envelop, like a cloud, the mental processes of these largest of forest creatures.

THESE were the days when he lived apart from the herd. He did it from choice. He liked the silence, the solitary mud-baths, the constant watchfulness against danger.

One day a rhino charged him—without warning or reason. This is quite a common thing for a rhino to do. They have the worst tempers in the jungle, and they would just as soon charge a mountain if they didn't like the look of it. Muztagh had awakened the great creature from his sleep, and he came bearing down like a tank over "no man's land."

Muztagh met him squarely, with the full shock of his tusks, and the battle ended promptly. Muztagh's tusk, driven by five tons of might behind it, would have pierced a ship's side, and the rhino limped away to let his hurt grow well and meditate revenge. Thereafter, for a full year, he looked carefully out of his bleary, drunken eyes and chose a smaller objective before he charged.

Month after month Muztagh wended alone through the elephant trails, and now and then rooted up great trees just to try his strength. Sometimes he went silently, and sometimes like an avalanche. He swam alone in the deep holes, and sometimes shut his eyes and stood on the bottom, just keeping the end of his trunk out of the water. One day he was obliged to kneel on the broad back of an alligator who tried to bite off his foot. He drove the long body down into the muddy bottom, and no living creature, except possibly the catfish that burrow in the mud, ever saw it again.

He loved the rains that flashed through the jungles, the swift-climbing dawns in the east, the strange, tense, breathless nights. And at midnight he loved to trumpet to the herd on some far-away hill, and hear, fainter than the death-cry of a beetle, its answer come back to him. At twenty-five he had reached full maturity; and no more magnificent specimen of the elephant could be found in all of British India. At last he had begun to learn his strength.

Of course he had known for years his mastery over the inanimate things of the world. He knew how easy it was to tear a tree from its roots, to jerk a great tree-limb from its socket. He knew that under most conditions he had nothing to fear from the great tigers, although a fight with a tiger is a painful thing and well to avoid. But he did not know that he had developed a craft and skill that would avail him in battle against the greatest of his own kind. He made the discovery one

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A brown figure darted toward him from the end of the wing. "Muztagh!" it was crying. "Muztagh!"

sunlit day beside the Manipur River.

He was in the mud-bath, grunting and bubbling with content. It was a bath with just room enough for one. And seeing that he was young, and perhaps failing to measure his size, obscured as it was in the mud, a great "rogue" bull came out of the jungles to take the bath for himself.

He was a huge creature—wrinkled and yellow-tusked and scarred from the wounds of a thousand fights. His little red eyes looked out malignantly, and he grunted all the insults the elephant tongue can compass to the youngster that lolled in the bath. He confidently expected that Muztagh would yield at once, because as a rule young twenty-five-year-olds do not care to mix in battle with the scarred and crafty veterans of sixty years. But he did not know Muztagh.

The latter had been enjoying the bath to the limit, and he had no desire whatever to give it up. Something hot and raging seemed to explode in his brain and it was as if a red glare, such as sometimes comes in the sunset, had fallen over all the stretch of river and jungle before his eyes. He squealed once, reared up with one lunge out of the bath—and charged. They met with a shock.

Of all the expressions of power in the animal world, the elephant fight is the most terrible to see. It is as if two mountains rose up from their roots of strata and went to war. It is terrible to hear, too. The jungle had been still before. The river glided softly. the wind was dead, the mid-afternoon silence was over the thickets.

The jungle people were asleep. A thunder-storm would not have broken more quickly, or could not have created a wilder pandemonium. The jungle seemed to shiver with the sound.

They squealed and bellowed and trumpeted and grunted and charged. Their tusks clicked like the noise of a giant's game of billiards. The thickets cracked and broke beneath their great feet.

It lasted only a moment. It was so easy, after all. In a very few seconds indeed, the old rogue became aware that he had made a very dangerous and disagreeable mistake. There were better mud-baths on the river, anyway.

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He had not been able to land a single blow. And his wrath gave way to startled amazement when Muztagh sent home his third. The rogue did not wait for the fourth.

Muztagh chased him into the thickets. But he was too proud to chase a beaten elephant for long. He halted, trumpeting, and swung back to his mud-bath.

But he did not enter the mud again. All at once he remembered the herd and the fights of his calfhood. All at once he knew that his craft and strength and power were beyond that of any elephant in all the jungle. Who was the great, arrogant herd-leader to stand against him? What yellow tusks were to meet his and come away unbroken?

His little eyes grew ever more red as he stood rocking back and forth, his trunk lifted to catch the sounds and smells of the distant jungle. Why should he abide alone, when he could be the ruler of the herd and the jungle king? Then he grunted softly and started away down the river. Far away, beyond the mountains and rivers and the villages of the hillfolk, the herd of his youth roamed in joyous freedom. He would find them and assert his mastery.

V

THE night fire of a little band of elephant-catchers burned fitfully at the edge of the jungle. They were silent men—for they had lived long on the elephant trails—and curiously scarred and somber. They smoked their cheroots, and waited for Ahmad Din to speak.

"You have all heard?" he asked at last.

All but one of them nodded. Of course this did not count the most despised one of them all—old Langur Dass—who sat at the very edge of the shadow. His long hair was gray, and his youth had gone where the sun goes at evening. They scarcely addressed a word to him, or he to them. True, he knew the elephants, but was he not possessed of evil spirits? He was always without rupees, too, a creature of the wild that could not seem to understand the gathering of money. As a man, according to the standards of men, he was an abject failure.

"Khusru has failed to catch White-Skin, but he has lived to tell many lies about it. He comes to-night."

It was noticeable that Langur Dass, at the edge of the circle, pricked up his ears.

"Do you mean the white elephant of which the Manipur people tell so many lies?" he asked. "Do you, skilled catchers that you are, believe that such an elephant is still wild in the jungle?"

Ahmad Din scowled. "The Manipur people tell of him, but for once they tell the truth," was the reply. "He is the greatest elephant, the richest prize, in all of Burma. Too many people have seen him to doubt. I add my word to theirs, thou son of immorality!"

Ahmad Din hesitated a moment before he continued. Perhaps it was a mistake to tell of the great, light-colored elephant until this man should have gone away. But what harm could this wanderer do them? All men knew that the jungle had maddened him.

Langur Dass's face lit suddenly. "Then it could be none but Muztagh, escaped from Dugan Sahib fifteen years ago. That calf was also white. He was also overgrown for his years."

One of the trackers suddenly gasped. "Then that is why he spared Khusru!" he cried. "He remembered men."

The others nodded gravely. "They never forget," said Langur Dass.

"You will be silent while I speak," Ahmad Din went on. Langur grew silent as commanded, but his thoughts were flowing backward twenty years, to days at the elephant lines in distant hills. Muztagh was the one living creature that in all his days had loved Langur Dass. The man shut his eyes, and his limbs seemed to relax as if he had lost all interest in the talk. The evil one took hold of him at such times, the people said, letting understanding follow his thoughts back into the purple hills and the far-off spaces of the jungle. But to-night he was only pretending. He meant to hear every word of the talk before he left the circle.

"He tells a mad story, as you know, of the elephant sparing him when he was beneath his feet," Ahmad Din went on; "that part of his story does not matter to us. *Hail* He might have been frightened enough to say that the sun set at noon. But what matters to us more is that he knows where the herd is—but a day's journey beyond the river. And there is no time to be lost."

His fellows nodded in agreement.

"So to-morrow we will break camp. There can be no mistake this time. There must be no points overlooked. The chase will cost much, but it will return a hundredfold. Khusru says that at last the white one has started back toward his herd, so that all can be taken in the same *keddah*. And the white sahib that holds the license is not to know that White-Coat is in the herd at all."

The circle nodded again, and contracted toward the speaker.

"We will hire beaters and drivers, the best that can be found. To-morrow we will take the elephants and go."

Langur Dass pretended to waken. "I have gone hungry many days," he said. "If the drive is on, perhaps you will give your servant a place among the beaters."

The circle turned and stared at him. It was one of the stories of Langur Dass that he never partook in the elephant hunts. Evidently poor living had broken his resolutions.

"You shall have your wish, if you know how to keep a closed mouth," Ahmad Din replied. "There are other hunting parties in the hills."

Langur nodded. He was very adept indeed at keeping a closed mouth. It is one of the first lessons of the jungle.

FOR another long hour they sat and perfected their plans. Then they lay down by the fire together, and sleep dropped over them one by one. At last Langur sat by the fire alone.

"You will watch the flame to-night," Ahmad Din ordered. "We did not feed you to-night for pity on your gray hairs. And remember—a gipsy died in a tiger's claws on this very slope—not six months past."

Langur Dass was left alone with his thoughts. Soon he got up, and stole out into the velvet darkness. The mists were over the hills as always.

"Have I followed the tales of your greatness all these years for this?" he muttered. "It is right for pigs with the hearts of pigs to break their backs in labor. But you, my Muztagh! Jewel among elephants! King of the jungle! Thou art of the true breed! Moreover I am minded that thy heart and mine are one!

"Thou art born ten thousand years after thy time, Muztagh," he went on. "Thou art of the breed of masters, not of slaves! We are of the same womb, thou and I. Can I not understand? These are not my people—these brown men about the fire. I have not thy strength, Muztagh, or I would be out there with thee! Yet is not the saying that brother shall serve brother?"

He turned slowly back to the circle of the firelight. Then his brown, scrawny fingers clenched.

"Am I to desert my brother in his hour of need? Am I to see these brown pigs put chains around him, in the moment of his power? A king, falling to the place of a slave? Muztagh, we will see what can be done! Muztagh, my king, my pearl, my pink baby, for whom I dug grass in the long ago! Thy Langur Dass is old, and his whole strength is not that of thy trunk, and men look at him as a worm in the grass. But *hail* perhaps thou wilt find him an ally not to be despised!"

VI

THE night had just fallen, moist and heavy over the jungle, when Muztagh caught up with his herd. He found them in an open grassy glade, encircled by hills, and they were all waiting, silent, as he sped down the hills toward them. They had heard him coming a long way. He was not attempting silence. The jungle people had not got out of his way.

The old bull that led the herd, seventy years of age and at the pride of his wisdom and strength, scarred, yellow-tusked and noble past any elephant patriarch in the jungle, curled up his trunk when he saw him come. He knew very well what would happen. And because no one knows better than the jungle people what a good thing it is to take the offensive in all battles, and because it was fitting his place and dignity, he uttered the challenge himself.

The silence dropped as something from the sky. The little pink calves who had never seen the herd grow still in this same way before, felt the dawn of the storm that they could not understand, and took shelter beneath their mothers' bellies. But they did not squeal. The silence was too deep for them to dare to break.

It is always an epoch in the life of the herd when a young bull contests for leadership. It is a much more serious thing than in the herds of deer and buffalo. The latter only live a handful of years, then grow weak and die. A great bull who has attained strength and wisdom enough to obtain the leadership of an elephant herd may often keep it for forty years. Kings do not rise and fall half so often as in the kingdoms of Europe. For, as most men know, an elephant is not really old until he has seen a hundred summers come and go. Then he will linger fifty years more, wise and gray and wrinkled and strange and full of memories of a time no man can possibly remember.

Long years had passed since the leader's

(*Continued on page 117*)

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That Vanishing Villainess

By Peter Merritt

Photo by Artcraft.

The Unwilling Villainess.

HAVE you been troubled lately, Mr. and Mrs. Audience, with a sort of choking sensation as of being stifled with curls, submerged in smiles, and drowned in dimples?

I have. After a season of spoken-drama sunshine and a summer of photo-play bliss I began to feel—well, sick. I yearned for the bracing relief of a good old mean vampire or the toning tonic of a nice cruel gunwoman. Long researches finally revealed Elsie Ferguson (above) as the head of a fashionable gambling resort.

But in the first place she gave her life for her daughter at the end and in the second place the producers begged me not to "emphasize Miss Ferguson's playing of such a part" in the first place because "she prefers to be associated with 'sweet and sympathetic parts'."

STILL searching for those disappearing villainesses, I finally ran Pauline Frederick to earth in "One Week of Life." To be sure, Miss Frederick saved face by playing both the part of the wicked wife and the spotless heroine. But she was—half the time—a satisfactory enough villainess. She looked at her husband and curled her lip; she ran her fingers unrestrainedly through the villain's hair; she even eloped, saying she was going to visit her child when there never had been a child. But in the end both she and the villain were drowned, and I presume their ardor considerably dampened, while out boating.

Photo by Goldwin.

The Very Wicked Villainess.

Photo by Abbe.

The Perfect Villainess.

MAUDE HANAFORD as Ginevra in "The Jest" saved the day for me by being completely and unqualifiedly a heartless female being. What a relief her long straight platinum hair, her cold level green eyes, her code of opportunism simple and selfish as that of a cat. She loved one man because he made poems about her, another for his power and wealth. When the first lover triumphed over the second, she went back to him with no twinges of conscience or worry about the jewel of consistency. In the end, when nobody seemed to be doing anything for her she "showed off," as the navy says, serene to the end—the perfect villainess.

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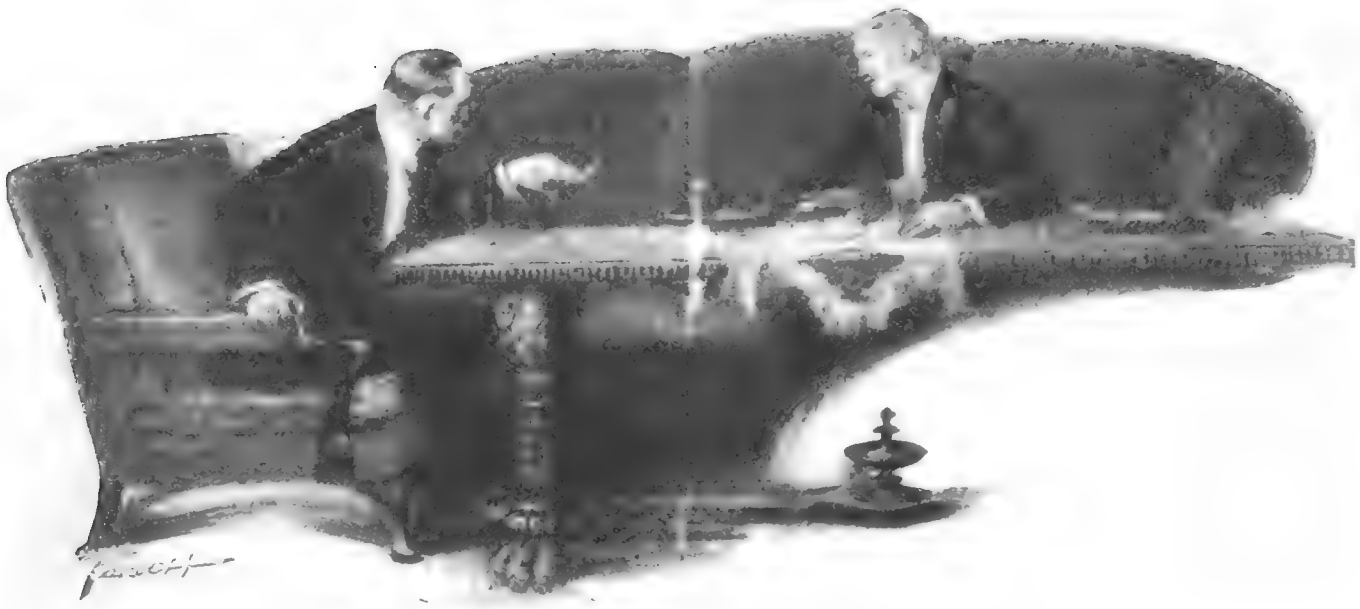

"I have it! Let's take my car and motor up to my camp."

You Can't Take That to Simpson's

By Du Vernet Rabell

TERRY bent over the be-ribboned candy-box on the table. "Which have the cherries in them?" he asked his sister, "the drippy cherries with the wine in 'em? I wonder how they make them that way?"

Having received the desired information concerning which of the chocolate confections were the cherries, and, in the joy of them, forgetting the latter part of his question, he took up his theme at the point on which he had been holding forth when the arrival of the bonbons diverted his attention. Terry never argued nor discussed dispassionately; he held forth—held forth with many gestures and fine, high-sounding phrases and epigrams taken from the French. He had a fancy for Desnoyers, Voltaire and de Staël. Also, he had a fancy for attending to the affairs of other people. For their ultimate good, of course. But there are people in this world of ours who take the "a poor thing, but mine own" attitude with regard to various matters which concern them alone, who said harsh things of Terence Vanderpoel Tinker.

Now he looked at his sister Helen, rose to his feet, struck an attitude, and declared: "You may take it from Terry, Elsie is falling in love with Paul Cortwright; which wouldn't in itself be the least serious, as all girls do that at one time or another. But—now listen to this, Helen—Paul, debonair, casual, a connoisseur of everything lovely from Chinese jades to pretty women, is falling in love with her. Don't argue with me—I know."

Mrs. Jim Halloway looked up from the book in her lap with a frown. "You know, I can't make head nor tail of these instructions. And after Jim Halloway's discourse last night—and right before the Farleys too—on the utter ignorance of the modern woman concerning all domestic arts, I am going to knit a baby sweater or die in the attempt. But I can't seem to." She glanced at Terry's face and stopped abruptly. "Oh, you were telling me about Elsie. Well, go on, I wasn't arguing—I know better."

"There's nothing to go on to," Terry returned gloomily. "If she falls in love with Paul, and he falls in love with her, it will be the end of everything."

"I can't see that," Helen told him, comparing the mass of fluffy blue wool in her lap with an illustration in the book. "Paul is attractive, his position is unquestioned, everybody likes him——"

"You could go on talking like that until doomsday and I'd agree with everything you said," Terry interrupted, "and I'd add on my own account the fact that Paul is a charming fellow—but you can't take that to Simpson's."

Helen looked up. "I beg your pardon?"

Terry chuckled. "Simpson is a gentleman who loans money on articles of value whose owners happen to be in a tight place financially. In using the expression I did in regard to Paul, I meant that the qualifications that have made him a much-sought-after young man would get him nowhere if it came to the scratch. They wouldn't earn a living for him. Getting right down to brass tacks, I don't think Paul could earn a living to save his life."

"But why should Paul earn a living? He hasn't time. And he has a small income, hasn't he?"

"If you want to call it that. He has three or four thousand a year, I believe."

Helen went back to her knitting, her smile serene and her brow untroubled. "Well, his income doesn't matter anyway. Aunt Louise left Elsie plenty of money."

Terry folded his arms and beetled his brows like Napoleon. "There!" he exclaimed, "I was beginning to think the point would never penetrate. Paul is marrying Elsie for her money!" And having delivered himself of this statement, Terry heaved a sigh and sat down.

"Terry!" Helen was plainly shocked. "Men like Paul don't do that sort of thing!"

"No? Not consciously perhaps. I am not saying that Paul discovered that Elsie had inherited a neat little pile of money and set right out to win her hand, but I do maintain that he would not have fallen in love with her if she had not been rich."

Helen shut up her book and gave the conversation her undivided attention. Aside from the fact that Elsie was her cousin, she liked little Elsie Wayne. Everybody did.

Elsie had come to New York for a visit that winter, from a small town in New Hampshire. She was a nice little thing, with soft, inquiring brown eyes, a mouth that curled up when she laughed, and small hands that fluttered like little white birds when she was enthusiastic about anything. And never having been out of River Falls before in her life, except perhaps for one or two brief trips to Boston, she was inclined to be enthusiastic about everything and not in the least

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ashamed to show it. Her rosy cheeks were all her own—that is, at first. But after two months of fittings almost every morning, luncheons, teas, art exhibitions, bridge—five-cent-a-point bridge that admits of no mental relaxing—the opera, dancing until daylight, naturally she bought her roses in a jar. But it didn't matter. You remember it was a hand-painted year. Everybody did it. You had to because of the hats, or the style of hairdressing, or the silhouette—some perfectly good reason. Elsie's attractive manners were her own too; and she didn't have to help these out with artificial aids, because she had a naturally sweet disposition that even the rigors of a successful social season couldn't change.

Helen was thinking of all this. "But Elsie is an awfully dear little thing. Any man might fall in love with her whether or no she had money."

"Any man perhaps—but Paul is not any man. If Elsie had not been rich, she could not have worn that ermine coat in which she looked a cross between a petted prima donna and a baby about to go by-by; if she had not been rich, she couldn't have bought that D'Ainville roadster, and Paul would have had no opportunity to teach her to drive it on the beautiful roads of Westchester; if Elsie had not been rich——"

"Oh, Terry, stop—you sound like a topical song! I'll take it as proved that Paul fell in love with Elsie because she was attractive and her money helped make her so. But still, I can't see the reason for your excitement. If Paul loves Elsie, he'll make her a good husband, and if he merely likes her, why—he'll still make her a good husband. I've seen half a dozen marriages which people shrugged over as money matches that have turned out well. A man may marry a girl for her money, but he'll live up to his part of the bargain oftener than a woman will with the conditions reversed. It's his sense of fair play, I suppose." She shrugged her shoulders. "And anyway, leaving the idea of fair play out of it, any man who isn't an idiot makes a good husband if his wife signs the checks."

"Any man—there you go again. Paul is not any man."

"Well, then, what is he?" Helen stifled a yawn. "And where are you leading this conversation?"

"You don't know Paul," Terry told her earnestly. "None of the women do who make such a fuss over him. That's part of his charm, I suppose—he gives them the impression that there is still lots to learn. And here is where I have been heading. Heaven knows I have no wish to interfere if Elsie wants to marry Paul. But—I want her to know him first."

"Know him? My goodness, she has known him for almost five months."

"She has seen him pretty constantly for five months," Terry corrected her loftily. "But she has seen him only against the background of New York—Paul's New York, at that. She knows him as a wonderful dancing partner, an amusing dinner guest, an interesting cicerone at picture exhibitions, and a charming host at intimate little teas—and that's all. That is nothing. It's like marrying an actor for his Big Scene in the third act."

Helen had been listening with an expression of growing alarm. Now she raised both hands as one pushing from her a dangerous explosive liable to go off at any minute.

"Terence Vanderpoel Tinker, I know what is coming. You are about to demonstrate for the forty-'leventh time that the man who named you Terry the Tinker knew his little book. Count me out!"

"I am not going to tinker," Terry denied with injured dignity. "I am merely going to give Elsie a chance for her happiness."

"Well, considering the fact that Elsie has run a factory employing I don't know how many men, and taken entire charge of her Aunt Louise's estate, it seems to me that she is perfectly capable of managing her own happiness."

"Elsie is in love," Terry explained kindly, "and when a girl is in love her heart interferes with her sense of balance." He pursed up his lips and whistled thoughtfully. "Have you met this Ed Stevens?" he asked presently. "This man from Elsie's town? He came to New York last week. Nice chap, too—he——"

"I danced with him—once."

"Don't be so roofy, Helen. I make no claims for him as a ballroom pet. He is a thoroughgoing outdoor man." He paused and wagged his head. "What a pity Elsie couldn't have fallen in love with him. He was born and raised in a small town—he'd be miserable in a big city."

"Well, if you are comparing this Ed person and Paul——"

"I'm not. But you are. And you are merely comparing their personal appearance and social graces, in true woman fashion. But take their characters. Now be fair about it. Don't you think that Elsie has a better chance for being happy with Ed Stevens? Can you imagine Paul living in River Falls, acting as Elsie's

"It was awfully sweet of you to ask Ed Stevens. He's crazy about fishing."

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manager of the sash and blind factory, and eating his dinner in the middle of the day?"

Helen tapped her knitting-needles against her lips. "I never thought of that."

"Elsie is a small-town girl," Terry continued. "She rises with the dicky birds, and eats pie for breakfast, and has baked beans on Saturday—oh, perhaps I'm too literal, but you get my meaning. She goes down Main Street to market, and exchanges gossip with the various members of the Ladies' Aid Society, and wonders if the Chautauqua will come to River Falls; she goes home and works in the garden; she sews with the sewing circle, and at four o'clock, in a simple gingham gown, goes down for the mail; in the evening she goes buggy-riding. Now mind," and he held up a warning hand, "I am not deriding any of this. It is a sweet, normal, natural life. The mothers who have given the biggest men to the country have led such lives. But it has produced a different view-point from that held by a girl born and raised in New York—a girl who knows Paul's type and knows how to handle it."

Helen fidgeted. "I wish that you didn't speak so convincingly, Terry," she complained.

This was all Terry wanted. In ten minutes he had twisted his sister around his finger and bound her to a scheme that promised to accomplish great things—as Terry unfolded it.

"Now understand clearly, Helen," he cautioned at parting, "I am not trying to play the villain and break Elsie's heart nor wreck Paul's happiness. I just want to give them a chance to see each other away from the dazzling lights of this great metropolis. Elsie may not be so wide-eyed and ingenuous against the background of the great outdoors—she is more or less at home there; and wandering in nature's woody dells, Paul may lose some of his easy nonchalance. Get the idea?"

Helen got it. But Helen's husband, when she told him of the plan and invited him to accompany the party, didn't get it at all. Jim Halloway was a man of decided opinions and frank speech, and he said many derisive, not to mention rude, things concerning his brother-in-law and his proclivity for attending to business other than his own.

AFTER leaving his sister, Terry spent a busy afternoon. He went to his garage where he held a long conversation with his chauffeur concerning the qualifications of his car as a hill-climber when road conditions were bad. He went to Downing's and purchased a sweater, a rubber poncho and top boots. Then he headed for his club and wrote a letter to the couple who took care of his camp in the Adirondacks. He gave them a week's vacation, to begin the following Friday. After mailing this letter he started to look for Paul.

He found that young man in the library and slouched down beside him with a heavy sigh.

"I'm bored," he announced. "Let's do something exhilarating. New York at this season is deadly."

Paul put down his book, and with a glance at the other readers in the long, book-lined room, led Terry to the lounge.

Terry settled himself in a deep chair and for a long moment sat silent, eying Paul resentfully.

Paul was tall and fair, with an air of pleasant self-assurance, and he had achieved distinction in dress without looking either like an effervescent sophomore or a chorus man, and he was what is popularly known as a society man without in the least looking or behaving the part.

"Why are you frowning at me, Terry?" he inquired presently.

"Oh, you do keep so disgustingly fit!" Terry sighed. "Yet you don't walk five miles a day, you don't spend half your life in a gym, you eat what you please, and you keep scandalous hours. What's the answer?"

Paul laughed. "Is this to be a health dissertation?"

Terry gave himself a mental shake. "No—oh, no. As I was saying, I'm bored. Think up a new game for me, Paul. Let's get up a crowd and do something—away from New York."

"But there is plenty to do in New York."

"Yes, and I've done it all to death." He looked curiously at Paul. "You are a real New York fan, aren't you? Could you exist away from the siren city, I wonder?"

"Oh, I could—one can do anything. But I'd hate it. I wouldn't be myself." He finished his gin ricky, and smiled at Terry. "But why talk about me—we were seeking a cure for your *ennui*. How about Lakewood? If the weather remains open, we can play polo. Your cousin Elsie has never seen a game."

Terry shook his head. "Not Lakewood—went there just before Christmas to get rid of a cold."

"Well, then, Virginia Hot Springs. You know you had a pretty good time disporting yourself in the pool at the Homestead a couple of years ago."

"But it was two years ago. Guess again—something new."

"The old things are safer, don't you think so?"

"Safer—but duller. Well, I can see where I have to use my own little thinker." He seemed to lose himself in meditation over a fresh highball. Presently he beamed—a beam of convincing impulsiveness. "I have it! Let's take my car and motor up to my camp, and there, midst nature's budding wilderness, rough it for a week."

"But Terry, your camp is pretty far north for this season," Paul demurred. "It will be rather dreary, I'm thinking."

"Ah, but turn your thoughts to the jumping trout. Up before sunrise and off with the rod—what are you smiling like that for? I thought you were keen for fishing."

"I am. But I'd resign from any club where the fish rose at any such hours." He glanced at the clock and signed the check hurriedly. "Sorry, Terry, but I'll have to run—I have an early dinner engagement." He added as he rose: "I'm afraid you'll have to count me out on the camping party—but thanks for wanting me."

Terry nodded. "I'm sorry. I thought you might give Elsie a few lessons in casting. Now it will be up to me, or Ed Stevens."

"Elsie—is Elsie going?"

"Yes, and Helen and Ed Stevens, and I think I'll ask the little Bettany girl—she is such a stimulating audience for my flights of fancy. I love to hear her giggle."

"But Terry, how could you have asked all of these people? An hour ago you didn't know where you were going."

"Wrong, dear boy, wrong! I just asked your advice to help me make up my mind. When I'm almost decided, I always ask advice."

"I see. So you can do the other thing."

"Exactly. Take it from Terry, it's a great system."

At the door Paul hesitated and then came back to the table. "Terry, might I reconsider? Your tales of trout are so tempting——"

"Trout!" Terry sniffed derisively as he watched Paul depart. "Trout!"

HE SAW his cousin Elsie at a dinner that night and he asked her at once about the Adirondack trip. The fact that he had told Paul that his party was already made up bothered him not at all. He was inviting Elsie now, and she was accepting, and that made everything all right.

"Why, Terry, what a beautiful idea!" Elsie exclaimed, deserting her dinner partner to smile on Terry. "Did you think it up all yourself?"

"Certainly." And Terry ruffled.

"Well, I just wondered," Elsie made all haste to add. "New Yorkers seem to hate to leave town."

"We all need change," Terry told her; then he added, "and this party will be some change."

Elsie was nodding. "Fancy meeting spring up there," she said dreamily, "the budding trees bursting into bloom, the brooks freeing themselves from the winter bondage of ice, the purple mist of May on the mountains, and arbutus in the hollows—oh, Terry, it will be heavenly."

Terry bobbed his head. "Yes, if all those things happen according to schedule."

"Who else have you asked?"

Terry named over his guests. When he reached Paul's name, he glanced at her sharply.

But Elsie went on serenely nibbling an almond. New York had taught little Elsie Wayne a good deal.

Elsie caught her hostess's eyes, and gathering her gloves and handkerchief and fan together, prepared to rise. She touched Terry on the arm. "It was awfully sweet of you to ask Ed Stevens. He's crazy about fishing. And I like to go to places with Ed. We always have such good times together."

Terry blinked thoughtfully at the candles as Elsie floated away. Was this party really necessary after all? That remark about always having a good time with Ed Stevens now—then a picture of Paul Cortwright appeared in his mind, his slim good looks, his attractive manners and quiet eyes—oh, of course it was necessary. You could never tell anything from what a girl said, nor even the way she said it. Why, even Solomon couldn't—and he'd known a good many of them pretty well.

The morning the party started Helen stopped beside Terry where he sat behind the steering-wheel of his car.

"You know, Terry," she began, a hint of anxiety in her voice, "I've the strangest feeling. Somehow I can't think it's right

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"I never knew you sang before. You have a lovely voice. There are so many things I don't know about you," he added.

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to deliberately interfere in a matter that's really none of our concern. I feel——"

"You've been listening to Jim," Terry told her accusingly.

"Yes, I have." Helen's voice held a note of rising defiance. "And I wish I could back out—something disagreeable is going to happen; I know it. But," and she touched the knitting-bag on her arm, "I am going to get something out of the party. Dolly Bettany is a wonder at this knitting, and I'm going to completely finish this sweater for the baby and wave it defiantly before Jim Halloway's eyes on my return."

Paul spoke from the other side of the car. "It looks like rain. Do you think we are safe in starting?"

Elsie clasped her hands entreatingly. "Oh, we must start. What if it does rain? I love the spring rain—like shy, soft kiddie kisses on your cheek; and there is the smell of the plowed earth when it rains in the spring that makes you want to stretch up your arms and grow and grow."

Ed Stevens, a tall young chap with broad shoulders and a habit of little speech when he had nothing to say, glanced at the rear tires. "Got your chains with you?"

Terry nodded, and started his engine. "All ready?" he called over his shoulder. "They're off at Engleside! Lady Belle first—Rainbow second."

THE rain held off all day and they pulled into Saratoga just before seven. All the hotels but one were closed, and here they felt like the crew of a ship lost on a desert island, as they had dinner in the corner of the huge dining-room. The dinner wasn't very good either. Helen worried about her abandoned family and the little Bettany girl, in a determined effort to be gay, would sing a certain rather *risqué* song that had brought fame of a sort to a recent musical comedy; and while singing she made wicked eyes at Ed Stevens, which plainly disconcerted him. They all thought his embarrassment funny—all except Elsie. Paul had one or two flashes of wit that somehow failed to retain their pristine brilliance, but Terry laughed at them, and finally Elsie laughed too, as they tried to rally the lagging spirits of the party.

"Just because we had canned string-beans for dinner is no real occasion for this gloom," Terry declared.

Presently Elsie appeared to really brighten. Paul seated himself beside her, and her attention wandered from Dolly Bettany and Ed.

"We'll walk in the woods," she was presently telling him, her small hands fluttering, "and we'll smell the new buds, and find the May flowers."

"And get our feet wet," Paul added, laughing at her.

She looked at him. "That wasn't the right answer," she chided him gently. "You should have said, 'How wonderful!'"

"Oh, should I have said that? But I was thinking of the rain, you see. And from the looks of the sky we are going to get plenty of rain. What on earth do you do in the country when it rains?"

"You fish." Ed had freed himself from the wiles of the little Bettany girl and joined in the conversation. "If it rains to-morrow, the streams will be jumping with trout. I wish it would rain. I have a new fly I'd like to try."

He got his wish. The next morning, as Terry backed his car out of the garage, he shivered into the collar of his motor coat. It was a chill, drizzly day; the sun only faintly visible behind pallid clouds and the southwest wind full of rain.

"Well," he soliloquized as he honked his horn in front of the hotel, "there's one thing sure. 'Be it ever so humble,' there'll be no place like home to this crowd to-night—if the rain breaks into a storm as soon as I think it will."

The downpour began before noon. The storm had swept down from the north and left its track plainly along the way. The streams were high—far too high for trout—and they leaped along like wild horses with tossing white manes; at one place the bridge was down and they had a heart-breaking detour. The roads were five, six, often eight inches deep in mud, and Terry's engine, strong as it was, roared and rumbled its protest as the way became rougher and the going harder with each passing mile.

"Better let me take her, Terry," Paul called from the tonneau, and Terry gratefully crawled from behind the wheel.

"Gee, my wrists are lame!" he exclaimed. "Watch her, Paul, in getting out of the ruts," he cautioned. "If we skid into the ditch—*good night!*"

Paul did try to watch, but Terry was one of those maddening people who persist in driving from the back seat, and he leaned forward at regular intervals to shout advice into Paul's ear. On one of these occasions Paul jerked impatiently at the wheel—and the inevitable happened. The rear wheels skidded sickeningly and then slid into the ditch.

For over an hour they toiled with chain, fence-rails and branches from the trees. Then Ed got into the car. "Let me try rocking her," he suggested. "We've tried everything else." He started the engine and slipped into first speed. The car leaped ahead a foot and settled back, leaped ahead again and settled back; and then with a mighty heave—it almost seemed as if Ed's strong arms were lifting it out by main force—the car pulled out of the ditch and back on the road.

"You go on driving—once in the ditch is enough," Terry said as he dragged his mud-covered self into the tonneau. "There's only one road—you can't miss it."

Paul flushed as he seated himself beside Ed.

Two hours later they drew up at the camp, a bark-covered structure in the very heart of the wilderness.

Terry squirmed out of the robes and stood up and stretched. "Here we are, people," he announced.

Elsie looked about her. "Oh, see," she cried, pointing to the east, "the storm is over! I think the moon is rising."

Helen looked at the dark house, and her eyes came back to her brother. "But, Terry, there are no lights. I'm hungry. Where are the Masons?"

Terry was lifting out the suit-cases and Paul was piling them on the porch. "Oh," he panted, dragging the last one from beneath the robe, "the Masons have gone on a vacation. This is not a party de luxe. We are going to rough it."

There was a moment of emotion-charged silence. Then Helen got right back into the car. "Well, I'm not," she declared with ominously angry eyes. "I'm going home."

Terry laughed at her. "Don't be a quitter, Helen."

"I'm not a quitter. Neither am I a cook."

A cloud gathered on Terry's horizon. "Well," he questioned, with a rising note of anxiety in his voice, "somebody can cook, can't they?"

"Among those conspicuous by her absence from the kitchen was Dorothy Kimble Bettany," that young lady observed, trying to powder her nose in the light of the motor-lamps.

"But—but—" Terry's voice was filled with growing panic, and he threw out supplicating hands, "we've got to eat, you know, can't *anybody* cook?"

Elsie patted his arm. "I can cook," she soothed him. She turned laughing eyes to Ed. "Do you remember the camping party in Bartons' woods last spring—when Flora Robinson thought a snake had bitten her?"

Paul moved suddenly. "Do you have snakes up here, Terry, in addition to your other manifest attractions?"

Ed Stevens answered. "Oh, it's too early for snakes." He tried the door of the camp. "We might as well go inside. The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to find out what there is to eat."

The party followed him, various emotions depicted on their faces.

"You know I saw a play once," Dolly was confiding to Helen in a low tone, "where one of those big, silent men, like Mr. Stevens—you know, who use the wrong forks and step on you when they dance—rose to the occasion and did the most wonderful things; the people were shipwrecked—or lost in the desert—something like that. I never can remember anything but the clothes and the leading man in a play."

SUPPER was a dreary meal—if you could have called it a meal at all. The Masons had evidently cleared out the larder before their departure, and all the exploring party found was a can of asparagus and a box of sweet crackers. And somehow they seemed to lend themselves to but a limited culinary combination.

"Two people can get this ready," Elsie said, herding everybody but Paul out of the kitchen.

"You are awfully clever, aren't you?" he asked.

Elsie looked at him in amazement. "Why—because I can empty a can of asparagus into a saucepan and light a fire under it?" She glanced out of the window. "This is a pretty place, isn't it? I can hardly wait to see it in daylight."

"I have never seen a camp like this before," Paul remarked. "The Jenningses had a camp at Raquette Lake——"

Here Terry entered the kitchen followed by Ed Stevens, having been deputized to hurry the supper along. Terry caught Paul's last words. "Oh, the Jennings' camp!" he scoffed. "That wasn't a camp at all, that was a summer hotel, with a French chef and a musical-comedy chambermaid. They never roughed it in their lives."

Paul smiled. "We never dressed for dinner," he argued.

Terry roared and Elsie, meeting Ed's amused eyes, turned away to hide a smile.

(Continued on page 126)

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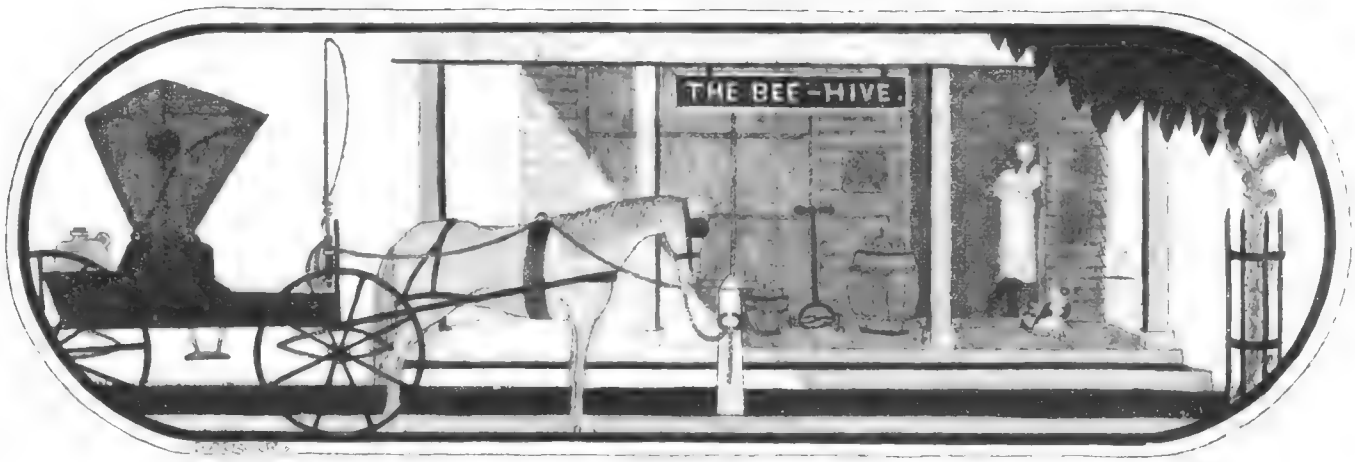

Other People's Business

By William McClintock

ACTIONS not only speak louder than words—they take the place of words. A man's actions not only reveal his character—they are his character.

That is what the credit people say who have been studying men and their actions for a half-century or more in this country.

You inherit father's grocery-store at Whinney, Oklahoma, and move in, dust off the ledger, put on a fresh coat of paint and fondly imagine that you are now going to run your own business in your own way.

You probably think that there wasn't much style in the business the way the old man ran it, that he didn't keep up to date, that times have changed and that business nowadays has to have some pep in it. So you clean out the stock with a couple of sensational bargain sales that certainly give the old town something to talk about

As the old stock fades away from the shelves, you need new goods to take its place—new lines that father in his old-fashioned way never thought of carrying. How are you going to get new lines from houses that never heard of you? You need the new lines and you need them right away. What are you going to do about it?

Well, if you are really a new-fashioned retailer, if (the credit people say) you are really a bright young fellow with an eye to a long life and a happy one, you will not wait to be asked but you will go and tell all your secrets to a good and sympathetic credit house. You will tell them just where you stand and ask them what to do. They will probably tell you to send them a monthly statement of your sales and expenses, the names of the houses you have dealt with for the last six months, the houses to whom you owe money, your past due accounts, if any, the names of your bank or banks. They put the facts on file. They wire you to go ahead and place your new orders. Then when their customers inquire about this new fellow (meaning you) from Whinney, Oklahoma, they tell them to go ahead and ship the order, and it's all plain sailing for you.

Their great job, credit firms say, has been to convert the old-fashioned merchant away from the belief that his financial condition is a supremely private matter, which can be shared, and should be shared, only with his immediate family.

The old-fashioned conventional credit-house methods whereby a merchant's assets and liabilities were discovered and placed before wholesalers interested in ascertaining how far and how long to trust him resembled those of a detective agency and were enough of a trial to the unthinking merchant. But the new credit methods, by means of which not only his static solvency is reported on, but all of his daily commercial activities are listed and digested and analyzed, have been a harder pill for him to swallow.

The up-to-date credit house, for instance, can supply its customer, the wholesaler, at a few hours' notice, by means of telegraphing its various national branches, with expert advice with regard to the handling of our friend in Whinney's order. They write or wire or telephone, as the case may be, to their inquiring subscriber saying, "Ship" or "Don't ship" or "Ship according to such and such specifications." To the retailer who is antagonistic to the new methods and hasn't taken the trouble to understand them, the whole affair savors of witchcraft.

How can they know so much about his own personal business? How can they know even more about it than he himself? How can they, for instance, know that he has overbought?

What the Whinney merchant forgets is that it takes two to make a bargain. He forgets that he is not the only fellow who recollects how many barrels of crackers he bought last spring (or do crackers ripen in the fall?) and if and how promptly he paid for them. The wholesaler of whom he bought them knows, and he and most of the other wholesalers of whom John Jones bought goods know, and it is they who have supplied the information about him to the credit center, which has promptly tabulated it and deduced therefrom very enlightening things as to Jones's business methods, which are, they say, his "character." For "as a man acts," they keep insisting, "so is he."

So the new credit-house system is based on the plan of discovering how a man is prone to acting. What they care about is the trend of his affairs, not how much money he has in the bank at a given moment—he may draw that all out the next moment—but does he pay in ten days, twenty days, thirty days? Does he pay in full or make partial payments? Does he hold up some houses interminably and keep others "sweet" by a charming promptitude?

The thing for John Jones, the grocer in Whinney, to do—and most of him have—is to act on the homely old plan of confessing, when he is going to be found out anyway.

Progressive credit centers like the Credit Clearing-House have consultation rooms where retailers can come and tell their financial, sometimes even their personal, troubles to experts and often receive advice that saves a sick business and staves off the bugaboo of "no more credit."

Credit is the delicate and powerful fabric in which our whole civilization is suspended, and the credit of the grocer in Whinney is a part of the whole and belongs to the whole and is everybody's business.

They have a beautiful little chart in the Research Department of the New York branch of the Credit Clearing-House, which shows that in January of this year everybody's purchases—the Whinney merchant's and all the other retail merchants' purchases—were down almost to the vanishing-point. At the same time, everybody's indebtedness, which had been previously jogging along at a pretty high point, was sinking rapidly, and at the same moment everybody's payments for goods were starting on the up-grade of promptitude. The chart for the next six months is the most cheerful thing in the world, and is still going strong. Everybody's purchases have been mounting surely and rapidly. Their indebtedness, to be sure, has increased slightly, but that should not be worried about, because it is only a justifiable indebtedness caused by the sudden stocking up after a very thorough depletion of the contents of shelves and cracker barrels. Anyhow, everybody's payments have been simply soaring. And, if it's any comfort to the H. C. of L. mourners, business in general (charts can not fib) is as bright as a button.

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Below the Medicinal Hundred

By Holworthy Hall

FOR sixty-five years, nothing had pleased Mr. Samuel Hobgood quite so much as his freedom from criticism, whether public or private. His successes had been so pronounced, his methods so conservative, his errors of judgment so purely incidental, that among his contemporaries he passed as a very Daniel of the leather market — a man who habitually did the right thing seven times out of ten; and this percentage is enough to make millionaires out of office-boys.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hobgood had begun as an office-boy, and at age fifty he had found himself a millionaire. He had also found himself the parent of a son who was frequently recognized, across the street, by distinguished people who had never met the son, nor even heard of the father. Mr. Hobgood took prompt steps to avoid criticism.

"I think you'll find, Richard," he said kindly, "that most prominent young men fall down hard, sooner or later, on account of the same qualities that made 'em prominent. I don't believe a young man ought to be noticed hardly at all before he's thirty-five or forty, except as a good, hard, steady worker. If folks keep thinking of you as a football player, and then a pool player and then a golf player, you'll find it's going to be awful hard to talk business when you want to. And when you go out representing Hobgood and Company this fall, I want you should be regarded as a *representative* of Hobgood and Company, and not as an athlete with his picture in all the papers. What do you really want out of life, Richard? So far, you're a great game-player, and you never made a penny of your own. When I was your age, I didn't know how many men there was on a football nine, or whether you played polo on a horse or a donkey, or what the names of a pack of cards are—and I don't yet. So in the trade, Hobgood means just one thing, and that's leather. When you start working for us, I want it to keep on meaning leather, and not golf. I've thought it all out, Richard. If you want to work with us, your name can't be in the papers to advertise anything but Hobgood leather. *We* can't afford it, and *you* can't. From the day you start, you *ain't* Hobgood, the famous quarterback from Yale; you *ain't* Hobgood, the golf champion; you're Hobgood, of the city sales force of Hobgood and Company. Everybody'd criticize us if it was different. I'm not going to be harsh. You've had a long vacation, and it's time you got serious. All I'll say is, in five years, if you work hard, I'll make you junior partner and then you can do anything you like. Nobody criticizes what you do *after* you've succeeded. In the meantime, no tournaments of any kind whatsoever, no titles, nothing to pull attention away from the one fact that *Hobgood means leather*. Is it a bargain?"

Richard was very nearly dead-centered in his mind, but because he was enjoined from competition only, and not from practise, and because a junior partnership meant complete independence after the five-year interlude, he finally succumbed. He loved his polo almost as much as he loved his golf, but the sacrifice would plainly be justified by the reward.

As a city salesman he began like a whirlwind, and his father was filled with platitudinous misgivings. "Up like a rocket; down like a stick," said Mr. Hobgood, warningly. "Besides, I don't call it exactly *selling* when you take a man that used to belong to your same society twenty years ago out to Garden City, and shoot a game of golf with him, and then pry loose an order. You mustn't be disappointed when you begin to fall down, Richard. And I'd rather lose the order, any time, than have you make a sale based on anything in the world but the quality of the goods. In fact, I guess we'll have to make it a rule that when you have to play games with a man to get his business, that don't count on your sheet, Richard."

Nevertheless, the son of his father, applying to business all that tremendous vitality and eager concentration which had made him a splendid athlete, continued to break sales records. Doggedly, relentlessly, he put golf out of his mind, and set up for himself an artificial perspective which was limited by the hide of a cow and the number of uses to which it could be put. In two months he led the squadron of city salesmen by so wide a margin that to prevent actual friction, Mr. Hobgood had to send him on the road. Six months later the sales manager, who was fat and sensitive, resigned abruptly, and Richard, who had set too hot a pace for him, stepped into the vacant office.

The son of his father, once weaned from the out-of-doors, had settled down to a life which permitted the intrusion of nothing unprofitable. He discovered that without the intoxicant of competition ahead, there was little charm in informal practise, considering that his time was steadily growing precious. Therefore he didn't even practise.

A year's absence from Meadowbrook and Garden City had put him into the journalistic discard. He had ceased to be news, except to the extent of casual mention among those ancient heroes present at the Princeton game. To his father's delight, and to his own rather bewildered but at the same time flattered realization, Hobgood now meant leather exclusively.

In time, he became as dynamic a figure in the trade as once he had been in sport. At the end of another year of triumph, old Mr. Hobgood, doing the right thing eight times in that particular ten, took him away from sales to be assistant general manager. "Only going to show," said Mr. Hobgood ingenuously, "that business and play don't mix. And *just* to show, I'll give you a twentieth interest in the company right now."

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"A tenth," said Richard gently, thinking that the medallist at Garden City this year had done seventy-eight and seventy-seven. Richard had once shot eleven consecutive rounds under seventy-eight. He was resigned to his status, but the original agreement had provided that he should be paid for it.

"All right. A tenth. And if you keep on going——"

Obligingly, Richard kept on going. It was almost a year now since he had spent a part of Sunday afternoon in polishing his irons for the sheer pleasure of having them in good condition. A little of the buoyancy went out of him, but the hide of the cow was still as a blazing star to guide him. In the fourth year, when he acquired the general managership, and a quarter interest in the company, it never occurred to him that once his ambition had been to play regularly, at this time, on the Meadowbrook Four, and to have won the Met, and been a semi-finalist in the National Amateur. He was too busy writing his speech for the national convention.

There came a July, however, when Richard, gazing out over the hot roofs of the lower city, was startled to realize that his sentence had scarcely three months to run. He wasted fully a quarter-hour in contemplation of the respite, and that night, at home, he hunted up his golf-clubs. The majority of the shafts were warped, but it made much less difference to Richard than he would have imagined. He resolved to send the bag out to Garden City and have the set completely overhauled; but in the morning something distracted his attention, and he forgot all about it.

His attention had been distracted by happenings on the continent of Europe. The export problem instantly became so vexatious that Richard had no stomach whatever for play. Then, of a sudden, the country was overrun with foreign purchasing agents, and Richard could have lived on twice as many hours a day as Mr. Arnold Bennett has prescribed.

At this juncture, old Mr. Hobgood, who had never learned how to live at all, wrote his name to a Russian contract after a terrific contest of wills with Richard, and immediately fainted at his desk. He had fallen down hard by virtue of the exact qualities which had made him rich; he had never refreshed himself by any exercise or any hobby; he had burned out his carbons, and he was done. Richard quietly put the contract in his pocket and, a few hours later, when the doctors had agreed on his father's future, tore it up.

Mr. Hobgood, too feeble to protest, was presently shipped to the seashore; and, still in ignorance that the Russian orders weren't on the books, made Richard an equal partner with himself, and managing partner at that. There followed fireworks. No contract was made with the Russian agents, or with any others; and Richard drew to himself, within a very brief space, more criticism than his father had excited in sixty-five years. The echo of it rolled even to Seaview, where old Mr. Hobgood had a relapse, and bit a clinical thermometer in half. He would have summarily ejected his son that very day if the nurses hadn't refused to transmit his messages, let him have a fountain pen, or even listen to him rail. He wasn't to think of business, they said.

Mr. Hobgood thought, and the trade thought, that for Richard to refuse war-orders when the profits were never so high, was direct evidence of insanity. But the nurses, although they couldn't save his father from another nervous collapse, saved Richard from expulsion.

In the spring, Richard was still too busy to play any golf, even though the ban was now removed. He was accumulating stocks of raw material, and spending the company's hard-earned surplus for more factory space, and more machinery. Suddenly the trade changed its point of view. Old Mr. Hobgood was suddenly stricken with hysterical remorse. Seven nations came into the market with frantic appeals for war-material at any price, and Hobgood and Company, standing alone with vast facilities, vast stocks, and no entangling alliances, wrote its own ticket while its competitors, glutted with those earlier orders at a third the price, frothed impotently, and hailed Richard as the wizard son of a fairly successful and fortunately superannuated father.

At twenty-eight, Richard was not only forced to accept deferred classification in the draft; he was also persuaded not to enter service voluntarily. The Government, through the Ordnance Department, convinced him that as the head of the third largest leather company in the country, he was more valuable to the Allies than as a potato-peeler in a cantonment.

At thirty, when the war was over, he went down to Pinehurst, after much correspondence, to spend a reluctant week with his father.

THE train arrived before breakfast, but old Mr. Hobgood was down at the station to meet it. He was wearing sprightly knickerbockers and a plaid cap, and to his son he presented a very ludicrous appearance.

"Come on, Richard," said Mr. Hobgood briskly. "I drew for time last night, and we've got 9.15 on Number Two."

Richard stared at him blankly. The old gentleman had long since written that golf had been prescribed for him, but Richard couldn't remember exactly how long ago it was. "Drew for what?" he asked.

"For starting time. There's so many people here you have to get your time the night before."

Richard glanced at the heavy brief-case under his arm, and then at the sky.

"It looks pretty much like rain to me," he said. "And I haven't any clubs with me, and——"

Mr. Hobgood stopped short.

"Didn't bring your *clubs?*"

"Why, no. I couldn't find 'em."

Mr. Hobgood followed him into the bus. "That's funny. Well, we can fix it up all right, I guess. The shop's fine. Say, Richard! I've shot one hundred and one four times. John Peacock says I'll break a hundred before the season's over! Anything over a hundred, *I* say, don't count as golf; it just counts for health. When you score in three figures you've *got* to fall back on what a good day it is, and how much better you feel. But I'm going to get so I won't *have* to call it medicinal. By gravy, if I'd taken up this game when I was your age, I could *play* it now. Yes, sir!"

"That's good," said Richard absently.

His father surveyed him, and seemed cooled. "You've been here before, haven't you?"

"Yes—part of Christmas vacation in Junior year."

"Wha'd you make on Number Two? Your best, I mean."

Richard shrugged his shoulders. "I've

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forgotten. Seventy-one or seventy-two—somewhere around there."

Mr. Hobgood regarded him with reverence. "Richard, I want to say to you right now I never appreciated you. All the things you've done. I——"

Richard's eyes had depths in them. "Did I write you we added a million and a half to surplus account the last quarter?"

Old Mr. Hobgood glanced sharply at him, and sighed. "Well, here we are! I've got your room. Don't take too much time, now. We've got to hustle and get out there."

Richard, in the hotel lobby, looked pained. "I'm awfully sorry, father. But I've got two or three contracts with me I've simply *got* to go over, so I can send 'em back to New York to-night."

"Oh—you have! Couldn't you've done 'em on the train?"

"I did three. There's four left."

"Well, let 'em slide. This is your vacation, and I want you should——"

Richard looked shocked. "There's a hundred thousand profit in 'em, father. As a matter of fact, I ought not to have come down here at all. We're awfully busy. But you insisted so——"

Mr. Hobgood became insistent. "But you *need* a vacation, boy! You haven't had a day off since you went into the business."

"It'll be vacation enough to work in a different climate. I've got to clean this stuff up first. Business before pleasure, always. I tell you what. You go without me this morning, and to-morrow I'll see if I can't fit it in somehow."

Old Mr. Hobgood's shoulders drooped. "Couldn't you manage it just this once? Why, Richard, you and I never played any kind of a game together in all our lives. You mustn't wear yourself out working, like I did. You——"

"Can't be done," said Richard firmly. He paused at the desk. "Any mail for me?"

The clerk produced a few letters and a dozen telegrams. Richard looked up from them to inquire: "Where's the public stenographer?" Old Mr. Hobgood, his mouth curved downward, softly muttered: "*Damn!*"

It was Richard's first vacation in a decade, and he celebrated it by working seven hours in his bedroom while his father went around the championship course in what he called a medicinal one hundred and three.

"But just as sure as you're a foot high," declared Mr. Hobgood exultantly, "I'll get under a hundred, Richard, and forget the medicine part of it before the season's over. Oh, I do hope it's when I'm out with you. If I'd ever had the sense to take up this game twenty years ago—Say, why aren't *you* playing at Garden City any more? I'd like to try that course some time. There was a man I beat in the semi-finals of the thirteenth division consolation in the Spring Tournament—he said Garden City has the best traps you ever saw anywhere."

"Oh, I resigned from Garden City four or five years ago. No use paying the dues when I never go there. One of my wires to-day was from Skinner. He thinks we ought to incorporate. I told him——"

"Listen, Richard! Speaking about traps. Remember the one on the right of the third hole on Number Two? Well, I was in there on my drive this morning, and I played out hole high with a mid-iron. With a *midiron!* What do you know about that?"

"Fine!" said Richard indulgently. "I hope things'll work out so I can get a round in with you before I leave."

His father stared at him, and in that stare there was understanding, contrition, and fear. "Boy," he said, "boy, have you lost all your *interest* in games?"

"Pretty nearly," laughed Richard. "I'm too infernally busy. It's sort of funny, when you think of it——"

Mr. Hobgood shook his head. "No, not funny—not a bit funny. It's serious. First thing you know, you'll break down, and——"

"Oh, no I won't. When I get stale, I'll retire," said Richard.

Mr. Hobgood shook his head again. "You can't. Nobody can—nobody that doesn't have to. One of these days you'll *be* retired—but that's different. Now, to-morrow morning, I want you should *promise* me you'll go out and play golf with me. I'm just as like as not to break a hundred. Won't you promise me that much?"

"I will if I can, father. But one or two things have come up this afternoon—I'm carrying a pretty heavy load just now. We'll wait and see."

"My God!" said Mr. Hobgood bitterly. "I don't believe you *want* to play any golf, Richard."

Richard deliberated. "Yes," he said, sincerely but without enthusiasm. "I think I should. It ought to be rather amusing. I certainly will try to go out with you before I leave."

For the next three days it rained doggedly, and poor Mr. Hobgood, diverting himself with bridge and cowboy pool, felt more and more estranged from his unfamiliar son, who was making the most of the opportunity, and laboring diligently up-stairs. After the rain, the weather turned cold. It was Saturday morning before Mr. Hobgood dared to go out again—Saturday morning, and Richard had announced that he must positively return to New York on Saturday night.

Mr. Hobgood, standing in the shop while Richard bought half a dozen clubs, remarked his son's tenseness of expression, his tautness of muscle, his nervous little mannerisms. "It's a judgment," said Mr. Hobgood wearily to himself. "It's a judgment! Games and business *do* mix!"

On the first tee, it was the father's hands which trembled. It had spontaneously come to him that he had forfeited more than twenty years of the durable satisfactions of life. This was his first moment of true companionship with his boy. And all at once, he was as eager and excited as Richard might once have been on Yale Field, waiting for the kick-off. Mr. Hobgood had made commercial success his fetish; his only ambitions had been success for himself and success for Richard. This morning, while he was vaguely conscious that each of them was worth four or five million dollars, he realized that the most important thing in all his life, so far, was that Richard should enjoy the round, and shouldn't be ashamed of his father's game. Mr. Hobgood steeled himself to die as hard as possible.

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"Want to drive first, Richard?"

"No; go ahead." Richard had surreptitiously extracted a business letter from his pocket, and was reading it. Reading a business letter on the first tee!

Now Mr. Hobgood had been soundly taught, but his awe of Richard's quondam reputation was enough to wipe his mind clean of instructions. His stance was wrong, but he didn't dare to change it, for fear that Richard might be impatient. As he swung, he knew that he was stiff and constrained; he would have liked to try a few practise swings first, but he hadn't the courage to make Richard wait. Whatever else happened, he mustn't let Richard think he was a dawdler. Richard probably wouldn't remember that for a man of seventy to average, say, one hundred and five, day in and day out, was no small achievement. So that Mr. Hobgood hooked feebly into the railroad track, and felt the need of apology. "I'm not generally as bad as that, Richard. Most always I keep straight, no matter what else I do."

"That's all right." Richard had teed a ball, addressed it, and sliced it a hundred and eighty yards while he was speaking.

They parted company at once. Mr. Hobgood, somewhat steadied by the interval between them, remembered Peacock's formulas, and came out pleasantly to the fairway. There he watched his son rip out a mighty divot with a brassy.

Mr. Hobgood put his hands to his mouth. "Don't—try—to take—turf!" he shrilled. "You got to hit 'em clean."

"All right," said Richard cheerfully, and hammered a long iron diagonally across the course to the rough on the other side. He appeared to be very little affected by the error.

Old Mr. Hobgood was visited by a glorious idea. Richard was still in trouble. A five would certainly beat him. Even a six might do. To beat Richard, who used to be such a champion, at the very first hole! To be sure, Richard hadn't played for several years, but before that, his handicap in the Metropolitan was four. Mr. Hobgood was seventy years old, and had played no games at all, not even croquet, until two seasons ago. For his age, he was as good a golfer as Richard had ever been. Disability for disability, alibi for alibi! He flexed his jaw, got his wrists in order, and swung in accordance with his four hundred dollars' worth of lessons. The shot was as nearly perfect as Mr. Hobgood could ever expect—short, but mathematically straight; not on the green, but only a few yards distant.

"Nice one!" said Richard, and old Mr. Hobgood blushed like a débutante. Richard overplayed his mashie, and went on in five. Mr. Hobgood, fighting down a wild impulse to hurry, rolled his ball within two feet of the hole, and, feeling very Napoleonic, fluttered amazingly about the heart.

"Give it to you," said Richard carelessly, tapping down his own ball with one hand.

"I'm—I'm one up on you!"

"All right. Go ahead."

Mr. Hobgood, cumulatively chilled by his son's diffidence, prepared to drive.

"I expect to see Central Leather Common, above par by June," observed Richard soberly. "Want to buy some with me?"

Mr. Hobgood lowered his driver. "The only kind of a par that interests me right now is the par on this next hole," he stated flatly. "I didn't bring you out here to keep blatting about *leather* all the time; I brought you out here to play *golf!*" In the resultant silence, he drove creditably. Richard, bathed in deep thought, sent a fast grounder hopping into the nearest trap, and never used an expletive.

"I hope," said Mr. Hobgood, speaking the grievance to his immortal soul, "he don't get out of it, either!"

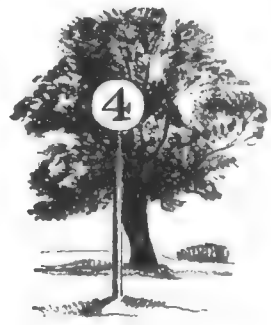
Richard, however, clawed back to the course and played three. It was a flash of olden form; a low, whistling brassy shot which ran as though it would never stop.

"My!" said Mr. Hobgood. His smile was paternally proud. He looked at Richard, expecting to find him happy, but Richard was merely abstracted. Mr. Hobgood shut his teeth, and played a fair second, and a fair third. Both men approach-putted, and left themselves four-foot putts. Mr. Hobgood, with all the painstaking zeal of a surveyor, found the line, and breathlessly sank the putt. "Five!" he carolled. Then his eyes bulged, for Richard had lifted. "That's close enough," said Richard. "Call it a five."

His father opened his mouth wide. "Call *that* a five, do you? Humph. I call it a *ladies'* five. Without the putt. So you claim a half, do you? All right—*all* right."

Richard laughed. "What earthly difference does it make?"

"*Difference!*" choked Mr. Hobgood. Failing a satisfactory vocabulary, he turned, and stalked wrathfully to the third tee. "And I used to think you were a regular sport!" In his unseeing anger, he topped fearfully. "Well, if *you* did that, I suppose you'd want to take it over again! You make me sick. Go on—shoot!"



Obediently and in a state of mild astonishment at his father's outburst Richard shot. He shot forty-five degrees to the left, deep into the pine woods. "Out of bounds?" he inquired, without passion.

"*Aren't* any bounds," snapped his father. "You go on in there and play it out—and kindly don't tee it up in there, either. *I* don't."

As his son disappeared among the trees, Mr. Hobgood allowed himself the full luxury of his emotions. For many weeks he had looked avidly forward to the joyousness of this occasion; and the present discovery that Richard couldn't even take an interest in it was demoralizing. It was more than that; it was tragic. And it harassed Mr. Hobgood for more reasons than one; he knew that he saw in Richard symptoms of that same arbitrariness of disposition, that same disregard for everything but business attainment, which had put Mr. Hobgood himself on the list of incapables at age sixty-five. The worst of it was that Richard, let alone, would have retained his diversions. If Richard ever worked himself into uselessness it would be Mr. Hobgood's own fault. It was palpably Mr. Hobgood's duty to get Richard out of the frame of mind into which Mr. Hobgood himself had put him. He must arouse his son's old enthusiasms—but how?

Naturally, while his mind was filled with sorrow and reproach, there was little room for golf. He pecked sharply at the ball and sent it nosing against a stump, where there was no possible stance. He tried standing ahead of the stump, then standing behind it, then standing with one foot on it. Eventually he prodded it a few feet into the open, and promptly hooked it

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back into the woods; upon which he opened the flood-gates of his mood, and opened his caddy's eyes with envious admiration. He staggered onto the green in six, and cast about him for Richard. Richard was just emerging from agricultural pursuits, and indulging in what has inelegantly, but aptly, been termed the tragedy of the hoisted bean. But Richard was as imperturbable as ever.

"How many?" demanded Mr. Hobgood, gruffly.

"Oh, five or six. Somewhere along there."

"How *many*?"

Richard, perceiving his father's irritation, counted thoughtfully on his fingers. "Five. I was under a tree over there, and——'

"Never mind the post-mortems. Call it medicinal. It keeps us out in the open air, anyway. I'm on in six. See if you can't get a half."

They halved in a gallant eight. "What I'd call a club-house five," explained Mr. Hobgood. "Meaning when I get back to the club-house I could say *if* I'd had a decent drive, and then everything else had gone the same way, I'd have had a real five. Well, I'm still one up. Here's where a long drive won't hurt you any. Do you s'pose you can remember you're playing golf long enough to hit one in the eye?"

He had the pleasure of watching Richard whip out a beautiful shot which headed his own best effort by a hundred yards. Mr. Hobgood, however, played warily short of the pits on his second, and chipped to the green in three. Richard fumbled shamefully into a trap, overplayed, and came back in four. Mr. Hobgood won the hole by a stroke, but Richard displayed no chagrin. He halved the next in six, and the short hill hole in four. On the seventh Richard again triangulated to the woods, and wanted to pick up.

"Merciful Heaven!" snapped old Mr. Hobgood. "Who'd ever have said there's a rank yellow quitter in my family! Go *play* it."

"But, father, I haven't been playing. There's no sense in my spending half a day hunting around in the underbrush, is there? And there's somebody there on the tee wants to come through, and——"

"Let 'em. *Let* 'em." Mr. Hobgood waved authority. "Play it out. *I* would. Good Lord, anybody'd think *I* was the Yale football man and *you* were the nervous wreck. I'd think you'd be *ashamed* of yourself to let an old man like me crucify you. Go on in there and whang it out." He was obsessed by the realization that he must arouse his son's ambition, but not yet did he see the way out. "By gravy!" said Mr. Hobgood fearfully to himself. "He'll break down in a *year* if he don't get some recreation!"

He won the hole in seven to eight, halved the eighth in four, and won the ninth in a par three to a sloppy four for Richard. Then he turned to the caddies. "You boys go up to the next tee and wait till we come. Richard, I want you to come over here and sit down a minute."

"Tired, father?"

Mr. Hobgood nodded rapidly.

"Yes, I am! Tired of this cussed way you're acting." He made himself comfortable on the slope, and lighted a slender cigar. "You don't seem to be able to put your mind on the game."

"No," said Richard frankly. "I can't."

"Still thinking of business?"

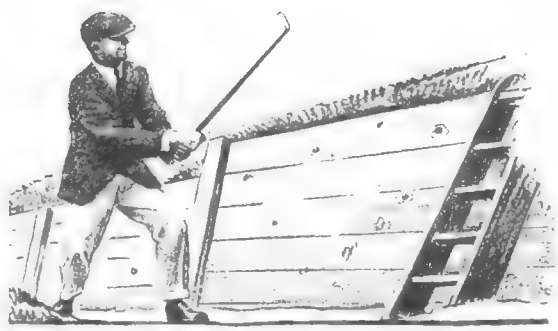
"Yes."

Old Mr. Hobgood puffed slowly. "Would you ever be willing to go to work for any other company but ours?"

"No. Hardly."

"Will you make me a solemn promise on your word of honor that you'll never work for anybody else?"

"Why, of course. I don't see the point,



but if it'll please you any, of course I'll promise."

"Shake hands on it. There! *Now*." He sat up straighter. "Richard, I used to be an awful fool about these things—games like golf; recreations. I pretty nearly killed myself. The biggest mistake I ever made was when I had you give it up. If I'd had sense enough to take some fun and exercise as I went along, I wouldn't be a broken-down old fool now. And we wouldn't have made near as much money, either. That ain't the point. But you're doing the same thing. You look awful peaked! You ain't the boy you used to be; you're a machine just like I was. You're a strong man; but you can't stand the strain much longer. Don't dream, there; *listen!* You've got so you can't even realize you're out supposed to be having a good time with your father. You can't even brace up so's not to get licked by an old man. Well, you've *got* to. You've got to get some relief from business, or—— Why don't you enjoy this, Richard? Why don't you like it the way you used to? Why don't you begin to play at Garden City again?"

Richard had managed to pay sufficient attention to give a coherent answer.

"The competition was what I used to like, father. Something at stake. Tournaments, you know. Some kind of stimulus. But the Hobgood Company means so much more than——"

Old Mr. Hobgood reached out to touch his son's knee. "All right, boy. You've *got* to get some diversion, or you'll go all to pieces. And you say it takes competition to get you excited. A stake. All right. Listen to me. In 1915, when I put you in to run the company, the partnership agreement was that you'd be the managing partner, but I'd be the *directing* partner, wasn't it? And while I was so sick, you acted as directing partner, too; and after your work on the Russian situation, I let you keep on with it, and I never said a word. But, according to that agreement, I can put you out any minute I choose to—as an executive, I mean; of course I can't put you out of your *interest*. Richard, you look at me. I'm an old man, but I'm your father. I'm four up on you for nine holes. And you say that Hobgood and Company's all you're interested in. Listen! If I beat you this match, so help me God, I'll fire you!"

Richard laughed. "Don't be silly, father."

"*Silly!*" roared Mr. Hobgood. "You look at me!"

Richard looked. "You certainly don't expect me to take that seriously."

"Did I ever break a promise to you *yet*? You want a stake, do you? And you want to stay with Hobgood and Company, do you? And you won't even show enough energy to give me a decent match the only time we've played together in all our lives, won't you? Well, then, by gravy, I'll *make* you! And it's my fault I've *got* to make you, too. I don't forget that, not for a holy second. But as sure as you sit there, Richard, if I trim you to-day—you big, hulking money-grubber, you—you're out of Hobgood and Company on Monday morning! If you think that's a bluff—*call* it."

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There was a long pause. Richard knew his father. He was overwhelmed with disgust at his father's idiosyncrasies, but he knew that his father's word wasn't subject to discount. It was a terrible and a grotesque threat. Unbelievable. Hardly sane. Yet old man Hobgood had the expression of a Daniel. He was palpably sincere. Yes, and well-meaning. Besides, Richard had formerly been ranked among the leading golfers of the country. It was a sickening performance; still, it might be better to humor the old gentleman for the present. Richard's gorge rose, but he had sense enough not to tell his father exactly what he thought of him.

"Is that your final statement?" he asked coldly. "If it is, of course I'm under your control—commercially."

"It's my *promise*, boy. And I'll keep it if it's the last thing I ever do."

Richard, red to the ears, got to his feet. "Very well. Quite a happy little thought. *Quite*. Come on and play the match out, then. I believe it's your honor."

NOW after Mr. Hobgood had driven just over the pond on the tenth, putting into that drive the best that there was in him, he stood aside for Richard, who was some distance away, swinging viciously at grass-tops. Mr. Hobgood observed, with a sudden thrill of joy, that Richard was very much concentrated, and that already, in practise, he had lengthened his swing. Mr. Hobgood knew that Richard was secretly loathing him, but he also knew that Richard was blessed with the spirit of the vikings. Once fully aroused, Richard would fight until he couldn't stand up. That was precisely why he was killing himself in business. When he finally drove, it was with greater abandon than ever, but it was with the carefully applied abandon which brings results. The ball was hooked, but Richard had cared, for once, what happened to it. His reaction of annoyance made Mr. Hobgood want to chant a hymn of praise, but he compromised by murmuring, so that Richard could hear him: "Pretty punk!"

They crossed the isthmus in silence. Richard halted to watch his father play. "This'll make me *five* up," said Mr. Hobgood bravely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." He hit a very respectable shot past the corner of the deep trap, almost to the green. "I bet if I'd gone to Yale, I'd have made the football team myself."

Richard gave him a sour smile. He was writhing inwardly at the mere thought of the awful farce in which he was a conscripted actor. He wondered if he ought to ask the courts to appoint a guardian for his poor old father. Still, it wouldn't be politic to antagonize him now. He'd better play it out and argue afterward—if necessary.

But after Richard had chipped up within striking distance, and his poor old father proceeded to miss the hole—and a birdie three—by hitting the flag-stick from off the green, Richard stopped smiling. He was reminded that the short game on sand isn't to be acquired quickly after a ten-year lapse. He gaged the distance carefully, and played ten feet from the cup. He still had a chance for a half, but he made his stroke too gingerly.

"Five up," said Mr. Hobgood. "And a man who's always short on his putts has got a yellow streak in him a yard wide. Who did you ever beat in the Metropolitan, Richard—cripples? Five up and eight to go."

He played the eleventh cautiously, and got his usual six. Richard, in deep trouble and outspoken profanity from the tee, emerged from the rough in four, put his fifth on the edge of the green, and sank a twenty-footer for the half only. The long putt consoled him somewhat for having betrayed his feelings after the drive. Not for worlds would he voluntarily have let his father know that he intended to hand him the worst walloping he could. His purpose was to simulate the utmost indifference, and to play his best.

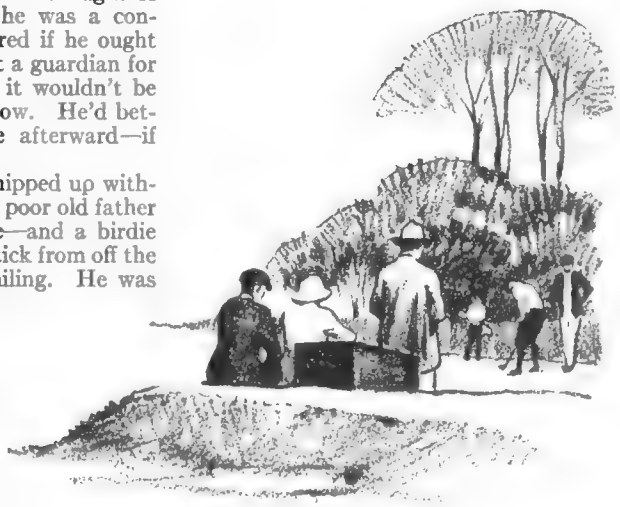
"Lucky putt," said Mr. Hobgood. "I ought to've been——"

"*Lucky!*" demanded Richard. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, it kept you in the game a while longer. If you'd missed it, you'd have been out of a job."

Richard shut his teeth hard. "That's all right. You've been putting on these confounded sand greens all season. Your ideas of a fair match are sort of humorous. I'll give you a week's practise, and putt you a round on the clock for a hundred dollars a hole. Darn it!" said Mr. Hobgood, dolefully, "I'm beginning to wonder whether you were *always* a four-flusher!"

"Keep still when I'm driving!" said Richard furiously. "If you expect to hold me to your crazy wild ideas, for Heaven's sake don't play mucker golf, father! Keep still and give me a chance!" He smote powerfully, straight and true; and thereafter achieved a beautiful second shot. He was dead to the hole in three, and took a four to Mr. Hobgood's labored half dozen. "My honor!" To save himself he couldn't keep a grin of triumph off his face.



"Well," observed his father, "the time to gloat's when you've got the chance. That's what *I* say. That's the first hole you've won, and it's about the first one you couldn't call medicinal."

He was cheered to note that there was increased confidence in Richard's bearing—a dim reflection of the youthful swagger Mr. Hobgood had almost forgotten. He was inspired by a swelling hope that his stratagem, desperate as it was, would prove victorious. He had risked everything, first, on Richard's fighting blood, and secondly, on the belief that if Richard ever once got the germ into his system again, he could never get it out. He was even prepared to throw away a stroke or two, if necessary to insure his own defeat; but at all odds, Richard *must* become absorbed in golf again. It would save him from the dry-rot which had already fallen to Mr. Hobgood's portion.

On the thirteenth, however, there was no need to throw away a stroke. Richard was slowly finding the ball and, with all his attention riveted on it, kept in course.

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His approach was too heavy, and his first putt too strong, but he went down in five to his father's six, and became three down with five to go.

"I didn't see you outputting me there so very much," said Richard icily.

"Everybody finds a horseshoe *some*-time," retorted Mr. Hobgood.

Richard's drive at the fourteenth was herculean; Mr. Hobgood was transfigured as he watched it. Mr. Hobgood himself duffed badly, and came along by short marches to an inglorious seven. Richard put an approach squarely on the flag, and gathered a par four. He was more relaxed now, and his expression was far less dramatic.

"Speaking of the leather market," began Mr. Hobgood.

"Keep *still!*" said Richard. "What are you trying to do—put me off my game deliberately?"

"I didn't know you had any game," said old Mr. Hobgood innocently. "You certainly haven't showed any of it to *me*."

On the short fifteenth, Richard caught the green with a full iron. His father, playing the driver, was barely over the traps. But they halved the hole, and Mr. Hobgood, whose short game was deadly, chuckled aloud. "I'm two up and three to go," he remarked, "and I can play the seventeenth and eighteenth just as good as you can. I guess you won't talk about stakes to *me* after this!"

Richard said nothing, but he was humming to himself as he walked to the tee. Before he played, he looked up momentarily at the sky, and drew a long breath. Mr. Hobgood's heart bounded. "You're doing mighty well, coming in. I bet if you had a week down here, you'd shoot around eighty-five most any time."

"Eighty-five!" said Richard contemptuously. "What do you think I am—a baby? I've played this course in eighty with a jigger alone." He sent out a cracking drive which put a sparkle into his eyes. "Beat that!"

"I don't have to. Where I catch you is around the green."

But he didn't. Richard won handily in five to six, and took the seventeenth, by virtue of a sterling drive, in a par three. "All square," he said relieved, "and one to go." Feeling that he was freed from all danger, he regarded his father more tolerantly. He even experienced a moment of positive affection for the old gentleman, who took his pleasures and his games so seriously. He comprehended something of his father's motive for this unequal combat, and because he was now in a position to see the lighter side of it, he could even credit his father with Machiavellian diplomacy. "You put up a good fight, father," he conceded pleasantly.

He drove magnificently at the last hole, and made no attempt to conceal his delight. "There, by George! It wouldn't take so very long to get back in form if I can hit 'em like that *now*."

Mr. Hobgood topped into the rough. "Bless my sinful soul!"

"Tough luck, father. You're not swinging back far enough."

"Yes, I am, too. John Peacock tells me——"

"But you're breaking at the elbow. Look! Like this."

"That's all right. You look at *this!*" Mr. Hobgood recovered nicely. "Now *you're* away. Show me yourself. Put her right up to the pin."

Richard nodded gaily. He had a good lie; it was only a full mashie to the green, with an insignificant trap in the middle distance. Confidence was strong within him. He swung the club easily, efficiently, in practise. "Now that we're this far—you wouldn't really have stuck to that impossible idea of yours, would you, if you'd won?"

Mr. Hobgood bristled. "Impossible? What's impossible about it?"

"Quixotic, I should have said."

"Well, don't you know me well enough by this time to see when I'm joking and when I'm not?" Mr. Hobgood was long since heartily sorry for his vow, but he held that it was weaker to retreat from it than to go ahead.

"Yes, but I can't believe it. I——"

"Don't you recall what a blamed fool way I let you come *in* the company? Would you put it beyond me to make up for it by letting you out on a *blamedcr* fool way? Especially when it's for your own good? Anyhow, you've put up some sort of a contest, this nine."

"I know; but if I'd lost——"

"*If* you'd lost! You don't think you've won *yet*, do you?"

Richard's smile faded slowly. He realized uncomfortably, that he was beginning almost to be afraid of his father again. He was having sensations which he had imagined, several years ago, that he had lost forever.

"*Would* you have stuck to it?"

"I *will*," said Mr. Hobgood sternly. "Shoot!"

Richard, not quite so confident, played the mashie. It was a high, keen shot, of just the right distance. Both of them saw, at the same instant, that it was too far to the left. "The other trap!" gasped Mr. Hobgood. Fascinated, they watched the ball descend, strike the turf and bound forward. "Safe!" breathed Richard. His father caught his arm. "Not yet!"

The ball was running more and more slowly, straight for the trap beside the green. On the very brink it seemed to pause; to stop. Then it disappeared.

Both men knew that it was lying almost under the bank.

"Sweet—spirits—of niter!" said Richard, aghast.

Mr. Hobgood mechancially went to his own ball. He struck it blindly, awkwardly, with little purpose, and instantly he lost it in flight. As he strained forward in search, he heard his son exclaim aloud.

"W-where is it, caddie?" stammered Mr. Hobgood.

"On 'e green, seh!"

On the edge of the eighteenth green Mr. Hobgood, outwardly nonchalant, stood to watch his son descend to the abyss of the trap. Richard was lying two; he would do wonders if he got out in three—if he got out at all, to say nothing of landing on the green. The best he could conceivably get was a five. But probably he wouldn't get it. Probably he couldn't even get out of the trap in three. It was a wicked lie, at the bottom of a three-foot sheer pitch of sand. He would very likely be compelled to waste a shot, play back, and come out in four. Mr. Hobgood's mood was very low. Richard had rallied splendidly, and he should have won.

"Can you play it, Richard?"

"Don't know yet. You lie three, do you?"

"Three to here."

From the club-house a little group of men had wandered over to watch the play. One of them, a newcomer to Pinehurst, blurted out to his companions, so loudly that Mr. Hobgood overheard: "Who's *that* over there in the trap?"

"That? Young Hobgood—leather business, you know."

"The devil it is! That's Dick Hobgood who was runner-up in the Met ten years ago! I thought he'd quit the game for

(Continued on page 113)

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What's the Hurry?

By Robert Daring

Photo by Paul Thompson.

Speeding on the treacherous tricycle.

WE ARE born in these United States with or without the silver spoon, but assuredly with the steplively idea. The infant leans forward in its perambulator and heckles its nurse if she can't make at least three miles an hour. By scorching to school on our tricycle we gain at least three minutes and (by skipping our teeth) are able to stay just that much longer in bed. Of course we are just that much more tired out at the end of the day and have to sleep just that much longer again the next morning, but we are hurrying much too fast to think of little vicious circles like that.

Photo by Paul Thompson.

They "cycled" in England. Here we "scorched."

Do you hate scenery? Few motorists ever see it.

WHEN bicycles came in, "Now I can dash more madly to the church," said the clergyman, pulling on his vestments. "Now I can beat everybody to that lovely bargain sale," said Mrs. Rushit. "Now I can hurry around to Violet's," said all her suitors. But speed is so relative. And as soon as everybody had bicycles nobody was ahead, until those absurd contraptions, horseless carriages, arrived.

BUT why jog along forever at thirty, or even sixty, miles an hour when we might as well be holding our own among the birds at ninety? Or, better still, leaving them behind at 100 or 150? Presently a business man will be leaving New York in the morning in his neat little personal plane, lunching in Washington, dining in Pittsburgh and getting back to New York for the theatre. Then will we Americans have our hearts' desire, that of being in three places at practically the same time.

Photo © by Underwood.

At last in the personal plane, we may be able to keep up with life.

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A Man *for the* Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

SYNOPSIS

A LETTER from his grandson to Mr. Bacheller tells how this story came to be written; how a young wounded soldier in France urged his grandfather to aid the cause of humanity by writing the life of America's greatest democrat—Abraham Lincoln—in the way that only a man with the kind of information Mr. Bacheller possesses could do it. The beginning of the story follows. It tells how Samson Henry Traylor, his wife Sarah, their two children and their dog Sambo, in the year 1831, journey from Vermont, through the wilderness, to the land of plenty in the West. They have numerous adventures; meetings with interesting characters; the fever and ague; and their first sight of a steamboat and locomotive! They find Harry Needles, a handsome Yankee lad, wandering sick and alone, and they take him in, nurse him till he is well, and then add him to their company. Finally, the Traylors reach New Salem, Illinois, where they are heartily welcomed and urged to remain. They are introduced to the Rutledges, who keep the inn, Jack Kelso, the scholar, Hall Berry of Lincoln and Berry's store, and at last to Honest Abe himself. That evening Samson gets his first glimpse of the latent power in the big, ungainly but very kind-hearted youth. Soon after their arrival the Traylors build a home with the help of their neighbors, work on which is interrupted by a number of intoxicated young men from Clary's Grove. A fight follows, in which Jack Armstrong, the leader and a bully, is downed by Abe; and Samson, even more powerful than the giant Lincoln, lends an iron hand which speedily disposes of the rowdies. The Traylors give a housewarming when their home is finished. Among this company of Lincoln's friends is the charming Bim, daughter of Jack Kelso, who falls in love with Harry Needles.

Life for the Traylors becomes settled—they are now part of New Salem, but they have not lived there long before Samson obtains a glimpse of the underground railroad, about the time of its beginning, when two fugitive slaves come to him seeking shelter and aid to escape from their cruel owner, Eliphalet Biggs, who has followed them. Samson and he meet and a fight follows in which Biggs's arm is broken. He comes to New Salem to have it set and remains long enough to fall in love with Bim. Later he persuades her to elope. While this is happening there is an Indian scare and Abe and Harry join the volunteers. Abe is made a captain. When the war is over, Abe takes seriously to the study of the law.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

(Continued)

BOTH men agreed. They bent, intently watching each other, their great hands outreaching. They stood braced for a second and suddenly both sprang forward. Their shoulders came together with a thud. It was like two big bison bulls hurling their weight in the first shock of battle. For a breath each bore with all his strength, and then closed with his adversary. Each had an under hold with one arm, the other hooked around a shoulder. Samson lifted Abe from his feet, but the latter, with tremendous efforts, loosened the hold of the Vermonter and regained the turf. They struggled across the dooryard, the ground trembling beneath their feet. They went against the side of the house, shaking it with the force of their impact. Samson had broken the grip of one of Abe's hands and now had his feet in the air again; but the young giant clung to hip and shoulder and wriggled back to his foothold. Those lesser men were thrilled and a little frightened by the mighty struggle. Knowing the strength of the wrestlers, they felt a fear of broken bones. Each had torn a rent in the coat of the other. If they kept on, there was danger that both would be stripped. The children had begun to cry. Sarah begged the struggling men to stop, and they obeyed her.

"If any of you fellers think that's fun, you can have my place," said Abe. "Samson, I declare you elected the strongest man in this county. You've got the muscle of a grizzly bear."

"It ain't a fair election, Abe," Samson answered. "My vote is for you. If you were wrassling for the right, you could throw any man that I ever saw. This little brush was nothing. Your heart wasn't in it and mine wasn't in it. When it comes to havin' fun, I guess we'd both do better to let each other alone."

It was growing dark. Ann Rutledge arrived on her pony, and calling Abe aside, told him that the raiders were in the village and were breaking the windows of Radford's store because he had refused to sell them liquor.

"Have they any guns with them?" Abe asked.

"No," Ann answered.

"Don't say anything about it," Abe cautioned her. "Just go into the house with Sarah Traylor and sit down and have a good visit. We'll look after the raiders."

Then Abe told Samson what was up. The men concealed themselves in some bushes by the roadside, while the minister sat close against an end of the house with his bloodhound beside him. Before they were settled in their places, they heard the regulators coming. The horses of the latter were walking as they approached. Not a sound came from the men who rode them. They proceeded to the grove just beyond the cabin and hitched their horses. There were eight men in the party, according to Abe's count as they passed The men in concealment hurried to the cabin and surrounded it, crouched against the walls. In a moment they could see a big spot, blacker than the darkness, moving toward them. It was the massed raiders. They came on with the stealth of a cat nearing its prey. A lion-like roar broke the silence. The bloodhound leaped forward. The waiting men sprang to their feet and charged. The raiders turned and ran, pell-mell, in a panic toward their horses. Suddenly the darkness seemed to fill with moving figures. One of the fleeing men, whose coat-tails the dog had seized, was yelling for help. The minister rescued him and the dog went on roaring after the others. When the New Salemites got to the edge of the grove they could hear a number of regulators climbing into the tree-tops. Samson had a man in each hand; Abe had another; while Harry Needles and Alexander Ferguson were in possession of the man whom the dog had captured. The minister was out in the grove with his bloodhound that was barking and growling under a tree. Jack Kelso arrived with a lantern. One of Samson's captives began swearing and struggling to get away. Samson gave him a little shake and bade him be quiet. The man uttered a cry of fear and pain, and became as tractable as a whipped dog. Stephen Nuckles came out of the grove.

"The rest o' that party are done gone upstairs to roost," said the minister. "I reckon my dog'll keep 'em thar. We better just tote these men inter the house an' have a prayin'-bee. I've got a right smart good chanct now to whop ol' Satan."

The party, save Harry Needles, who stayed by the horses to keep watch, went into the cabin with the captives.

"You set here with this gun, and if any o' them tries to get away you take a crack at him," said Samson in a voice intended for the men in the tree-tops.

The men and the four dejected raiders crowded into the cabin.

Sarah, who had heard the disturbance and wondered what it meant, had met them at the door with a look of alarm.

"These men came to do us harm," Samson said to Sarah. "They are good fellows, but they got an idea in their heads that we are bad folks. I hear that young Mr. Biggs set them up against us. Let's give them a bite to eat the first thing we do."

They took a look at the captives. Three of them were boys from eighteen to twenty years of age. The other was a lanky, bearded Tennessean some forty years old. One of the young lads had hurt his hand in the evening's frolic. Blood was dripping from it. The four sat silent and fearful and ashamed.

Sarah made tea and put it, with meat, milk, doughnuts, and bread and butter, on the table for them. Samson washed and bandaged the boy's wound. The captives ate as if they were hungry, while the minister went out to feed his dog. When the men had finished eating, Samson offered them tobacco. The oldest man filled his pipe and lighted it with a coal. Not one of the captives had said a word until this tall Tennesseean remarked, after his pipe was going: "Thankee, mister. You done been right good to us."

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"Who told you to come here?" Samson demanded.

"'Twere a man from St. Louis. He done said you hated the South an' were holpin' niggers to run away."

"And he offered to pay you to come here and burn this house and run Traylor out of the county, didn't he?" Abe asked.

"He did—yes, suh—he sure did," answered the man, like a child in his ignorance and simplicity.

"I thought so," Abe rejoined. "You tackled a big job, my friend. Did you know that every man of you could be sent to prison for a term of years? I've a good mind to see that you get there. You men have got to begin right now to behave yourselves mighty proper or you'll have to sup sorrow."

Stephen Nuckles returned as Abe was speaking.

"You just leave 'em to me, Mr. Lincoln," he said. "These be good men, but ol' Satan done got his hooks on 'em. Mis' Traylor, ef you don't mind, I be goin' to do a job o' prayin' right now. Men, you jest git down on yo' knees right here along o' me."

The men and the minister knelt on the floor while the latter prayed long and loudly for the saving of their souls. Every one who heard it felt the simple, moving eloquence of the prayer. Kelso said that Christ's love of men was in it. When the prayer was ended, the minister asked permission to go with the raiders to the barn and spend the night with them. Of this curious event, Samson wrote in his diary as follows:

"Of what was done in the barn I have no knowledge; but when Nuckles came back to the house with them in the morning, the minister said that they'd come into the fold, and that he would promise for them that they would be good citizens in the future. They got their breakfast, fed and watered their horses, and rode away. We found four men up in the tree-tops and the dog on watch. The minister went out and preached to them for about half an hour and then prayed for their souls. When that was over, he said:

"'Now boys, be you ready to accept Christ and a good breakfast? If not, you'll have to git a new grip on yer pews and set right thar while I preach another sermon. Thar ain't nary one on us goin' to break our fast till you're willin' to be saved.'

"They caved in.

"'I couldn't stan' another sermon, nohow,' said one in a sorrowful voice. 'I feel like a wounded bird. Send up a charge o' buckshot if you keer to, but don't preach no more sermons to me. It's jest a waste o' breath. I reckon we're all on the moanah's' bench.'

"When they had come down out of the tree-tops, not one of them could stand on his legs for a little while.

"The gentleman of the sorrowful voice and the broken spirit said:

"'Pears like I'll have to be tuk down an' put together again.'

"They were as meek as shepherd pups when they limped to the cabin, washed on the stand by the doorside, and went in to breakfast. After they had eaten, the minister prayed some more and rode away with them."

It is recorded later in the diary that the rude shepherd of the prairies worked with these men on their farms for weeks, until he had brought them into the fold.

The speech was a modest, straightforward declaration of his principles.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

RADFORD'S grocery had been so wrecked by the raiders that its owner was disheartened. Reenforced by John Cameron and James Rutledge, he had succeeded in driving them away before they could steal whisky enough to get drunk. But they had thrown many of his goods into the street. Without mending the broken door and windows Radford offered his stock for sale. Next day Berry and Lincoln bought it, giving notes in payment, and applied for a license to sell the liquors they had just acquired.

The Traylors had harvested a handsome crop of corn, oats and wheat, only to find that its value would be mostly consumed by threshing and transportation to a market. Samson was rather discouraged.

"It's the land of plenty, but it's an awful ways from the land of money," he said. "We've got to hurry up and get Abe into the legislature, or this community can't last. We've got to have some way to move things."

None of their friends had come out to them, and only one letter from home had reached the cabin since April.

Late that autumn, a baby boy arrived in their home. Mrs. Lukins, Mrs. Waddell and Mrs. Kelso came to help, and one or the other of them did the nursing and cooking while Sarah was in bed, and for a little time thereafter. The coming of the baby was a comfort to this lonely mother of the prairies. Joe and Betsy asked their father in whispers, while Sarah was lying sick, where the baby had come from.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Don't you know?" Joe asked with a look of wonder.

"No, sir, I don't—that's honest," said Samson. "But there's some that say they come on the back of a big crane, and at the right home the ol' crane lights and dumps 'em off, just as gentle as he can."

"I guess it scairt my mother so it made her sick when the ol' crane come," said Joe.

That day Joe confided to Betsy that in his opinion the baby didn't amount to much.

"Why?" Betsy asked.

"Can't talk, or play with any one, or do

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anything but just make a noise like a squirrel. Nobody can do anything but whisper an' go round on his tiptoes."

"He's our little brother and we must love him," said Betsy.

"Yes; we've both got to love him," said Joe. "But it's worse than pickin' up potatoes. I wisht he'd gone to some other house."

That day Sarah woke from a dream with tears flowing down her cheeks. She found the little lad standing by her pillow looking very troubled. He kissed her and whispered: "God help us all and make His face to shine upon us."

There is a letter from Sarah to her brother dated May 10, 1833, in which she sums up the effect of all this, and some months of history, in the words that follow:

The Lord has given us a new son. I have lived through the ordeal—thanks to His goodness—and am strong again. The coming of the baby has reconciled us to the loss of our old friends as much as anything could. It has made this little home dear to us and proved the quality of our new friends. Nothing is too much for them to do. I don't wonder that Abe Lincoln has so much confidence in the people of this country. They are sound at heart, both the Northerners and the Southerners; though some of the latter that we see here are awfully ignorant and prejudiced. We have had wonderful fun with the children since the baby was born. It has been like a play or a story-book to hear the talk of Joe and Betsy. She loves to play mother to this wonderful new doll and is quite a help to me. Harry Needles is getting over his disappointment. He goes down to the store often to sit with Abe and Jack Kelso and hear them talk. He and Samson are getting deeply interested in politics. Abe lets Harry read the books that he borrows from Major Stuart of Springfield. The boy is bent on being a lawyer and improving his mind. Samson found him the other day making a speech to the horses and to poor Sambo out in the barn. Bim Kelso also writes to her mother that she is very happy in her new home, but there is something between the lines which seems to indicate that she is trying to put a good face on a bad matter. What a peril it is to be young, pretty, and a girl! Berry and Lincoln have got a license and are selling liquor in their store, but nobody thinks anything of that here. Abe has been appointed postmaster. Every time he leaves the store he takes the letters in his hat and delivers them as he gets a chance. We have named the new baby Samuel.

THE firm of Lincoln and Berry had not prospered. After they had got their license, things went from bad to worse with them. Mr. Berry, who handled the liquors, kept himself in a genial state of inebriation and sat in smiles and loud calico talking of gold-mines and hidden treasure. Jack Kelso said that optimism and whisky led naturally to the armchair, the bed of ease, and the gold-mines of dreamland.

"And to bankruptcy," Abe added. "They make a man so rich that he will have nothing to do with the vulgar details of trade."

"And even the demands of honesty are beneath his notice," said Kelso.

The addition of liquors to his stock attracted some rather tough characters to the store. One of them, who had driven some women out of it with profanity, was collared by Abe, conducted out of the door and thrown upon the grass, where his face was rubbed with smartweed until he yelled for mercy. After that, the rough type of drinking man chose his words with some care in the store of Berry and Lincoln.

One evening of that summer, Abe came to the Traylors with a letter in his hat for Sarah.

"How's business?" Samson asked.

"Going to peter out, I reckon," Abe answered with a sorrowful look. "It will leave me badly in debt. I wanted something that would give me a chance for study and I got it. By jing! It looks as if I was going to have years of study trying to get over it. I've gone and jumped into a mill-pond to get out of the rain. I'd better have gone to Harvard College and walked all the way. Have you got any work to give me? You know I can split rails about as fast as the next man, and I'll take my pay in wheat and corn."

"You may give me all the time you can spend outside the store," said Samson.

THAT evening they had a talk about the whisky business, its relation to the character of Eliphalet Biggs, and to sundry infractions of law and order in the community. Samson had declared that it was wrong to sell liquor.

"All that kind of thing can safely be left to the common sense of our people," said Abe. "The remedy is education, not revolution. Slowly the people will have set down all the items in the ledger of common sense that passes from sire to son. By and by some generation will strike a balance. That may not come in a hundred years. Soon or late, the majority of the people will reach a reckoning with John Barleycorn. If there's too much against him, they will act. You might as well try to stop a glacier by building a dam in front of it. They have opened an account with slavery too. By and by they'll decide its fate."

Such was his faith in the common folk of America, whose way of learning and whose love of the right he knew as no man has known it.

In this connection, the New Englander wrote in his diary: "He has spent his boyhood in the South and his young manhood in the North. He has studied the East and lived in the West. He is the people—I sometimes think—and about as slow to make up his mind. As Isaiah says: 'He does not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears.' Abe has to think about it."

Many days thereafter, Abe and Harry and Samson were out in the woods splitting rails and making firewood. Abe always took his book with him and read aloud to Harry and Samson in the noon-hour. He liked to read aloud and thought that he remembered better what he had read with both eye and ear taking it in.

One day, while they were at work, Pollard Simmons came out to them and said that John Calhoun wanted Abe to be assistant surveyor for the county.

"I don't know how to survey," said Abe.

"But I reckon you can learn it," Simmons answered. "You're purty quick to learn."

Abe thought a moment. Calhoun was a Democrat.

"Would I have to sacrifice any of my principles?" he asked.

"Nary a one," said Simmons.

"Then I'll try and see if I can get the hang of it," Abe declared. "I reckon Mentor Graham could help me."

"Three dollars a day is not to be sneezed at," said Simmons.

"No, sir—not if you can get it honest; but it don't seem as if that was possible—the sum looks so big to me," Abe answered. "I'm not so careless with my sneezing as some men. Once when Eb Zane was out on the Ohio in a rowboat, Mike Fink the river pirate got after him. Eb had a ten-dollar gold piece in his pocket. For fear that he would be captured he clapped it into his mouth. Eb was a good oarsman and got away. He was no sooner out of danger than he fetched a sneeze and blew the gold piece into the river. After that, he used to say that he had sneezed himself poor and that if he had a million dollars it wouldn't bother him to sneeze 'em away. Sneezing is a form of dissipation which has not cost me a cent, so far, and I don't intend to yield to it."

Immediately after that Abe got Flint and Gibson's treatise on surveying and began to study it day and night under the eye of the kindly schoolmaster. In about six weeks he had "got the hang of the art." He had grown thin and pale with night work when he reported for duty.

IN APRIL Abe wrote another address to the voters announcing that he was again a candidate for a seat in the legislature. Late that month Harry walked with him to Pappsville, where a crowd had assembled to attend a public sale. When the auctioneer had finished, Abe made his first stump speech. A drunken man tried to divert attention to himself by sundry interruptions. Harry asked him to be quiet, whereupon the ruffian and a friend pitched upon the boy and began to handle him roughly. Abe jumped down, rushed into the crowd, seized the chief offender and raising him off his feet flung him into the air. He hit the ground in a heap, some four yards from where Abe stood. The latter resumed his place and went on with his speech. The crowd cheered him and there was no further disturbance at that meeting. The speech was a modest, straightforward declaration of his principles. When he was leaving, several voices called for a story. Abe raised a great laugh with a humorous anecdote in which he imitated the dialect and manners of a Kentucky backwoodsman. They kept him on the auctioneer's block for half an hour telling the wise and curious folk-tales, of which he knew so many. He had won the crowd by his principles, his humor and good nature, as well as by the brave and decisive exhibition of his great strength.

Abe and Harry went to a number of settlements in the county with a like result, save that no more violence was needed. At one place there were men in the crowd who knew Harry's record in the war. They called on him for a speech. He spoke on the need of means of transportation in Sangamon County, and the audience hailed him as a coming man. Abe and he were often seen together in those days.

In New Salem they were called the disappointed lovers. It was known there that Abe was very fond of Ann Rutledge, although he had not as yet openly confessed to any one—not even to Ann—there being no show of hope for him. Ann was deeply in love with John McNeil—the genial, handsome and successful young Irishman. The affair had reached

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A day or two later Abe and Harry went to Springfield.

John Wolcott Adams

the stage of frankness, of an open discussion of plans, of fond affection, expressing itself in caresses quite indifferent to ridicule.

For Ann it had been like warm sunlight on the growing rose. She was neater in dress, lovelier in form and color, more graceful in movement, and sweeter-voiced than ever she had been. It is the old way that nature has of preparing the young to come out upon the stage of real life and to act in its moving scenes. Abe manfully gave them his best wishes, and when he spoke of Ann it was done very tenderly. The look of sadness, which all had noted in his moments of abstraction, deepened and often covered his face with its veil. That is another way that nature has of preparing the young. For these the roses have fallen and only the thorns remain. They are not lured; they seem to be driven to their tasks; but for all, soon or late, her method changes.

On a beautiful morning of June, 1834, John McNeil left the village. Abe Lincoln, Harry, Samson, Sarah, Jack Kelso, and his wife stood with the Rutledges in the dooryard of the tavern when he rode away. He was going back to his home in the far East to return in the autumn and make Ann his bride. The girl wept as if her heart would break, when he turned far down the road and waved his hand to her.

"Oh, my pretty lass! Do you not hear the birds singing in the meadows?" said Jack Kelso. "Think of the happiness all around you and of the greater happiness that is coming when he returns. Shame on you!"

"I'm afraid he'll never come back," Ann sobbed.

"Nonsense! Don't get a maggot in your brain and let the crows go walking over your face. Come, we'll take a ride in the meadows, and if I don't bring you back laughing, you may call me no prophet."

So the event passed.

Harry traveled about with Abe a good deal that summer, "electioneering," as they called it, from farm to farm. Samson and Sarah regarded the association as a good school for the boy, who had a taste for politics. Abe used to go into the fields with the men whose favor he sought, and bend his long back over a scythe or a cradle, and race them playfully across a field of grain, cutting a wider swath than any other and always holding the lead. Every man was out of breath at the end of his swath and needed a few minutes for recuperation. That gave Abe a chance for his statement of the county's needs and his plan for satisfying them. He had met and talked with a majority of the voters before the campaign ended in his election in August. Those travels about the county had been a source of education to the candidate and the voters.

At odd times that summer he had been surveying a new road with Harry Needles for his helper. In September they resumed their work upon it, in the vicinity of New Salem, and Abe began to carry the letters in his hat again. Every day Ann was looking for him as he came by in the dim light of the early morning on his way to work.

"Anything for me?" she would ask.

"No mail in since I saw you, Ann," was the usual answer.

Often he would say: "I'm afraid not, but here, you take those letters and look through 'em and make sure."

Ann would take them in her hands, trembling with eagerness, and run indoors to the candlelight and look them over. Always, she came back with the little bundle of letters, very slowly, as if her disappointment were a heavy burden.

"There'll be one next mail if I have to write it myself," Abe said one morning in October as he went on.

To Harry Needles, who was with him that morning, he said: "I wonder why that fellow don't write to Ann. I couldn't believe that he was fooling her, but now it looks as if he was killing her; and every other day I have to deliver a blow that makes her a little paler and thinner. It hurts me like smashing a finger-nail. I wonder what has happened to McNeil."

The mail-stage was late that evening. As it had not come at nine, Mr. Hill went home and left Abe in the store to wait for his mail. The stage arrived a few minutes later. It came, as usual, in a cloud of dust and a thunder of wheels and hoofs, mingled with the crack of the lash, the driver saving his horses for this little display of pride and pomp on arriving at a village. Abe examined the small bundle of letters and newspapers which the driver had left with him. Then he opened one of the latter and sat down to read the news in the fire-light. While he was thus engaged, the door opened softly and Ann Rutledge entered. The postmaster was not aware of her presence until she touched his arm.

"Please give me a letter," she said.

"Sit down, Ann," said he, very gently, as he placed a chair in the fire-glow. She took it, turning toward him with a look of fear and hope. Then he added: "I'm sorry, but the truth is it didn't come."

"Don't—don't tell me that again," she pleaded, in a broken voice, as she leaned forward, covering her face with her hands.

"It is terrible, Ann, that I have to help in this breaking of your heart that is going on. I seem to be the head of the hammer that hits you so hard, but the handle is in other hands. Honestly, Ann, I wish I could do the suffering for you—every bit of

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it—and give your poor heart a rest. Hasn't he written you this summer?"

"Not since July tenth," she answered. Then she confided to Abe the fact that her lover had told her before he went away that his name was not McNeil, but McNamar; that he had changed his name to keep clear of his family until he had made a success; that he had gone East to get his father and mother and bring them back with him. Lastly she came to the thing that worried her most—the suspicion of her father and mother:

"They say that nobody but a liar would live with a false name," Ann told him. "They say that he probably had a wife when he came here—that this is why he don't write to me."

Then after a little silence, she pleaded: "You don't think that, do you, Abe?"

"No," said the latter, giving her the advantage of every doubt. "John did a foolish thing, but we must not condemn him without a knowledge of the facts. The young often do foolish things, and sickness would account for his silence. But, whatever the facts are, you mustn't let yourself be slain by disappointment. It isn't fair to your friends. John McNamar may be the best man in the world, still, the fact remains that it would be a pretty good world even if he were not in it; and I reckon there'd be lots of men whose love would be worth having, too. You go home and go to sleep and stop worrying, Ann. You'll get that letter one of these days."

A day or two later Abe and Harry went to Springfield. Their reason for the trip lay in a talk between the postmaster and Jack Kelso the night before, as they sat by the latter's fireside.

"I've been living where there was no one to find fault with my parts of speech or with the parts of my legs which were not decently covered," said Abe. "The sock district of my person has been without representation in the legislature of my intellect up to its last session. Then we got a bill through for local improvements and the governor has approved the appropriation. Suddenly we discovered that there was no money in the treasury. But Samson Traylor has offered to buy an issue of bonds of the amount of fifteen dollars."

"I'm glad to hear you declare in favor of external improvements," said Kelso. "We've all been too much absorbed by internal improvements. You're on the right trail, Abe. You've been thinking of the public ear and too little of the public eye. We must show some respect for both."

"Sometimes I think that comely dress ought to go with comely diction," said Abe. "But that's a thing you can't learn in books. There's no grammarian of the language of dress. Then I'm so big and awkward. It's rather a hopeless problem."

"You're in good company," Kelso assured him. "Nature guards her best men with some sort of singularity not attractive to others. Often she makes them odious with conceit or deformity or dumbness or garrulity. Dante was such a poor talker that no one would ever ask him to dinner. If it had not been so, I presume, his muse would have been sadly crippled by indigestion. If you had been a good dancer and a lady's favorite. I wonder if you would have studied Kirkham, and Burns, and Shakespeare, and Blackstone, and Greenleaf, and the science of surveying, and been elected to the legislature. I wonder if you could even have whipped Jack Armstrong."

"Or have enjoyed the friendship of Bill Berry, and acquired a national debt, or saved my imperiled country in the war with Black Hawk," Abe laughed.

In the matter of dress the postmaster had great confidence in the taste and knowledge of his young friend Harry Needles, whose neat appearance Abe regarded with serious admiration. So he asked Harry to go with him on this important mission and help to choose the goods and direct the tailoring, for it seemed to him a highly serious enterprise.

"It's a difficult problem," said Abe, "given a big man and a small sum and the large amount of respectability that's desired. We mustn't make a mistake."

They got a ride part of the way with a farmer going home from Rutledge's mill.

"Our appropriation is only fifteen dollars," said Abe as they came in sight of "the big village" on a warm bright day late in October. "Of course, I can't expect to make myself look like the President of the United States with such a sum, but I want to look like a respectable citizen of the United States, if that is possible. I'll give the old Abe and fifteen dollars to boot for a new one, and we'll see what comes of it."

Springfield had been rapidly changing. It was still small and crude, but some of the best standards of civilization had been set up in that community. Families of wealth and culture in the East had sent their sons and a share of their capital to this little metropolis of the land of plenty, to go into business. The Edwardses in their fine top-boots and ruffled shirts were there. So were certain of the Ridgleys of Maryland—well-known and successful bankers. The Logans and the Conklings and the Stuarts, who had won reputations at the bar before they arrived, were now settled in Springfield. Handsome, well-groomed horses in silver-mounted harness, drawing carriages that shone "so you could see your face in them," to quote from Abe again, were on its streets.

"My conscience! What a lot of jingling and high-stepping there is here in the street and on the sidewalk!" said Abe as they came into the village. "I reckon there's a mile of gold watch-chains in this crowd."

"I reckon the time has come for me to tell you what is on my heart," said Abe. "I love you, Ann."

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A public sale was on and the walks were thronged. Women in fine silks and millinery, men in tall beaver hats, broadcloth and fine linen touched elbows with the hairy, rough-clad men of the prairies and their worn wives in old-fashioned bonnets and faded coats.

The two New Salem men stopped and studied a big sign in front of a large store on which this announcement had been lettered:

CLOTHS, CASSINETS, CASSIMERES, VELVET, SILKS, SATINS, MARSEILLES VESTING, FINE CALF BOOTS, SEAL AND MOROCCO PUMPS FOR GENTLEMEN, CRÊPELISSE, LACE VEILS, THIBET SHAWLS, FINE PRUNELLA SHOES.

"Reads like a foreign language to me," said Abe. "The pomp of the East has got here at last. I'd like to know what seal and morocco pumps are. I reckon they're a contrivance that goes down into a man's pocket and sucks it dry. I wonder what a cassinet is like and a prunella shoe. How would you like a little Marseilles vesting?"

Suddenly a man touched his shoulder with a hearty "Howdy, Abe?"

It was Eli, the "wandering Jew," as he had been wont to call himself in the days when he carried a pack on the road through Peter's Bluff and Clary's Grove and New Salem to Beardstown and back.

"Dis is my store!" said Eli.

"Your store!" Abe exclaimed.

"Ya. Look at der sign."

The Jew pointed to his sign-board, some fifty feet long, under the cornice, on which they read the legend:

ELI FREDENBERG'S EMPORIUM

"Eli Fredenberg's Emporium!"

Abe looked him over from head to foot and exclaimed: "My conscience! You look as if you had been fixed up to be sold to the highest bidder."

The hairy, dusty, bow-legged, threadbare pedler had been touched by some miraculous hand. The lavish hand of the West had showered its favors on him. They resembled in some degree the barbaric pearls and gold of the East. He glowed with prosperity. Diamonds and ruffled linen and Scotch plaid and red silk on his neck, a blue band on his hat, a smooth-shorn face and perfumery were the glittering details that surrounded the person of Eli.

"Come in," urged the genial proprietor of the Emporium. "I vould like to show you my goots and introduce you to my brudder."

They went in and met his brother, and had their curiosity satisfied as to the look and feel of cassinets and vestings and seal and morocco pumps and prunella shoes.

Abe took the stage for the capital at Rutledge's door, where all the village had assembled to bid him good-by.

In the men's department, after much thoughtful discussion, they decided upon a suit of blue jeans—that being the only goods which, in view of the amount of cloth required, came within the appropriation. Eli advised against it.

"You are like Eli already," he said. "You haf got der pack off your back. Look at me. Don't you hear my clothes say somet'ing?"

"They are very eloquent," said Abe.

"Vell, dey make a speech. Dey say, 'Eli Fredenberg, he is no more a poor devil. You can not sneeze at him once again. Never. He has climb der ladder up.' Now you let me sell you somet'ing what make a goot speech for you."

"If you let me dictate the speech, I'll agree," said Abe.

"Vell—what is it?" Eli asked.

"I would like my clothes to say in a low tone of voice: 'This is humble Abe Lincoln; about the same length and breadth that I am. He don't want to scare or astonish anybody. He don't want to look like a beggar or a millionaire. Just put him down for a hard-working man of good intentions who is badly in debt.'"

That ended all argument. The suit of blue jeans was ordered and the measures taken. As they were about to go, Eli said:

"I forgot to tell you that I haf seen Bim Kelso der odder day in St. Louis. I haf seen her on der street. She was look like a queen, so grand! Der hat and gown from Paris; and she walk so proud! But she look not so happy like she has been. I speak to her. Oh, my, she was glad and so surprised. She told me dat she vould like to come home for a visit, but her husband he does not vant her to go dere—never again. My jobber haf told me dat Mr. Biggs is git drunk efery day. Bim, she t'ink de place no goot. She haf tolt me dey treat der niggers awful. She haf cry when she tolt me dot."

"Poor child!" said Abe. "I'm afraid she's in trouble."

"I've been thinking for some time that I'd go down there and try to see her," said Harry as they were leaving the store. "Now I'll have to go."

"Maybe I'll go with you," said Abe.

They got a ride part of the way back and had a long tramp again under the starlight.

"I don't believe you had better go down to St. Louis," Abe remarked as they walked along. "It might make things worse. I'm inclined to think that I'd do better alone with that problem."

"I guess you're right," said Harry. "It would be like me to do something foolish."

"And do it very thoroughly," Abe suggested. "You're in love with the girl. I wouldn't trust your judgment in St. Louis."

"She hasn't let on to her parents that she's unhappy. Mother Traylor told me that they got a letter from her last week that told of the good times she was having."

"We know what that means. She can't bear to acknowledge to them that she has made a mistake, and she don't want to worry them. Her mother is in part responsible for the marriage. Bim don't want her to be blamed. Eli caught her off her guard, and her heart and her face spoke to him."

In a moment Abe added: "Her parents have begun to suspect that something is wrong. They have never been

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invited to go down there and visit the girl. I reckon we'd better say nothing to any one of what we have heard at present."

They reached New Salem in the middle of the night and went into Rutledge's barn and lay down on the haymow between two buffalo hides until morning.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Which Continues the Romance of Abe and Ann until the former Leaves New Salem to Begin His Work in the Legislature. Also it Describes the Coloneling of Peter Lukins.

THE next day after his return Abe received a letter for Ann. She had come to the store on the arrival of the stage, taken her letter and run home with it. That Saturday's stage brought the new suit of clothes from Springfield. Sunday morning Abe put it on and walked over to Kelso's. Mrs. Kelso was sweeping the cabin.

"We shall have to stand outside a moment," said Jack. "I have an inappeasable hatred of brooms—a lance in the hand of the Black Knight is not more terrible than a broom in the hand of a righteous woman. I had to flee from the 'Life and Adventures of Duncan Campbell' when I saw the broom flashing in a cloud of dust."

He stepped to the door and said: "A truce, madam! Here is the Honorable Abraham Lincoln in his new suit."

Mrs. Kelso came out-of-doors, and she and her husband surveyed the tall young postmaster.

"Well, it is at least sufficient," said Kelso. "The coat ought to be a little longer."

"It will be long enough b fore I get another," said Abe.

"It is not what one would call an elegant suit; but it's all right," Kelso added.

"The fact is, elegance and I wouldn't get along well together," Abe answered. "It would be like going into partnership with Bill Berry."

"Next month you'll be off at the capital and we shall be going to Tazewell County," said Kelso.

"To Tazewell County!"

"Aye. It's a changing world! I've got you launched. Soon we shall be going, but we shall keep watch of you. I have some work to do for the governor. Next summer we shall be going up to the Great Lakes. We shall try the fishing on some of the streams that come down from the north. There the speckled trout springs his bow and leaps out of water."

"I'm sorry you're leaving here," said Abe. "You must always let me know where to find you."

"Aye! Many a night you and I shall hear the cock crowing, my friend."

IT WAS an Indian-summer day of the first week in November. That afternoon Abe went to the tavern and asked Ann to walk to the Traylors' with him. She seemed to be glad to go. She was not the cheerful, quick-footed, rosy-cheeked Ann of old. Her face was pale, her eyes dull and listless, her step slow. Neither spoke until they had passed the Miller cabin and were come to the open fields.

"I hope your letter brought good news," said Abe.

"It was very short," Ann answered. "He took a fever in Ohio, was sick there four weeks and then he went home. In two months he never wrote a word to me. And this one was only a little bit of a letter, with no love in it. I don't believe he will ever come back. I don't think he cares for me now, or perhaps he is married. I don't know. I'm not going to cry about it any more. I can't. I've no more tears to shed. I've given him up."

"Then I reckon the time has come for me to tell you what is on my heart," said Abe. "I love you, Ann. I have loved you for years. I would have told you long ago, but I could not make myself believe that I was good enough for you. I love you so much, that if you can only be happy with John McNamar, I will pray to God that he may turn out to be a good and faithful man and come back and keep his promise."

She looked up at him with a kind of awe in her face.

"Oh, Abe!" she whispered. "I had made up my mind that men were all bad but my father. I was wrong. I did not think of you!"

"Men are mostly good," said Abe. "But it's very easy to misunderstand them. In my view, it's quite likely that John McNamar is better than you think him. I want you to be fair to John. If you conclude that you can not be happy with him, give me a chance. I would do my best to bring back the joy of the old days. Sometimes I think I am going to do something worth while. Sometimes I think that I can see my way pretty far ahead, and it looks very pleasant; and you, Ann, are always walking beside me in it."

They proceeded in silence for a moment. A great flock of wild pigeons darkened the sky above them and filled it with the whirr of their wings. The young man and woman stopped to look up at them.

"They are going south," said Abe. "It's a sign of bad weather."

They stood talking for a little time.

"I'm glad they halted us, for we have not far to go," Abe remarked. "Before we take another step I wish you would give me some hope to live on—just a little straw of hope."

"You are a wonderful man, Abe," said Ann, touched by his appeal. "My father says that you are going to be a great man!"

"I can not hold out any such hope to you," Abe answered. "I'm rather ignorant, and badly in debt, but I reckon that I can make a good living and give you a comfortable home. Don't you think, taking me just as I am, you could care for me a little?"

"Yes; sometimes I think I could love you, Abe," she answered. "I do not love you yet, but I may—some time. I really want to love you."

"That is all I can ask now," said Abe as they went on. "Do you hear from Bim Kelso?"

"I have not heard from her since June."

"I wish you would write to her and tell her that I am thinking of going down to St. Louis and that I would like to go and see her."

"I'll write to her to-morrow," said Ann.

They had a pleasant visit with the

(*Continued on page 72*)

John Wolcott Adams

"After all, it's home," said Samson, when late in the evening they saw the lighted window of the cabin ahead.

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What the Home Town Thinks of ALICE PAUL

By Anne Herendeen

A KINDLY Quaker named Thomas Moore appears to have founded Moorestown, New Jersey, about the same time that William Penn was busying himself laying out Philadelphia a few miles away across the Delaware. Mr. Penn's town did nicely in point of size. Mr. Moore's is prettier than Mr. Penn's, but has only attained a population of five thousand souls. Still, Mr. Moore's town has produced Alice Paul, the relentless leader of the wing militant of American suffragists. Maybe that evens things up.

I asked Mrs. L. about this. She lives on one of the wide, tranquil, tree-bordered streets of the little Quaker town, up beyond the Friends' Meeting-House. Mrs. L. has three lovely children, and has recently had her drawing-room done in wistaria velvet. On the grand piano was a bound volume of "The World's Best Classical Pieces," and on the shining mahogany table, "Italian Painters since Leonardo."

The question of Alice threw her fellow townswoman into something bordering upon a state of mind. She would have much preferred talking of Mrs. Catt or the late Doctor Shaw, and said so frankly.

"The National American Woman Suffrage Association, which dates from Susan B. Anthony, emphatically disapproves of Alice and her National Woman's Party and their goings-on," said Mrs. L. "Our New Jersey Association has printed its disavowal of any connection with militant methods in all the newspapers of the State. We think that Alice's picketing the White House and annoying the Senate, making bonfires out of the President's books and speeches was simply—(Go outdoors, Mary, and play with your roller-skates) outrageous."

"Do her strenuous political activities affect her social position in the town?"

"Alice seldom comes home, and is not the kind to care about card parties and dances. Her idea of a good time seems to be hunger-striking in a dirty jail!" said Mrs. L.; "but if she were to stay here—after all, she is a Paul, and her family have lived in the Paul homestead on Paul Road for generations. Every one has the highest respect for the family—and for Alice—personally."

"Has Alice ever made an attempt to explain her actions to home-town people?"

"Six years ago when she came home after having served time with the English Militants in Holloway Jail," said Mrs. L., "she held a meeting, and I will say every one in town went. It appeared that Alice had simply joined a procession of women who were taking a petition to the Prime Minister. We couldn't make it out at all, but the general impression seemed to be that she would far better have kept to the sidewalk."

She comes of Quaker stock, renowned for its gentleness, but down in Washington they call her "The Terrible Meek," and her gold and purple headquarters, "The Yellow Peril."

"I suppose she wanted to feel that she had helped the Englishwomen," I suggested, "and after all, they did get the vote over there ahead of us."

"The Englishwomen got the vote," said Mrs. L. with decision, "because when war came they stopped their militancy."

"But if they hadn't been militant in the first place they wouldn't have been able to stop being militant, and there wouldn't have been anything to reward them for." (I'm afraid I teased Mrs. L. a little.)

"At all events, Alice shouldn't have brought these methods over here," said Mrs. L. "They antagonize people. America is different, and everything can be done through education and persuasion."

A dear old Quaker lady a few blocks away nearly wept at my mention of Alice. "I can not talk about it; it is too dreadful," she said. "Alice has chosen to fly in the face of her religion, which bids us be meek and of her country, which tells us to be law-abiding, but I am a friend of the family and I can not say a word."

All over town it was the same story, from the grim librarian at the dear little toy library to the grocer's boy in the more leading grocery. In effect, they all said, "Friend Alice behaveth herself unseemly."

So I walked a mile out of the town to the Paul farm, curious to see the birthplace and background of America's leading suffrage firebrand.

The house itself, a big, hospitable, semi-Colonial affair, stood upon a knoll in the midst of its hundred and sixty rich Jersey acres. A score of sheep cropped the grass on the rolling stretch of lawn that rolled down to the road, and reminded me of the lawn-mowing sheep on the White House grounds, opposite which Alice burned her indignant "watch-fires," alleging that the absent President ought to attend to democracy for American women before bothering about it for various unpronounceable other peoples.

Within, it was a real American farmhouse—oil lamps and antlers and shells and almanacs, and on the wall any number of blue-grange ribbons for cattle and corn.

"Has thee had any luncheon?" were almost Mrs. Paul's first words, and Miss Helen's, "Thee must be tired with such a walk. I must take thee back to town in the machine." No wonder they persecuted the Quakers. They make all the rest of us seem so hard and ungracious.

"How is the National Woman's Party membership hereabouts?" I asked Helen. Helen is younger and merrier than Alice. But then she hasn't a membership of one hundred thousand to keep in hand, and an annual budget of some ninety thousand dollars to disburse in harassing Presidents and senators.

"It's the hardest spot on the map to do suffrage work in," she said cheerfully—"either kind, Alice's or plain. Thee can see we are all so wretchedly well-to-do, we dread anything disturbing, even an idea."

On the wall of Alice's dignified old-fashioned bedroom is a framed testimonial designed by Sylvia Pankhurst "To Alice Paul, on behalf of all the women who will win freedom by her bondage, and dignity by her humiliation."

"What did you think of all these goings-on?" I asked Mrs. Paul. She sighed. "Well, Mr. Paul always used to say, when there was anything hard and disagreeable to be done, 'I bank on Alice'."

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Economic Waste

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "That Pup," etc

MURRAY Tilford was leaning up against the cigar counter, and old E. W.—Ed Winters—was sitting in the chair that had come to be known as his. Sim Cotter, who ran the Smokeorium, was behind the counter sitting on the high stool he had there, with one of his feet on the edge of the shelf under the counter—the one on which he kept the pail of fine-cut chewing—and the heel of the other foot caught over one of the rungs of the stool. B. Z. Beeton had the floor, and he was mad. He was mad all through and spilling over. Murray Tilford and the four or five other fellows had been guying him, and he was all stirred up and rampant. He was so mad his long thin nose was as white as an Easter lily.

"Laugh, then, you—you noodles!" he shouted. "Just because the money powers downed me eight times for that city attorneyship in this man's town, you think you know such an all-fired lot! You don't know what's going on in the world. You loaf around here and stink up the air with your tobacco and— My God! I tell you it's coming! Laugh—you'll see!"

"How about that, Sim?" Murray Tilford drawled. "Looks like B. Z. don't like the kind of smokes you been selling lately."

B. Z. Beeton glared at him. He was so mad he trembled.

"Well, I don't know," said Sim good-naturedly; "maybe he refers to them cigar-clippings old E. W. uses. How about it, E. W.?"

Old E. W.—Ed Winters—grinned, and took his old black pipe from his mouth with a hand that trembled with age.

"Well, the way you put it, Sim, it looks as if there might be something into it," he said.

HE always said just that. Very often the talk ran hot and high in the Smokeorium, and if Joe Collins worked himself white hot, and swore the Republicans were a lot of dod-rotted thieves and rascals and referred it to old E. W., the old man always said, "Well, the way you put it, Joe, it looks as if there might be something into it." And if Henry Jeffers got just as angry, and declaimed that Joe Collins and the Democrats from Andrew Jackson down were a horde of robbers and cutthroats, old E. W. would say, if Henry appealed to him, "Well, the way you put it, Henry, it looks as if there might be something into it."

The only time on record when E. W. came right out and said more than that was when Jeff Edmond argued in favor of the transmigration of souls and the reappearance of the departed in new bodies at some later date. "The way you put that, Jeff," old E. W. said, "blamed if I don't believe it." But that was long before B. Z. turned Socialist.

"Yes, you!" B. Z. Beeton cried, turning on old E. W. "You, with your everlasting 'might be something into it.' You're one of the kind of men I mean. You and millionaires and tramps and all the loafers. Economic waste, the whole lot of you. You eat, you smoke, you are clothed, you are housed, and you don't produce a dang thing. You let Society toil and sweat and work, and you use up the product, and you don't produce your share."

HE stopped to get a breath, and Murray Tilford, grinning, spoke up.

"Now, I know what them initials of yours stand for, E. W.," he said in his teasing drawl. "'E. W.'—Economic Waste. I guess you're the old original Economic Waster from away back, ain't you, E. W.?"

Old E. W. turned his watery old eyes toward Murray. He grinned in appreciation of the joke.

"Well, the way you put it, Murray, it looks as if there might be something into it," he said.

"'Something into it'!" mocked B. Z. "You bet there is 'something into it'! Here's a man—" he pointed his long, thin forefinger at E. W.—"Here's a man never did an honest day's work in his life. Here's an example of what I mean. Economic Waste!" he said, turning to Murray Tilford. "You hit it! It ought to be his name. What has this man ever done to create food or clothing or housing? And yet he has eaten, and worn clothes and lived in a house. I'll bet he has not earned the very tobacco he smokes. Here is a man who has lived seventy years——"

"Seventy-six," said Murray Tilford.

"Seventy-six years," said B. Z. Beeton, annoyed by the interruption, "and he has never contributed one honest day's work to the common good. Here is a man whose life has been one long sinful Economic Waste. A dog that turns a churn has been of more value to the world. This man never works——"

"I drive the hearse once in a while, B. Z.," said old E. W. tremulously.

B. Z. threw out his arms as if that were the last straw.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "He drives the hearse once in a while! He eats three meals a day, and wears clothes, and lives under a roof, and he drives the hearse once in a while! Great guns!"

Nobody said anything for a minute. When it was put that way in such concrete form, with a long bony finger pointing straight at old E. W., it did look as if there might be "something into it." As a matter of fact, old E. W. was a good example to choose. Labor had never been his strong point. His father had run the Riverbank Hotel before the Civil War, and E. W. had not been obliged to do any work; and when E. W. enlisted, and after a pleasant vacation at a training-camp came home again, he did no work. By the time his father died E. W. had a pension. He was never quite sure why he got one, except that old C. K. Beeton, B. Z.'s father, was a pension lawyer and got it for him. Somehow E. W. felt that while he was drawing a pension from the Government it would be wrong and ungrateful to go to work and earn money—"on the side," as it were—so he just did not work. Especially as his sister Josie was a widow and had a spare room.

From the time he was sixty or so E. W.'s hang-out was the Rapps' livery-stable, and on pleasant days he sat on the pants-polished bench outside. On bad days he sat in the big office, close to the stove. In a way he was officially connected with the livery-stable. He was the official hearse-driver, but Riverbank was a healthy town and there were two other hearses, and there were months at a time when old E. W. had nothing to do but sit and smoke. Hearse-driving in a healthy town is not a job that overworks a man.

SIM Cotter, when he opened his Smokeorium, meant it to be the most popular cigar-store in Iowa. He figured that with the bar-rooms all closed, the men would be glad to have a clubby place where they would be absolutely welcome to sit and smoke; so he put in twenty-four chairs, and two pool-tables in the back room, and the Smokeorium made a hit.

One of the first men to drop into the Smokeorium when Sim opened its door was old E. W. He came in and bought a package of cigar-clippings, which was what he smoked in his old black pipe. He looked the place over and liked it.

"Right smart idee, Sim," he said in his cracked, aged voice. "Right clever notion, but I reckon you didn't get it up for me to loaf in. I'm likely to be too permanent if I once start in." He chuckled. "I guess this tobacco I smoke would smell up the place too bad, anyway. It ain't exactly perfume, Sim."

"Oh, I guess this Smokeorium can stand the smell of anything it sells, or it won't sell it," said Sim. "You don't get my idea, E. W. This is Liberty Hall, this is. This is a democratic place. Why, I don't know but what you and your pipe would be the welcomest members of this Smokeorium. When that tobacco of yours gets to stewing away in that old pipe of yours, there won't

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"Here's a man seventy-six years old, and all he can say for himself is that he drives a hearse once in a while"

be anybody ashamed to smoke anything in here, no matter what his brand is. Stick around, if you feel like it."

"Well, the way you put it, Sim, it looks like there ought to be something into it," said E. W., and he stuck around. Rapp had a telephone, and hearses are seldom needed in a rush, like cabs to catch trains.

Old E. W. was quite an asset to Sim Cotter, in a way. He could take a joke and grin—any kind of a joke. He was useful in another way, too. Sim used him to stop arguments when they became too vitriolic and threatened ill feeling. "Now, hold on!" Sim would say just when two word-fighters were ready to bite each other. "We got to have expert opinion on this. Let's find out how it strikes E. W. You heard what Grant Riggs said, E. W. What do you think of it?"

Old E. W. never failed Sim on such occasions.

"Well, the way he puts it, Sim," he would say, "it looks like there might be something into it."

At first E. W. meant this seriously, but after the remark had been greeted with a yell of joy once or twice, he got to saying it as his contribution to the joy of nations. He had a hazy notion it was witty or something. He was glad to be able to add to the good nature of the people he liked so well. When his remark brought a loud yell of laughter, he felt as an actor feels when his act has been well received. He was willing to be the butt of the good-natured jokes.

But what B. Z. said was different. B. Z. was not kindly. B. Z. was sore. B. Z. always carried around an unextinguished coal of anger, ready to be stirred into a blaze of wrath. A man is apt to be like that when he has been beaten for the city attorneyship eight successive years. For

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three years he was the only man on the local Democratic ticket not elected, and then he tried the Republicans, and was licked three times. He went down the next year with the whole Citizens' ticket, when all the Republican ticket got in. Then he ran as an independent and lost. He was fifth in a field of five with the Socialist candidate two places above him in the final returns. Now he was with the Socialists and he was doing his best to let it be known.

"Great guns!" he cried. "Here's a man—a citizen—seventy-six years old, and all he can say for himself is that he drives a hearse once in a while! Suppose every living man drove a hearse once in a while and did nothing else! The whole world would be houseless—without clothes. The whole world would starve to death."

He was violent about it. He shook his fist.

"Well, I don't know," drawled Murray Tilford. "If the whole bunch of us starved to death, it would give old Economic Waste here quite considerable hearse-driving to do, anyway."

"You joke at it!" shouted B. Z., turning on him. "You are the sort of man that perpetuates the evil. You laugh at this—this poor, worthless, no-account old wretch here, and blind his eyes to his awful infamy. Look at him grinning here like a silly ape, on the edge of his grave, and at this very minute owing Society a lifetime of labor. Look at him, gentlemen, this living, breathing, worthless example of absolute lifelong economic waste!"

B. Z. stood for a long moment dramatically, his long finger pointed at old E. W., and then he stalked out of the Smokeorium.

"Jingo!" said Murray Tilford. "Quite a storm. We've had some breezes in here, but that was a reg'lar cyclone. Sim, is my head on straight or did he blow it crooked? What do you think of his say-so, E. W.?"

"Well, the way he put it, Murray, it looks like there might be——"

HE stopped right there. He did not have the heart to go on. There was one thing he prided himself on, and only one, and for ten or fifteen years he had braced himself against the thought of death by holding tight to that one fact—he did not owe any living being one cent. And now out of a clear sky B. Z. Beeton had flashed upon him the lightning of modern economics, and had shown him that he was not only not out of debt, but that he owed Society whole oodles of things.

"Murray," he said falteringly, "how much—how much, accordin' to B. Z., do you figger I owe to Society?"

Murray Tilford scratched his head. He took a scrap of paper from the floor, and dug a stump of pencil from his pocket.

"I got to figger a thing like that, E. W.," he said. "I can't do no such big sums in my head. You're seventy-six years old, say, and I reckon B. Z. wouldn't expect you to go to work before you was eighteen. Eight from six is eight, and the seven is a six, and one from six is five. That's fifty-eight years."

"I've drove the hearse some, Murray," old E. W. reminded him.

"Yes. I'm going to credit you up with that, E. W.," Murray assured him. "I got to figger it down. Fifty-eight years, and say three hundred work-days a year, that makes three times eight is twenty-four. Put down four and carry the two. Three times five's fifteen an' two to carry is seventeen. And add on them two ciphers makes it seventeen thousand four hundred days."

"But I drove the hearse some," old E. W. said pleadingly.

"I'm coming to that, E. W.," said Murray. "I got to figger this out first. S'pose we let on that eight hours is a good day's work. Eight times four is——"

Old E. W. got out of his chair and went to stand by the counter, looking over Murray's arm as he did the sum.

"It's one hundred and thirty-nine thousand two hundred hours; that's what it is," Murray said. "How many funerals do you calculate you've drove the hearse at, E. W.?"

"NIGH to three hundred," said E. W. eagerly.

"Three hundred, hey? Funeral starts at one o'clock generally, and hearse gits back to Rapp's by five o'clock easy. Four hours, that's liberal. Four times three hundred is twelve hundred. Take that from, and you owe Society just an even one hundred and thirty-eight thousand hours of work, E. W."

In spite of himself, old E. W's mouth fell open so far that his pipe fell clattering to his feet, snapping the stem from the bowl. He did not so much as bend to retrieve it.

"My! My!" he exclaimed with awe. "I wouldn't have believed it of me. Hundred and— How much, Murray?"

"It's one hundred and thirty-eight thousand hours, E. W.," said Murray.

It was overwhelming. For a full minute old E. W. stood as if it dazed him.

"Hundred and thirty-eight thousand!" he mumbled. "That many *thousands*. One hundred and thirty-eight of em! My! My! Murray, how many days' work is a thousand hours; just one thousand of 'em?"

"About one hundred and twenty-two days, E. W.," said Murray, when he had figured it out.

"My! My!" exclaimed E. W. "One hundred and twenty-two days one hundred and thirty-eight times over! Why, I don't hardly believe I can make it, Murray. I don't figger I can live more than five years more. How much would it come to if I was to work, say, ten hours a day for five years, Murray?"

"Sundays and holidays, too?"

"Yes. The whole blamed time."

"Eighteen thousand hours," said Murray, when he had figured it out. "It would leave one hundred and twenty thousand, E. W., taking it from."

"My! My!" said old E. W. "And I never thought anything about it. I just went along and never gave it a thought, and it was pilin' up on me all the while. One hundred and thirty-eight thousand hours! I don't hardly believe I can make it. Well——"

He turned away and walked toward the door.

"Here, E. W., you forgot your pipe," Sim called after him, not knowing it was broken.

"It's broke," E. W. said listlessly. "I ain't going to have no time to smoke, anyhow."

He went out, and the fellows were silent for a while.

"You done it now, Murray," Sim said soberly.

"I done it? Don't you go and blame me, Sim Cotter!" said Murray. "B. Z. done it, dang his hide; I didn't do it. Next time I see that office-seekin', loud-mouthed shyster I'm going to give him the strapping-est licking a man ever had."

The next evening old E. W. stopped in at the Smokeorium. He had come for his pipe. He had lost his placid easy-going look, and seemed worried and haunted.

"I got to have my pipe, Sim," he said. "Gits me nervous without it. Gits me all of a tremble."

"Here she is, E. W.," Sim said. "I put a new stem in her for you, nice as new."

E. W. flared up.

"Dod rot you, Sim!" he mumbled. "What'd you do that for? I ain't goin' to have you doin' things for me. I'm deep enough into it now. I owe Society enough already. Hundred and thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight hours."

"How's that?" said Sim.

"Well, by whillikins," said old E. W., "I got two hours off of what I owe to-day. I did two hours' work such as it was, weeding the garden."

"Two hours, hey?" Joe Collins broke in. "That all the work you did to-day, E. W.?"

"'Tain't much," E. W. admitted wearily. "I don't know as I'll ever be able to get caught up in full, but I got two hours off that one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, anyway."

"YOU got nothing off," Joe said. "You got six hours on, that's what you got. Eight hours is a man's day's work, and you're behind another six hours."

Old E. W. stared at him dumbly until his meaning sifted through, and then he just dropped into one of Sim's chairs and slumped down. It was a hard blow for the old man. He had done the first real work he had ever done in his life, and the net result was that he was one hundred and thirty-eight thousand and six hours in debt to Society. He sat fumbling his old pipe, and presently he got out of the chair without a word and went out. Late that night Sim Cotter, going home from the Smokeorium, saw old E. W. in Josie's garden, down on his knees pulling weeds in the moonlight. It was then close to two o'clock in the morning. Sim leaned across the fence.

"Say, you old idiot, you, go to bed; why don't you?" he asked.

"Got no time," E. W. told him.

"Why, durn your old hide," Sim said, "you'll go to bed right now, if I have to come in there and make you go. I'm part of Society, I am, just as much as the next man is, and I've got my just rights. You owe me a part of them one hundred and thirty-eight thousand and six hours, and I ain't going to have you do yourself to death in a couple of nights, and cheat me that way. You've got a big responsibility, E. W., and you owe it to us to keep your health and pay us up as much as you can. It looks to me as if you was trying to work yourself to death and cheat us. You get to bed now or I'll come in there and put you to bed myself."

E. W. got off his knees. He was so stiff he could hardly walk. He went off to bed grumbling, but he saw that Sim was right. If he killed himself gaining a few hours' work, he would be unable to clean up the

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whole one hundred and thirty-eight thousand. That was sure.

The next day he came into the Smokeorium late in the afternoon, and he was mighty blue. He was so discouraged that the corners of his mouth hung down like the points of an inverted horseshoe.

"Dod rot it!" he moaned as he eased himself into his chair, "seems like the best thing for me to do is just die off and be quit of it. Worked nearly all night, and made it a ten-hour day—two full hours saved against what I owe Society—and to-day I had to lay flat on my back in bed all day and I'm eight hours to the bad again. That's one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, less two, and eight added on. That's one hundred and thirty-eight thousand and six."

The poor old fellow just sat there and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"The trouble with you, E. W.," said Sim, "is that you want to work off what you owe all in one minute. You just give it up. A man of your age——"

"Hold on!" cried Murray Tilford suddenly. "I've got it! Look here, E. W. You don't *have* to work ten hours a day to save two hours. Why, drat it, all any man of your age does is overtime. You're past work age. Say! Ain't I the born fool, though! *You* don't owe Society any one hundred and thirty-eight thousand hours of work, E. W. Why, drat your old hide, your work-days was over when you reached sixty years. Why, E. W., there's fifteen years at eight hours a day for three hundred days a year that we can knock off at one whack! That's thirty-six thousand hours," he declared when he had figured it. "Take thirty-six thousand from one hundred and thirty-eight thousand and it only leaves one hundred and two thousand, and the ten hours you worked yesterday leaves it only one hundred and one thousand nine hundred and ninety hours!"

It was like balm of Gilead to old E. W. He was up on his feet in a moment, looking at the paper on which Murray had figured it. He was so relieved and tickled he almost kissed Murray. He couldn't have been more pleased if Murray had made him a present of a million dollars.

"By jingoes!" he chuckled. "Thirty-six thousand hours right in one lump! I'll get caught up yet, Sim; I will so! I ain't dead yet by a long sight."

It made a new man of him.

"How long might it take me to catch up them one hundred and one thousand nine hundred and ninety hours, Murray, workin' ten hours a day?"

"'Bout thirty-four years, E. W., workin' three hundred days a year," Murray told him.

E. W. went glum in an instant.

"I won't last it," he said. "How old would that make me, Murray, when I got through?"

"Hundred and nine years," said Murray.

"I won't last it," E. W. repeated. "There ain't a chance in the world that I'll last it. It's going to strain me some to live a hundred, the way I feel. How many hours a day have I got to work to get square with Society if I clean up by the time I'm one hundred, Murray?"

"'Bout thirteen and a half, E. W.," Murray told him.

"It's going to strain me some," E. W. said, "but, by gum, I've got to do it. One hundred and one thousand nine hundred and ninety hours! I wish I was young once more. I do so!"

E. W.'s hang-out was Rapp's livery-stable.

They did not see him again for some time. They heard of him. News came that he had had a fuss with a market gardener about town—Sam Gregg—because Sam chased him out of his field with a hoe. Sam said he would be danged if he would let the crazy coot work thirteen hours a day, when he was so old and feeble he ought to be in a hospital. He said he would be dad blamed if he wanted to be jailed for cruelty to the feeble-minded.

The next week they heard that old E. W. had been arrested for trespass, climbing into a tomato-patch and starting to work hoeing the tomatoes at four o'clock in the morning.

"He ought to be shut up in the crazy house," the farmer complained. "He's got to be a regular nuisance, he has, climbing into the fields and starting to work all times of the day and night, and asking no pay or nothing. He ain't reasonable. It's just work, work, work all the time."

That Saturday night E. W. appeared at the Smokeorium. He was bluer than ever.

"I ain't averaged over eleven hours a day, Sim," he mourned. "Two hundred and twenty hours is the total I've made. I've got one hundred and one thousand seven hundred and seventy of them economical wasted hours to make up, and the worst of it is there won't nobody *let* me work. Looks like I wouldn't catch up if I lived to be as old as Methusalem. I've just about give up. Looks like I'd better just lay down and die like a no-account played-out old bankrupt."

"Oh, now, E. W., you don't want to talk that way," Sim said.

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"I was just thinkin' what a joke it would be on you fellers, Murray," old E.W. said, "if the next time I got incarnated on earth I turned out to be a canary bird!"

"I don't see no other way *to* talk," E. W. said.

It was three days later that the group in the Smokeorium was surprised by seeing E. W.'s sister Josie come raging in at the door that had seldom admitted a female. She was a good ten years younger than E. W., and had lost none of her vitality.

"Are you Sim Cotter?" she demanded. "Well, you're one of them that put that fool notion into E. W.'s head, and a nice piece of work, I do say! You ought to be took up for murder, the whole lot of you!"

"He ain't dead, is he?" asked Murray Tilford.

"He will be, if you don't set about getting him shut of the notion you put into his head," she declared. "He's took to his bed with the melancholy, and lies dying before my eyes because he can't get out and do one hundred and one thousand seven hundred and seventy hours of work in a blessed minute. Don't ask me; I can't make head or tail of it. You men did it, and you can undo it, or I'll see that no decent body ever enters this smoke hole again."

"Took to his bed, has he?" said Murray Tilford soothingly. "Well, don't you worry, Mrs. Hanson; we'll fix it all right."

"You'd better," she declared; "and you'd better be quick about it, if you don't want him dead at your hands. He won't eat, for one thing, and he won't wear a dud, not even a nightshirt, and I had to tie him in bed or he wouldn't stay in the house. Says he'll be cussed if he'll owe any more to Society than he owes already."

"Well, you just leave it to us, Mrs. Hanson," urged Murray. "We'll 'tend to it right away."

When she went out, the men looked at one another in awed silence.

"We got to do something," Murray Tilford said at length. "I never guessed the old codger would take it to heart like that. I've heard B. Z. Beeton and plenty of others ramp around about other folks' economic waste, but I never knew anybody to worry about his own before. Strikes me he must be sort of crazy, Sim."

"That won't stop him from dying of them one hundred and one thousand seven hundred and seventy hours, Murray," Sim said.

"And it won't stop Josie Hanson from giving this Smokeorium one eternal black eye if he does die," Murray agreed. "We got to help him get rid of them one hundred and one thousand seven hundred and seventy hours. How long was he in the Civil War army, Sim? We might figger that off."

"War's the worst kind of economic waste," Sim warned him. "B. Z. says so."

"That's so," Murray admitted. "I wish——"

Just then Doc Hartridge came in for his four two-for-a-quarter cigars.

"Just been up to see old E. W.," he said. "He's going fast."

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"You don't say!" exclaimed Sim. "His sister was just down here. He's worrying to death, she says, over the economic waste he's been——"

"Fudge! Nothing of that sort!" said Doc Hartridge. "He is worrying about some hundred thousand hours or million hours or something, but he's dying because of general decay, as any old man would. He has something on his mind—that's true—and he is unhappy about it, but that's not killing him. Old age is. So long, boys."

"Well—" Sim said, when the doctor had gone.

"Well, I guess his worry is just as real," Murray said. "It grinds me all up to think of him dying worried that way. I wish——"

"What do you wish?" Sim asked.

"I wish a feller could pay a debt to Society with a note, the way he can pay a money debt," Murray said. "I wish us fellers could take over old E. W.'s debt and work it out for him. The trouble is, Sim, a man has to work out his own economic waste and make it good."

"Say!" said Sim suddenly. "Wait! I've got it! No, hold on! If old E. W. was to give us—ten or twelve of us—his note for one hundred and ten thousand seven hundred and seventy hours—his promise to work one hundred and ten thousand seven hundred and seventy hours——"

"Yes, go on."

"If he was to give ten of us each a promise to work eleven thousand and seventy-seven hours," said Sim slowly, "and we agreed to do that much work over and above our own eight hours a day, to square him up with Society——"

"He wouldn't die happy," said Murray, "because he would owe——"

"Now, hold on," said Sim. "I've got the idee somewhere. We'd do the work and take his promises to pay it back, only, Murray, he'd pay it back the next time he comes on earth, like he believes he's going to come. We do our time now, and clean up what he owes Society, and when he gets reincarnated he evens up by doing a couple of hours overtime every work-day, until he gets us paid back."

It was with this reasonable proposition that they went to Mrs. Hanson's house and visited old E. W. They found him deep in misery and gloom. He refused to take his face from his pillow, so Murray made the proposition to the back of his head. For a minute after Murray had ceased explaining, old E. W. lay perfectly still. Then he flopped over and braced himself on one elbow.

"You draw up them promise notes, Murray," he said eagerly. "Doc left his fountain pen yonder on the table."

He raised himself straight against the pillow.

"Hand me that egg-nog, Sim," he ordered with surprising briskness. "I feel like I could eat a horse."

He swallowed the egg-nog and licked his lips.

"Sim," he said, sliding his feet to the floor, "help me into them pants of mine. Untie this fool rope Josie has me tied up with."

He was rather weak in the knees, but he steadied himself against the bedpost while Sim helped him dress, and he signed the ten promissory notes with something of a flourish.

"There, by jingoes!" he exclaimed. "I feel good for twenty years yet, with them one hundred and ten thousand seven hundred and seventy hours off my mind."

He looked good for twenty more years, too. Perhaps a few days in bed had been what he needed most. He insisted that they help him down the stairs, and he sat in a chair on the sunny porch, pushing cigar-clippings into his old black pipe, as the ten men who had promised to work eleven thousand and seventy-seven hours apiece for him shook hands with him and renewed the promises. Old E. W. chuckled.

"What you laughing at, E. W.?" Murray Tilford asked him.

The old man's watery eyes lifted to where his sister Josie's songster was swinging on its perch in its cage against one of the porch pillars.

"I was just thinkin' what a joke it would be on you fellers, Murray," old E. W. said, "if the next time I got incarnated on earth I turned out to be a canary-bird!"

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Brown Bros.

The Babylonian temple scene from Griffith's "Intolerance." An instance of the spectacular lavishness in the American film which is giving way to a new and simpler dramatic art.

They're Funny People

By Herbert Corey

THIS story should be about the stars of the movies—

But directors have crept into it. After all, a star could not be a star without a director. And camera men have registered appearance. No director could direct if there were not a camera man at his elbow. And there are film-cutters. The ticket-buying public knows little of film-cutters, but after the star and the director and the camera man have individually and collectively done their best, the film-cutters rearrange it all. There is a hint at the financial agonies which sometimes overwhelm those important personages known as magnates. There is a little of everything—even a bit about authors. But not much. Authors are inconsiderable items in the movie scheme of things. They are like the little tin policemen one sees on the hoods of automobiles waving futile arms and whistling. They are only accessories. Any one can unscrew them and throw them away.

Patience, stars. Your time is coming. But it may be that this matter of the authors should be disposed of. Let us examine the part they really play.

An author writes a story and sells it to a film-making company. Good. While he is spending his money in buying more cows for his abandoned farm, his romance is being changed by the scenario man. Then the continuity man does things to the scenario. The technical man finds the whole thing impracticable. The author's ideas, he alleges, are punk. Hall Caine, to quote an example, located a story in a sweat-shop. Any technical man knows that audiences will not pay to see pictured sweat-shops. The star may look particularly well on a horse. Therefore a horse is ridden through the plot.

Then the director makes a few changes and begins to get interested. At first he has refused to be bothered by the inconsequential invention which a conspiracy of author and scenario man and continuity man and technical man has foisted on him. He has walked through the first scenes, so to speak. But as he continues his artistic sense awakens. He begins to see how the story can be improved. By dropping this bit and by substituting a mountain top for the lush valley of the Amazon and by adding a few tears from some one's poor old mother—

The fine frenzy of creation overpowers him. That is a characteristic of all directors. They create things that have no relation whatever to the story. There was once a director who was given a scenario and a company and some food and a camera man and sent to a wild island off the coast of California. It was to be a cheap picture—a mere six or seven thousand dollar picture—but the scenery got into his blood. He began to make moving pictures of the sands and waves and rocks and things.

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On the right, a temperamental trio of millionaire artists: Mary, Douglas and Eugene.

banks in a variety of climbing and leaping and falling and hiding stunts and it made a great deal of money. All concerned were very happy. That is, all were happy except the abandoned author.

There are certain limits to the length of a film. A five-reeler, for instance, may not run more than 4,500 feet in length. Yet the director who shoots the picture on a scenario in which the author's ideas have been interpreted by several self-willed gentlemen working independently of one another, may use 100,000 feet of celluloid. In that twenty miles or so of pictures half a dozen ideas may have been interpolated which were quite foreign to the author's conception. He is blissfully ignorant of what is happening. At the moment he is probably pricing cream separators and bull calves.

Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

Charles Murray is a good comedian, but the monkey is winning the laugh.

The company sat and mourned. There was nothing else for the company to do except eat occasionally. Now and then the director would send in a hurry call and the company would brush the wild sand out of its ears and get into costumes and climb a hill or wade in the sea and make motions as demanded by the director. No one knew what the motions meant, least of all the director. He merely felt that they fitted the background. No one of the scenes he took had any relation to any other scene, but individually they were striking. Eventually the company became quite mad. It used to sit on the sands and gibber at the sea. When the food-bearing boats arrived, the director made them stay at a distance from the shore lest his desperate company should take them by storm.

That director got back to the mainland with a wealth of film depicting the most wonderful scenery imaginable in which at intervals maddened men and women made angry motions. In any other business than that of the motion pictures one shudders to think what might have happened to him. But the company called in the faithful men who always sit in back rooms with green shades over their eyes and eventually a picture was cut and patched and joined together. It was successful, and so the director's salary was increased to $750 a week. That seems quite reasonable in the moving picture world. But what can have been the feelings of the author?

Once upon a time Douglas Fairbanks bought a tale. It was a nice tale and full of the opportunities for rib-testing comedy that Fairbanks likes. He was hanged by a mob and he hid in a well and he climbed up a wall and—oh, lots of things happened to him in it. But when he began to make the picture he is believed to have lost the scenario. The completed version presented Mr. Fair-

Maurice Tourneur, one of the greatest of the French directors—the man leaning upon his elbows on the rail—teaching a typical gallery crowd to act for the camera.

The film-cutter begins to edit the film. His problem is to find the best 4,500 feet in the 100,000 shown him, higgledy-piggledy, in the projection room. Certain scenes show the star at his best. At the current price of stars it is essential that his feelings be considered. A smile, a forceful movement, an excellent bound over a stone wall must be retained or the star will write indignant letters to the management. The star will write the indignant letters anyhow, but film-cutters never irritate stars needlessly.

Other scenes must be kept because they are inventions of the

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World Film Corp.

Some stars, like Evelyn Greeley, here shown in a scene from "Phil-for-Short," have won their place in the movies by hard work.

director. A director is paid from $300 to $5,000 weekly. One director is guaranteed half a million dollars annually. Another has contracted to make eight pictures each year and is to be paid $70,000 for each one. Directors are possessed of strong convictions and very powerful voices, so one must not expect too much of the film editor.

Then there are a few scenes the film editor likes, and others are retained because they have something to do with the plot. If he does not succeed in his efforts a super-film-cutter is called in. When the author sees the released version of his darling he becomes a social outcast.

Perhaps that is the best way in which the picturing can be done. One does not know. There are so many things about the pictures that one does not know. One very successful man scorns the thought that the production of moving pictures is an art. Another equally successful man sneers at the men who say it is only a business. A plan is now being tried out to produce pictures under the personal direction of the authors. It may not prove practical. One never knows.

The first great spectacle produced was "The Birth of a Nation." No more indignant author, according to studio gossip, has ever been known than the Reverend Thomas Dixon when he saw what Director David Wark Griffith had done. He wrote to Mr. Griffith, instancing "thirteen reasons why you have ruined my story," and then went to California to forget. The play's success did not alter his conviction. So he wrote another picture story and produced it himself. It failed. Griffith was so sure that he and not the author was responsible for the success that he produced a film play written all by himself. It failed.

It is true that the names of authors and plays and books have an advertising value. Therefore producers are often weak enough to pay very large sums for the right to film such books and plays. The true way for an author to get these large sums is first to write his story. Then he should hire ten or fifteen very large elephants and deck them with banners bearing the name of the tale and parade them on Broadway. After a while there will be a frantic demand for the rights from some picture producer. But modest merit often fails to gain consideration.

"Charles Dickens is a grand writer," said a cultured stenographer to her boss, the head of a great film company.

"Tell him to come in," said the head. "I'll give him a contract."

The picture people of the United States use up 20,000 stories a year. Many of them are old ones revamped and twisted and turned and sponged and pressed, it is true. Nevertheless 20,000 stories of one and another sort are pictured annually. Old magazine yarns are handed over to tried scenario men and the

Biograph Film.

A movie fight, even between women, like this scene from "Carmen," must be the real thing.

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classics are scoured and the films done some years ago are refilmed. One would think that men in such desperate need for picturable material would be thoroughly posted on fiction values, but it often happens they are not.

An unintentional collision in mid-air during the filming of "The Grim Game."

"I can buy the rights to seven great stories from a bankrupt company for $2,000," a broker reported to a film magnate. "'Arizona' is one and 'Soldiers of Fortune' is another."

"Never heard of them," said the film man.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was refused by a man who has the name of being a most astute buyer. Scores of similar instances might be cited. Nevertheless prospects are improving for the writing profession. The program system, by which an exhibitor is forced to take several pictures he does not want in order to get the two or three he does want, seems to be going by the board. It is probably only a matter of time until the plan of competitive selling of pictures on merit, which was urged by W. W. Hodkinson on the old moving-picture trust years ago, will be employed by most distributors. That will inevitably force a bettering of standards.

It may likewise, in the opinion of many of the producers, evolve a new school of writers who will do their work directly for the screen without passing it through the intermediary processes of book or play. These men hold that the production of motion pictures is in fact a wholly new art, differing therein from the pessimists who insist upon its commercial aspects. The art of visualization, they say, in which the story is told without the aid of the voice, calls for entirely different treatment. Characters on the stage may explain away absurdities which would be ruinous to interest on the screen. Action — constant action — is the life of the filmed play. It is difficult, these men say, for the author who has always worked with words to substitute the unaccustomed tool of movement. Hence its submergence by a flood of scenario and continuity and technical men.

But enough of authors. Whatever pangs may have attended the birth of a story its interpretation lies in the hands of the director and the star. Usually the director is the chief interpreter. More than once the star has been compelled to ask the director, when the picture had been completed, what was it all about. Such a star goes on and off as ordered and makes certain movements by order and registers emotions obediently. There are stars of another sort, of course. Chaplin evolves the picture for himself, patiently replaying scene after scene. Miss Pickford works in close collaboration with her director. Incidentally, she insists on writing all her titles with her own hand. Fairbanks hires a director and then does precisely as he pleases. Tom Mix invents all the violent stunts with which he embellishes his art, because no director would have the heart to tell him to do them.

In the early days of the pictured drama the directors had for the most part been actors or stage managers. In presenting a picture they invariably saw it first as a play and sought to photograph its most striking moments. Later the producers realized that some other treatment was required. The stage manager is in effect a miniaturist and gets his effects by his treatment of detail. In the fast moving picture the director must handle his subject with the swashing strokes of a poster artist or fail.

It was about this time that David Wark Griffith came to New York. He had been a second-rate actor. It is doubtful if his salary ever touched fifty dollars a week. He had only a few dollars in his pocket, but among his assets he counted a scenario he had written for the pictures. It was not that he was particularly attracted by the new thing. He merely needed the

Submarine war films, like this featuring Henry Walthall, have given stars ample opportunity to risk their lives.

Movie lions are brought up on milk, but they might learn to eat meat.

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Being a movie mermaid may not be convincing to the passing mariner, but it must be a pleasant way to spend one's time during July and August.

money. A friend in the editorial office of a newspaper directed him around the corner:

"There is a bunch of movie men there," said he. "Maybe they will buy."

The Griffith scenario was refused, but Griffith got temporary employment as an extra man. He seems not to have made a striking success as an actor, but the taking of pictures interested him. He studied the work of the director closely. One day this personage fell ill and was about to send the company home, but Griffith begged permission to take his place.

"I can take the picture," said he. "I know how."

Permission was reluctantly accorded and he shot a picture. It was enough of a success to be released. He continued to work as an assistant director until one day opportunity came his way. Those who could supervise and hamper him were out of town. He made the picture as he wanted to make it, and not according to the conventional ideas. For the first time he made use of that commonplace of to-day, the "close-up," and tried the "switch-back" in telling the story.

"You've ruined the picture," groaned his principals. "No one will take it."

But the exhibitors liked it. It is through the exhibitor that the producer keeps in touch with his business. The exhibitors reported that the audiences highly approved of the close-ups in their post-picture chats in the lobbies. At that time the name "close-up" had not been invented. Requests began to come in for more pictures using the innovation:

"Send us some more where the characters float in without any arms or legs," one exhibitor asked.

Griffith is the fourth member of the Big Four now, being featured as a star along with Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks. Much of his success is due to his willingness to accept suggestions. Any man or woman on the lot who has a suggestion is sure of a hearing from the director. Meanwhile he hums odd little tunes to himself. Many of the younger directors have learned of this and as they work they likewise hum. They suspect it is the humming that has made Griffith great. Another reason why he is successful is his chauffeur, Griffith says. He is always interested in his driver's judgment. After "Intolerance," which was a failure, Griffith sent Tom to the studio to see "Broken Blossoms."

"What do you think of it, Tom?" he asked.

"Thank goodness," said Tom, "it hasn't got none of them old Romans in it."

Directors wear out soon. After a few years their pictures begin to show a school similarity. They work proved ideas over and over again. It is because of this that they force themselves to abandon the well-stuffed pay envelopes for long periods each year and go away in search of ideas. It is because of this, too, that they study every inch of the film with painful intensity. Although but five thousand feet can be used, a director [illegible] takes 100,000.

Photo by Brown Bros.

Deep sea nor thin air hold any terrors for the movie man, though in such a set as this he can scarcely look peaceful.

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In some inch of that apparently wasted tape he may find a suggestion worth being amplified. On that inch of celluloid may hang fortune.

Infinite care is used by the better directors in the making of pictures. Maurice Tourneur often takes a scene thirty times before he is satisfied. George Loame Tucker or Ralph Ince will spend days upon a minor bit. Music is used to help the actors feel their parts. In one of the spectacles an army is shown marching down a city street. That army could have marched in perfect time to the tap of a drum, but a magnificent orchestra was brought from hundreds of miles away and the men marched with the swing of soldiers. In some studios characteristic music is played for every scene. The music cues of the old Fourteenth Street melodramas are followed, so that the villain hisses to slow, bitter strains, and the fight on the edge of the precipice is done to shivery harmonies and the lovely heroine resists temptation amid an uplift of melody. William Farnum carries this almost to an excess in his filming. Mr. Farnum is often called upon to be violently heroic in his parts, and he has found that he can not be violently heroic unless he is buoyed up by four pieces of music.

So the four-pieces follow Mr. Farnum wearily about the studio, sitting on boxes and leaning against stage braces and playing, playing. When Mr. Farnum subsides into inactivity they desist. But their sad eyes are always turned on him and the moment he registers motion the violins and flutes erupt into action. So nearly automatic have they become that it is believed on the Coast that they play Mr. Farnum to his automobile at the end of each day's work. But that is probably an exaggeration.

Movie Nerve

THE true director stops barely short of murder in the pursuit of realism. It must be recalled that the film shows actual happenings, although those happenings may be tricked and disguised. Nevertheless, when a perfect lady jumps from a high window into a tree-top, one may depend upon it that the jump took place. It may be that the film does not show a group of husky canvasmen holding a canvas under the tree, but no matter. She jumped into the tree. Once the stars faked that sort of thing ruthlessly, but with the advance of knowledge among movie fans the faking is done less and less. The star who lacks nerve is apt to drop out of the star class.

In "Checkers" there is a scene in which a burning railroad car has been run through an open draw and is standing on one end in the water while the other rests against the railroad bridge. The star and her two associates had presumably been precipitated into the water and in order to reach safety had to swim under the burning car. The two men made the swim safely, although one of them was scorched about the face in the process. But the star lost her nerve. She hung to a pile and wept.

"Go on—you!" yelled the director.

Fancy his position. If she did not make the swim the scene was lost. Several thousand dollars had been expended to the wreck and it was not pleasant to contemplate spending the money all over again, with the possibility that the frightened star might balk again at the last moment. Every minute's delay threatened a further cost, too, for the bridge was beginning to smoke, and the original contract with the railroad had not included burning its bridge. Yet fancy *her* position! The water was very cold and the tide was running rapidly. She might easily be swept against the car and burned or caught under it and drowned.

"I can't," she wailed.

"Go on—you!" shrieked the director, dancing up and down on the bank. At the very last moment—just as the frantic director had threatened to row over to the pile and personally unloose her fingers—the girl let go and made the swim. The situation was saved. But the moment had been a tense one for all concerned.

Realism and Rough-house

"SO-AND-SO won't do. He is pulling his punches," said the general manager of a company in the projection room.

A big fight scene was on. The gallant star was defending himself against the assaults of half a dozen demons in human form who were evidently trying to kill him. Even a tyro could see that the fight was not in earnest. The star was endeavoring not to hurt the demons enough to anger them and the demons were earnestly trying to keep from injuring the star. The general manager ordered it done over. He said the audiences would hiss that sort of a fight.

"A fight," said he, "must be the real thing. We can fool the folks about a good many things, but not about fighting."

Studio gossip has it that this particular star is the only one who avoids the real realism in the rough-house affairs. Most of the stars rather enjoy it, for they are hearty, full-blooded humans, who must keep in perfect training to be fit for their work. They have the further consolation that movie ethics forbids the stage desperadoes from hitting a star where it will show. A black eye or a broken nose would certainly cost the management a great deal of money, for the star would probably remain on salary. The offender might be forbidden to take part in any further fights in that studio.

Motion-picture fights are not the short and brisk affairs shown on the screen, either. Sometimes they last for fifteen minutes and when the director orders action stopped the stage hands are compelled to pull the interested fighters apart. From the fifteen minutes' filming one minute of first-rate fighting is selected. On one occasion Madeline Traverse was enacting a part in which she was attacked by a ruffian. The fight was so animated that the men of the string orchestra which had been engaged to play desperate chords during its progress forgot their music and watched with all their eyes. It was real on Miss Traverse's part, too, for she was hurt and frightened and struggled desperately to win freedom. Her clothing was torn almost off and she was so badly bruised that it was days before she was able to work. Only a small part of the film taken during the fight was ever used but it was real enough to suit the most exacting.

Jim Savage was similarly trapped into a real fight. Savage is an ex-pugilist who had been engaged to do a fight scene for one of the companies. He is a big, powerful man, and it was suspected that he would rely upon his ring knowledge and try to avoid injuring his assailants. The director determined to force Savage to lose his temper and fight in earnest:

"We will rehearse the scene to-day," he said. "To-morrow we will shoot it."

Savage began with a grin. But when six men try their best to hit you wherever it will hurt, even the most even tempered man is apt to lose complete control. Before two minutes had passed Savage was fighting with all his might. At three minutes he had a black eye and a badly swollen lip. At four minutes he began to roar and throw furniture at the six. When the camera finally ceased clicking two of the six were completely "out" and another was on the floor unable to get up. It took all the strength of the stage hands to pull the now thoroughly angered men apart.

"So that was a rehearsal, was it?" asked Savage thickly. "When do we have the fight?"

"It is all over," said the director complacently.

The Star's the Thing

AFTER all, no matter how good the story may be, or how artistically or realistically it is produced, it fails if the cast lacks the one individual needed to "get it over." Look back at the pictures you have seen and convince yourself. You can not recall the pictures in which Charlie Chaplin has appeared. It is the recollection of the slew-footed little man that you cherish.

So inevitably we come back to the stars. The stars are the story, because people go to the motion-picture houses primarily to see stars. Not yet does the name of an author exercise dominion over the fans. Not all of them know the directors. But they know the stars. Yet it is difficult to define a star. The most one can say is that a star "films well." Other players may have more beauty and better brains and greater grace and finer ability to act and yet they are not and never will be stars. No occupation in the world has ever offered such extravagant rewards for personality as that of starring in the movies. The supply is never equal to the demand.

Naturally—almost invariably—they develop what the stage calls temperament. Put the case to yourself. If you had been a struggler all your life—and came into the boarding-house late at night to avoid the landlady—and habitually ironed your handkerchiefs on the window pane—and suddenly found yourself besieged by managers offering huge sums—and saw your portrait on every hoarding—would you not develop temperament, too?

To be fair to the stars, it is not precisely the money and not precisely the success that hothouses their temperaments. They are usually excellent business men and women. They bargain closely when drawing up contracts and watch the reports from the exhibitors with the interest that any business man would show in his business. If they were let alone they would be about as other people—a little finicky, perhaps, and inclined to be cranky on

(Continued on page 109)

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Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

XXV

MOST of these circumstances Linda Hallet quietly recalled sitting with her husband in the house that had been the Lowries'. A letter from Pleydon had taken her into the past of seven years ago; ordinarily her memory was indistinct; ordinarily she was fully occupied by the difficulties, or rather compromises, of the present. But in the tranquillity of the open glow of a Franklin stove and the withdrawn intentness of Arnaud reading, her mind had returned to the distressed period of her wedding.

Elouise Lowrie—Amelia was dead—sunk in a stupor of extreme old age, her bloodless hands folded in an irreproachable black surah-silk lap, sat beyond the stove; and Lowrie, Linda's eldest child, five and a half, together with his sister Vigné, had been long asleep above. Linda was privately relieved by this: her children presented enormous obligations. The boy, already at a model school, appalled her inadequate preparations by his flashes of perceptive intelligence; while she was frankly abashed at the delicate flushed perfection of her daughter.

The present letter was the third she had received from Dodge Pleydon through the years without seeing him. At first he had been enraged at the wrong—he had every reason to feel—she had done him. Then his anger had dissolved into a meager correspondence of outward and obvious facts. There was so much that she had been unable to explain. He had always been impatient, even contemptuous, of the emotion that made her surrender to him unthinkable. Linda realized now that it had been the strongest impulse of her life. And, of course, she had never accounted for the practically unbalanced enmity of her mother.

The latter had deepened to an incredible degree, so much so that Mr. Moses Feldt, though he had never taken an actual part in it—such bitterness was entirely outside his generous sentimentality—had become acutely uncomfortable in his own home, imploring Linda, with ready tears, to be kinder to her mama. Judith, too, had grown cutting, jealous, as her appearance showed the effect of her wasting emotions, of Linda's serenity of youth. Things quite extraordinary had happened: once her skin had been almost seriously affected by an irritation that immediately followed the trace of her powder-puff; and at several times she had had clumsily composed notes of a most disagreeable nature.

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the story opens, Linda is ten years old—a strange little girl, with deep-blue eyes and a straight black bang. Her mother is in complete contrast—coarse-fibered and a radiant blonde. The only home they know is a succession of hotels, where Mrs. Condon pursues pleasure, and Linda is left much alone. One night when her mother is out, she meets an extraordinary man, obviously ill, who talks to her of the worship and service of beauty, a strange new creed. There is an interim. Now she is fourteen, living in New York at the Hotel Gontram. One evening, while Mrs. Condon is at a party, Linda is waylaid by Mr. Moses Feldt, a rich Jew, who talks with her of his infatuation for her mother. She likes him in spite of his appearance. She tells her mother of this encounter, and is much shocked at her mother's regret that Linda is not quite old enough to marry him. Mrs. Condon then gives Linda her own cold, sophisticated philosophy of life, which makes a deep impression. The next day, Mrs. Condon, worried over her fading charms, decides to have her hair permanently waved, which results, through bungling, in the partial ruin of her one remaining real beauty. That night Mrs. Condon accepts Mr. Feldt's invitation to dinner for herself and Linda, with every intention of accepting him. Mrs. Condon marries Mr. Feldt, and Linda goes to live in the Feldts' huge and luxurious apartment. Mr. Feldt's two daughters, Judith and Pansy, are exotic young women of different types. Pansy, a blonde, soon becomes engaged and vanishes from the scene. Judith is dark, artistic and temperamental. It is she, when Linda is nearly sixteen, who takes her to a party at a friend's apartment. Here Linda meets Dodge Pleydon, the sculptor, who is much interested in her, and treats her not at all as if she were a child. He takes her home in his own private carriage, and upon leaving her gives her a kiss that she never forgets.

A year later, by accident, she encounters her father's sister—elderly and of a fine Philadelphia family. She visits her and meets Arnaud Hallet, a cousin, much older than herself. Pleydon comes back into her life desiring to marry her, but Linda, who has wanted this, is antagonized by his proposal. Suddenly she contemplates marrying Arnaud, who has followed her to New York.

She had wondered, calmly enough, which of the two bitter women was responsible, and decided that it was her mother. At this the situation at the Feldts', increasingly strained, had become an impossibility. Arnaud Hallet, after his first visit, had soon returned. There was no more mention of his money; but every time he saw her he asked her again, in his special manner—a formality flavored by a slight diffident humor—to marry him. Arnaud's proposals had alternated with Pleydon's utterly different demand.

Linda remembered agonized evenings when, in a return of his brutal manner of the unforgettable night in the Lowrie garden, he tried to force a recognition of his passion. It had left her cold, exhausted, and the victim of a mingled disappointment at her failure to respond, and a hatred of all essential existence. The occasion when, desperately, she had agreed to marry him had been particularly trying. The aversion of her mother at last appalled her; it had become really dangerous, and a headache weighed on her with a leaden pain. Dodge, too, had been unusually considerate; he talked about the future—tied up, he asserted, in her—of his work; and suddenly, at the signal of her rare tears, Linda had agreed to a wedding.

In the middle of the night she had wakened oppressed by a dread resulting in an uncontrollable chill. She thought first that her mother was bending a malignant face over her; and then knew that her state was caused by her promise to Dodge Pleydon. It had grown worse instead of vanishing—waves of nameless shrinking swept over her; and in the morning, further harrowed by the actualities of being, she sent a telegram to Arnaud Hallet—to Arnaud's kindness and affection, his detachment not unlike her own.

They had been married immediately; and through the ceremony and the succeeding days she had been almost entirely absorbed in a sensation of escape. At the death of Amelia Lowrie, soon after, Arnaud had suggested a temporary period in the house she remembered with pleasure; and, making small alterations with the months and years, they had tacitly agreed to remain there.

Linda often wondered, walking about the lower rooms, why it seemed so familiar to her—she would stand in the dining-room, with its ceiling of darkened beams, and gaze absent-minded through the long windows at the close-cut enclosed greenery without. The formal drawing-room at the right of the street entrance equally held her—a cool interior with slatted wooden blinds, a white mantelpiece with delicately reeded supports and a bas-relief of Minerva on the center panel, a polished brass scuttle for cannel-coal, and chairs with wide, severely fretted backs upholstered in old pale damask.

The house seemed familiar, but she would never grow accustomed to the undeniable facts of her husband, the children and her completely changed atmosphere. She admitted to herself that her principal feeling in connection with Lowrie and Vigné was embarrassment. Here she always condemned herself as an indifferent, perhaps unnatural, mother. She couldn't help it. In the same sense she must be an unsatisfactory wife. Linda was unable to shake off the conviction that it was like a play in which she had no more than the spectator's part.

This was her old disability, the result of her habit of sitting, as a child, apart from the concerns and stir of living. She made every possible effort to overcome it, to surrender to her new conditions; but, if nothing else, an instinctive shyness prevented. It went back further, even, she thought, than her own experience, and she recalled all she had heard and reconstructed of her father—a man shut in on himself, who had, one day, without a word, walked out of the door and left his wife never to return.

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These realizations, however, did little to clarify her vision; she was continually trying to adjust her being to circumstances that persistently remained a little distant and blurred.

In appearance, anyhow, Linda told herself with a measure of reassurance, she was practically unchanged. She still, with the support of Arnaud, disregarding current fashion, wore her hair in a straight bang across her brow and blue gaze. She was as slender as formerly, but more gracefully round, in spite of a faint characteristic stiffness, the result of her mental hesitation. Her clothes, too, had hardly varied—she wore, whenever possible, white lawns ruffled about the throat and hem, with broad, soft black sashes, while her more formal dresses were sheaths of dull unornamented satin extravagant in the perfection of their simplicity.

XXVI

ARNAUD HALLET stirred, closing sharply his book. He had changed—except for a palpable settling down of grayness—as little as Linda. For a while she had tried to bring about an improvement in his appearance, and he had met her expressed wish whenever he remembered it; but this was not often. In the morning a servant polished his shoes, brushed and ironed his suits; yet by evening, somehow, he managed to look as though he hadn't been attended to for days. She would have liked him to change for dinner; other men of his connection did, it was in his blood. Arnaud, however, in his slight scoffing disparagement, declined individually to annoy himself. He was, she learned, enormously absorbed in his historical studies and papers.

"Did you enjoy it?" she asked politely of his reading. "Extremely," he replied. "The impressions of America of Tyrone Power, the English actor, through eighteen thirty-three and four. His account of a European packet with its hand-bells and Saratoga water and breakfast of spitch-cock is inimitable. I'd like to have sat at Cato's then, with a julep or hail-storm, and watched the trotting races."

Elouise Lowrie rose unsteadily, confused with dozing; but almost immediately she gathered herself into a relentless propriety and a formal good night.

"What has been running through that mysterious mind of yours?"

"I had a letter from Dodge," she told him simply; "and I was thinking a little about the past." He exhibited the nice unstrained interest of his admirable personality. "Is he still in France?" he queried. "Pleydon should be a strong man; I am sure we are both conscious of a little disappointment in him." She said: "I'll read you his letter, it's on the table.

"You will see, my dear Linda, that I have not moved from the Rue de Penthièvre, although I have given up the place at Étretat, and I am not going to renew the lease here. Rodin insists, and I coming to agree with him, that I ought to be in America. But the serious attitude here toward art—how impossible that word has been made!—is charming. And you will be glad to know that I have had some success in the French good opinion. A marble, Cotton Mather, that I cut from the stone, has been bought for the Luxembourg.

"I can hear you both exclaim at the subject, but it is very representative of me now. I am tired of mythological naiads in a constant state of pursuit. Get Hallet to tell you something about Mather. What a somber flame! I have a part Puritan ancestry, as any Lowrie will inform you. Well, I shall be back in a few months, very serious, and a politician — a sculptor has to be that if he means to land any public monuments in America.

"I hope to see you."

The letter ended abruptly, with the signature, "Pleydon."

"Are you happy, Linda?" Arnaud Hallet asked unexpectedly after a short silence. She was, so abruptly interrogated, unable to respond. "What I mean is," he explained, "do you think you would have been happier married to him? I knew, certainly, that it was the closest possible thing between us." Now, however, she was able to satisfy him:

"I couldn't marry Dodge."

"Would it be possible to tell me why?"

"He hurt me very much once. I tried to marry him, I tried to forget it, but it was useless. I was dreadfully unhappy, in a great many ways——"

"So you sent for me," he put in as she paused reflectively. "I didn't hurt you, at any rate." It seemed to her that his tone was shadowed. "You have never hurt me, Arnaud," she assured him, conscious of the inadequacy of her words. "You've been everything I wanted."

"Except for my hats," he said in a brief flash of his saving humor. "It would be better for me, perhaps, if I could hurt you. That ability comes dangerously close to a constant of love. You mustn't think I am complaining. I haven't the slightest reason in the face of your devastating honesty. I didn't distress you and I had the necessary minimum—the fifty thousand." His manner was so even, so devoid of sting, that she could smile at the expression of her material ambitions. "I realize exactly your feeling for myself, but what puzzles me is your attitude toward the children."

"I don't understand it either, except," she admitted, "that I am quite afraid of

Linda often wondered why it seemed so familiar to her — she would stand and gaze absent-minded at the close-cut greenery without.

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them. They are so different from all my own childhood; often I don't understand them. Then I dread the time when they will discover how stupid and uneducated I am at bottom. I'm sure you ask questions already before them to amuse yourself at my doubt. What will I do, Arnaud, when they are really at school and bring home their books?"

"Retreat behind your dignity as a parent," he advised. "They are certain to display their knowledge and ask you to bound things or name the capital of Louisiana." She cried: "Oh, but I know that; it's New Orleans." She saw at once, from his entertained expression, that she was wrong again, and became conscious of a faint flush of annoyance. "It will be even worse," she continued, "when Vigné looks to me for advice; I mean when she is older and has lovers."

"She won't seriously; they never do. She'll tell you when it's all over. Lowrie will depend more on you. I may have my fun about the capital of Louisiana, Linda, but I have the greatest confidence in your wisdom. God knows what an unhappy experience your childhood was, but it has given you a superb worldly balance."

"I suppose you're saying that I am cold," she told him. "It must be true, because it is repeated by every one. Yet, at times, I used to be very different, at least inside of me—you'd never imagine what a romantic thrill or what strange ideas! Like a memory of a deep woods, and—and the loveliest adventure. Often I would hear music as clearly as possible, and it made me want I don't know what terrifically."

"An early experience," he replied. Suddenly she saw that he was tired, his face was lined and dejected. "You read too much," Linda declared. He said: "But only out of the printed book." She wondered vainly what he meant. As he stood before the glimmering coals, in the room saturated in repose, she wished that she might give him more; she wanted to spend herself in a riot of feeling on Arnaud and their children. What a detestable character she had. Her desire, her efforts, were wasted.

He went about putting up the windows and closing the outside shutters, a confirmed habit. Linda rose with her inevitable sense of separation, the feeling that she was only temporarily in a place of little importance bound on a journey with a hidden destination. It was like being always in her hat and jacket. Arnaud shook down the grate; then he gazed over the room; it was all, she was sure, as it had been a century ago, as it should be—all except herself.

XXVII

YET her marriage had realized in almost every particular what she had—so much younger—planned. The early suggestion, becoming, through constant reiteration, a part of her knowledge, had been followed and accomplished; and, as well, her later needs were served. Linda told herself that, in a world where a very great deal was muddled, she had been unusually fortunate.

And this made her angry at her pervading lack of interest in whatever she had secured.

Other women, she observed, obviously less fortunate than she, were volubly and warmly absorbed in any number of engagements and pleasures; she continually heard them, Arnaud's connections—the whole superior society—eternally and vigorously discussing servants and bridge and family, cotillions, indiscretions and charities. These seemed enough for them; they seemed filled, satisfied, extraordinarily busy.

Linda, for the most part, had but little to do. Her servants, managed with remote exactness, gave no trouble; she had an excellent woman for the children; her dress presented no new points of anxiety nor departure . . . she was, in short, Arnaud admitted, perfectly efficient. She disposed of such details mechanically, almost impatiently, and was contemptuous, not envious, of the women whose demands they contented.

At the dinners, the balls, to which Arnaud's sense of obligation both to family and her took them against his inclination, it was the same—every one, it appeared to Linda, was flushed with an intentness she could not share. Men, she found, some of them extremely pleasant, still made adroit and reassuring efforts for her favor; the air here, she discovered, was palpably more free than the bravado of her earlier surroundings. This love-making didn't disturb her—it was, ultimately, the men who were fretted—indeed, she had rather hoped that it would bring her the relief she lacked.

But again the observations and speculation of her mature childhood, what she had heard revealed in the most skilful feminine dissections, had cleared her understanding to a point that made the advances of hopeful men quite entertainingly obvious. Their method was appallingly similar and monotonous. She liked, rather than not, the younger ones, whose confidence that their passion was something new on earth at times refreshed her, but the navigated materialism of greater experience finally became distasteful. She discussed this, sharply, with Arnaud:

"You simply can't help believing that most women are complete idiots."

"You haven't said much more for men."

"The whole thing is too silly! Why is it, Arnaud? It ought to be impressive and sweep you off your feet, up——"

"Instead of merely behind some rented palms," he added. "But I must say, Linda, that you are not a very highly qualified judge of sentiment." He pronounced this equably, but she was conscious of the presence of a hurt in his voice. She was a little weary of being eternally condemned for what she couldn't help. Any failure was as much Arnaud Hallet's as hers; he had had his opportunity, all that he had implored her for. Her thoughts turned to Dodge Pleydon. April was well advanced, and he had written that he'd be back in the spring, and see them. Linda listened to her heart, but it was unhastened by a beat. She would be very glad to have him at hand, in her life again, of course.

Then the direction of her mind veered—what did he still think of her? Probably he had altogether recovered from his love for her. It had been a warm day, and Arnaud had opened a window; but now she was aware of a cold air on her shoulder and she asked him abruptly to lower the sash. Linda remembered, with a lingering sense of triumph, the Susanna Noda whom Dodge had left at a party for her. There had been a great many Susannas in his life, the reason for this was the absence of any overwhelming single influence. It might be that now—he had written of the change in the subjects of his work—such a guide had come into his course. She hoped she had.

Yet, in view of the announced silliness of women, she wished that he'd not be cheaply deluded.

He was an extremely human man.

While she, Linda, it seemed, was an inhuman woman. The days ran into weeks that added another month to spring; a June advanced sultry with heat, and suddenly as usual, a maid at the door of her room announced Pleydon. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, she had to dress, and she sent him a message that he mustn't expect her in a hurry. She paused in her deliberate preparations for a long thoughtful gaze into a mirror; there was not yet a shadow on her face, the trace of a line at her eyes. The sharp smooth turning and absolute whiteness of her bare shoulders were flawless.

At first it appeared to Linda that he had not changed. They were in the library opening into the dining-room, a space of green shade shut against the glare by the Venetian blinds, and faintly scented by a bowl of early tea-roses. He appeared the same—large and informally clad in gray flannels, with aggressive features and sensitive strong hands. He was quiet but plainly happy to be with her again and sat leaning forward on his knees, watching her intently as she chose a seat.

Then it slowly dawned on her that he had changed, yes—tragically. Pleydon, in every way, was years older His voice, less arbitrary, had new depths of questioning, his mouth was more repressed, his face notably sparer of flesh. He was immediately aware of the result of her scrutiny. "I have been working like a fool," he explained. "A breath of sickness, too, four years ago in Soochow. One of the damnable Asiatic fevers that a European is supposed to be immune from. You are a miracle, Linda. How long has it been—nearly eight years; you have two children and Arnaud Hallet; and yet you are the girl I met at Markue's. I wanted to see you different, just a little, a trace of something that should have happened to you. It hasn't. You're the most remarkable mother alive."

"If I am," she returned, "it is not as a success, or at least for me. Lowrie and Vigné are healthy, and happy enough; but I can't lose myself in them, Dodge; I can't lose myself at all."

He was quiet at this, with the smoke of a cigarette climbing bluely in a space with the aqueous stillness of a lake's depths. "The same," he went on after a long pause; "nothing has touched you. I ought to be relieved but, do you know, it frightens me. You are relentless. You have no right, at the same time, to be beautiful. I have seen a great many celebrated women at their best moments but you are lovelier than any. It isn't a simple affair of proportion and features—I wish I could hold it in a phrase, the turn of a chisel. I can't. It's deathless romance in a bang cut blackly across heavenly blue." He was silent again, and Linda glad that he still found her attractive. She discovered that the misery his presence once caused her

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had entirely vanished. Its place was taken by an eager interest in his affairs, a lightness of spirit at the realization that while his love for her might have grown calm, no other woman possessed it.

XXVIII

AT THE dinner-table she listened—cool and fresh, Arnaud complained, in spite of the heat—to the talk of the two men. At her side Elouise Lowrie occasionally repeated, in a voice like the faint jangle of an old thin piano, the facts of a family connection or commendation of the Dodges. Arnaud really knew a surprising lot, and his conversation with Pleydon was strung with terms completely unintelligible to her. It developed, finally, into an argument over the treatment of the acanthus motive in rococo ornament. France was summoned against Spain; the architectural degrading of Italy deplored. . . . It amazed her that any one could remember so much.

Linda had, without a conscious reason, suddenly stopped the investigation of her feeling for Pleydon. Even in the privacy of her thoughts an added obscurity kept her from the customary clear reasoning. After dinner, out in the close gloom of the garden, she watched the flicker of the cigarettes. There was thunder, so distant and vague that for a long while Linda thought she was deceived. She had a keen rushing sensation of the strangeness of her situation here—Linda Hallet. The night was like a dream from which she would stir, sigh, and find herself back again in the past, waiting for her mother to return from one of her late parties.

But it was Arnaud who moved, and, accompanying Elouise Lowrie, went into the house for his interminable reading. Pleydon's voice began in a low remembering tone:

"What a fantastic place the Feldt apartment was, with that smothered room where you said you would marry me. You must have got hold of Hallet in the devil of a hurry. I've often tried to understand what happened, why, all the time, you were upset—why, why, why?"

"In a way it was because a ridiculous hairdresser burned out some of my mother's front wave," she explained. "Of course," he replied derisively, "nothing could be plainer." She agreed calmly. "It was very plain. If you want me to try to tell you, don't interrupt. It isn't a happy memory, and I am only doing it because I was so rotten to you.

"Yes, I can see now that it was the hairdresser and a hundred other things exactly the same. My mother, all the women we knew, did nothing but lace and paint and frizzle for men. I used to think it was a game they played and wonder where the fun was. There were even hints about that and later they particularized, and it made me as sick as possible. The men, too, were odious; mostly fat and bald; and after a while, when they pinched or kissed me, I wanted to die.

"That was all I knew about love. I had never heard of any other—men away from their families for what they called a good time and women plotting and planning to give it to them or not give it to them. Then mother—after her looks were spoiled—married Mr. Moses Feldt and I met Judith, who only existed for men and men's rooms, and told me worse things, I'm sure, than mother ever dreamed; and, on top of that, I met you and you kissed me.

"But it was different from any other; it didn't shock me and it brought back a thrill I have always had. I wanted, then, to love you, and have you ask me to marry you, more than anything else in the world. I was sure, if you would only be patient, that I could change what had hurt me into a beautiful feeling. I couldn't tell you because I didn't understand myself." She stopped, and Pleydon repeated, bitterly and slow:

"Fat old bald men! I was one of them destroying your exquisite hope." She heard the creak of the basket chair as he leaned forward, his face masked in darkness. "Perhaps you think I haven't paid.

"You will never know what love is unless I can manage somehow to make you understand how much I love you. Hallet will have to endure your hearing it. This doesn't belong to him; it has not touched the earth. Every one, more or less, talks about love; but not one in a thousand, not one in a million, has such an experience. If they did, it would tear the world into shreds. It would tear them as it has me. I realize the other, the common thing—who experimented more! This has nothing to do with it. A boy lost in the idealism of his first worship has a faint reflection. Listen:

"I can always, with a wish, see you standing before me. You yourself—the folds of your sash, the sharp narrow print of your slippers on the pavement or the matting or the rug, the ruffles about your hands. I have the feeling of you near me with your breathing disturbing the delicacy of your breast. There is the odor and shimmer of your hair—your lips move—but without a sound.

"This vision is more real than reality, than an opera-house full of people, or the Place Vendôme; and it, you, is all I care for, all I think about, all I want. I find quiet places and stay there for hours with you; or if that isn't possible, I turn into a blind man, a dead man warm again at the bare thought of your face. Listen:

"I've been in shining heaven with you. I have been melted to nothing and made over again, in you, good. We have been walking together in a new world with rapture instead of air to breathe: A slow walk through dark trees—God knows why—like pines. And every time I thought of you it was exactly as though I could never die, as though you had burned all the corruption out of me and I was made of silver fire. And listen:

"Nothing else is of any importance now or afterward; you are now and afterward. I see people and people and hear words and words, and I forget them the moment they have gone, the second they are still. But I haven't lost an inflection of your voice. When I work in clay or stone I model and cut you into every surface and

The letter ended abruptly, with the signature, "Pleydon." "Are you happy, Linda?" Arnaud Hallet asked unexpectedly, after a short silence.

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fold. I see you looking back at me out of marble and bronze. And here, in this garden, you tried to give me more——"

The infinitely removed thunder was like the continued echo of his voice. There was a stirring of the leaves above her head; and the light that had shone against the house in Elouise Lowrie's window was suddenly extinguished. All that she felt was weariness and a confused dejection, the weight of an insuperable disappointment. She could say nothing. Words, even Pleydon's, seemed to her vain. The solid fact of Arnaud, of what Dodge, more than seven years before, had robbed her of, put everything else aside, crushed it.

She realized that she would never get from life what supremely repaid the suffering of other women, made up, for them, the failure of practically every vision. She was sorry for herself, yes, and for Dodge Pleydon. Yet he had his figures in metal and stone, his sense of the importance of his work had increased enormously; well, there were Lowrie and Vigné; it would be difficult, every one agreed, to find better or handsomer children. But they seemed no more than shadows or colored mist. This terrified her—what a hopelessly deficient woman she must be! But even in the profundity of her depression the old vibration of nameless joy reached her heart.

XXIX

IN THE morning there was a telegram from Judith Feldt, saying that her mother was dangerously sick, and she had lunch on the train for New York. The apartment seemed stuffy; there was a trace of dinginess, neglect, about the black velvet rugs and hangings. Her mother, she found, had pneumonia; there was practically no chance of her recovering. Linda sat for a short while by the elder's bed, intent upon a totally strange woman, darkly flushed and ravished in an agonizing difficulty of breathing. Linda had a remembered vision of her gold-haired and gay in airy chiffons; and suddenly life seemed shockingly brief. A serious-visaged clergyman entered the room as she left and she heard the rich soothing murmur of a confident phrase.

The Stella Condon who had become Mrs. Moses Feldt had had little time for the support of the church; although Linda recalled that she had uniformly spoken well of its offices. To condemn Christianity, she had asserted, was to invite bad luck. She treated this in exactly the way she regarded walking under ladders or spilling salt or putting on a stocking wrong. Linda, however, had disregarded these possibilities of disaster and, with them, religion.

A great many people, she noticed, talked at length about it; women in their best wraps and with expensive little prayer books had left the hotels for various Sunday morning services, and ministers came in later for tea. All this, she understood, was in preparation for heaven; where everybody, who was not in hell, was to be forever the same and yet radiantly different. It had seemed very vague and far away to Linda, and, since there were such a number of immediate problems for her to consider, she had easily ignored the future. When now, with her mother dying, it was thrust most uncomfortably before her.

She half remembered sentences, admonitions, of the godly—a woman had once told her that dancing and low gowns were hateful in the sight of God; some one else that playing-cards were an arm of the devil. Pleasure, she had gathered, was wicked; and instinctively put these opinions, together with so much else, aside as envious. That expressed her whole experience. She had never keenly associated the thought of death with herself before, and she was unutterably revolted by the impending destruction of her fine body, the delicate care of which formed her main preoccupation in life. Age was supremely distasteful, but this other . . . she shuddered.

Linda wanted desperately to preserve the whiteness of her skin, the flexible black distinction of her hair, yes—her beauty. Here, again, with other women, the vicarious immortality of children would be sufficient. But not for her. She was in the room that had been hers before marriage, with her infinite preparations for the night at an end; and, her hair loose across the blanched severity of her attire, her bare arms like immaculate ivory, she clasped her cold hands in stabbing apprehension.

She would do anything, anything, to escape that repulsive fatality to her lavished care. It was only to be accomplished by being good; and goodness was in the charge of the minister. She saw clearly and at once her difficulty—how could she go to a solemn man in a clerical vest and admit that she was solely concerned by the loss of her beauty? The promised splendor of heaven, in itself, failed to move her—it threatened to be monotonous; and she was honest in her recognition that charity, the ugliness of poverty, repelled her. Linda was certain that she could never change in these particulars; she could only pretend.

A surprising multiplication of such pretense occurred to her, and in people regarded as impressively religious. She had seen men like that—she vaguely thought of the name Jasper—going off with her mother in cabs to dinners that must have been "godless." She wondered if this mere attitude, the public show, was enough. An instinctive response told her that it was not. If all she had been informed about the future was true, she decided that her mother's chance was no worse than that of any false display of virtue. She, Linda, could do nothing.

The funeral ceremony with its set form—so inappropriate to her mother's qualities—was even more remote from Linda's sympathies than common in her encounters. But Mr. Moses Feldt's grief seemed to her actual and affecting. He invested every one with the purity of his own spirit. She left New York at the first possible moment with the feeling that she was definitely older. The realization, she discovered, happened in that way—ordinarily giving the flight of time no consideration, it was brought back to her at intervals of varying length. As she aged they would grow shorter.

The result of this experience was that she felt an added sense of failure; she tried more than ever to overcome her indifference, get a greater happiness from her surroundings and activity. Linda cultivated an attention to Lowrie and Vigné. They responded charmingly, but her shyness with them persisted in the face of her inalienable right to their full possession. She insisted, too, on going about vigorously in spite of Arnaud's humorous groans and protests. She forced herself to talk more to the men attracted to her, and assumed, with disconcerting ease, an air of sympathetic interest. But, unfortunately this brought on her a rapid increase of the love-making that so fatigued her.

She studied her husband thoughtfully through the evenings at home, before the Franklin stove, or—in summer—in the green garden. Absolutely nothing was wrong with him. He had, after several deaths, inherited even more money; and, in his deprecating manner where it was concerned, devoted it to her wishes. Except for books, and the clothes she was forced to remind him to get, he had no personal expenses. In addition to the money, he never offended her; his relationships and manner were conducted with an inborn nice formality that preserved her highest self-opinion.

Yet she was never able to escape from the limitations of a calm admiration; she couldn't lose herself, disregard herself in a flood of generous emotion. When, desperately, she tried, he, too, was perceptibly ill at ease. Usually he was undisturbed, but once, when she stood beside him with her coffee-cup at dinner, he disastrously lost his equanimity. Tensely putting the cup away he caught her with straining hands.

"Oh, Linda," he cried, "is it true that you love me! Do you really belong to us—to Vigné and Lowrie and me? I can't stand it if you won't . . . some day."

She backed away, into the opening of a window, against the night, from the justice of his desire; and she was cold, with self-detestation, as her fingers touched the glass. Linda tried to speak, to lie; but, miserably still, she was unable to deceive him. The animation, the fervor of his longing, swiftly died away. His arms dropped to his side. An unbearable constraint deepened with the silence in the room, and later he lightly said:

"You mustn't trifle with my ancient heart, Linda; folly and age——"

XXX

THE only other quantity in her life was Dodge Pleydon. He wrote her again, perhaps three months after the explanation of his love; but his letter was devoted wholly to his work, and so technical that she had to ask Arnaud to interpret it. He added:

"That is the mind of an impressive man. He has developed enormously—curious, so late in life. Pleydon must be fully as old as myself. It's clear that he has dropped his women. I saw a photograph of the Cotton Mather reproduced in a weekly, and it was as gaunt as a Puritan Sunday. Brimmed with power. Why don't we see him oftener? Write and say I'd like to contradict him again about the Eastlake period."

He made no further reference to Pleydon then, and Linda failed to write as Arnaud suggested. Though she wasn't disturbed at the possibility of a continuation of his admissions of love, she was weary again at the thought of their uselessness. Linda was, she told herself, damned by practicability. Her husband used the familiar

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term of reproach, material. She didn't in the least want to be. Circumstance, she had a feeling, had forced it upon her.

Arnaud, however, met Dodge Pleydon in Philadelphia and brought him home. Linda, with a strange constriction of the heart, saw that Pleydon's hair was definitely gray. He had had a recurrence of the fever contracted in Soochow. The men at once entered on another discussion where she was unable to follow; but it was clear that her husband now listened with an increasing surrender of opinion to the sculptor. Pleydon, it was true, was correspondingly more impatient at minds which disagreed with his. He was at once thinner and bigger, his face deeply lined; but his eyes had a steady vital intensity hard to encounter.

She considered him in detail as the talk left dinner, the glasses and candles spent. He drank from a tall tumbler with a single piece of ice the special whisky Arnaud kept. No more. He had been neglecting himself, too—there were traces of clay about his finger-nails, and he ate hurriedly and insufficiently. When she had an opportunity, Linda decided, she would speak to him about these necessary trifles. Then, she had no chance; and it was not until the following winter, at a Thursday afternoon concert during the yearly exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts, that she could gently complain.

It was gloomy, with a promise of snow, outside; and the great space of the stairway to the galleries was filled with shadow and the strains of "Armide" echoing from the orchestra playing at the railing above the entrance. Pleydon, together with a great many others, had spread an overcoat on the masonry of the steps, and they were seated in the obscurity of the balustrade.

"You look as though you hadn't had enough to eat," she observed. "You used to be almost thick, but now you are a thing of terrifying grimness. You resemble a monk. I wonder why you're like a monk, Dodge?"

"Linda Condon," he replied.

"That can't be it now; I haven't been Linda Condon for years, but Mrs. Arnaud Hallet. It's very pretty, of course, and I'd like to think you could keep a young love alive so long. Experience makes me doubt anything of the sort. But then I was always skeptical."

"You have never been any one else," he asserted positively. "You were born Linda Condon and you'll die that, except for some extraordinary accident. I can't imagine what it would be—a miracle like quaker-ladies in the antarctic."

"It sounds uncomplimentary, and I'm sick of being compared with polar places. What are quaker-ladies?"

It was the head of a very old woman, infinitely worn, starved by want and spent in brutal labor. "Well?" he demanded, interrogating her in the interest of his work.

"Fragile little flowers in the spring meadows."

"I'd rather listen to the music than you."

"That is why loving you is so eternal, why it doesn't fluctuate like a human emotion. You can't exhaust it and rest before a new tide sweeps back; the timeless ecstasy of a worship of God—breeding madness."

She failed to understand, and turned a troubled gaze to his bitter repression. "I don't like to make you unhappy, Dodge," she said in a low tone. "What can I do? I am a horrid disappointment to all of you, but most to myself. I can't go over it again."

"Beauty has nothing to do with happiness," he declared harshly. He rose, without consulting her wishes, and, Linda following, proceeded above, irresistibly drawn to the bronze he was showing in the rotunda.

It was the head and part of the shoul-

(Continued on page 84)

ders of a very old woman, infinitely worn, starved by want and spent in brutal labor. There was a thin wisp of hair pinned in a meager knot on her skull, her bones were mercilessly indicated, barely covered with drumlike skin: her mouth was stamped with timid humility; while her eyes peered weakly from their sunken depths. "Well?" he demanded, interrogating her in the interest of his work.

"I—I suppose it's perfectly done," she replied, at a loss for a satisfactory appreciation. "It's true, certainly. But isn't it more unpleasant than necessary?" Pleydon smiled patiently. "Beauty," he said, with his mobile gesture. "Pity, Katharsis—the wringing out of all dross."

The helpless feeling of her overwhelming ignorance returned. She was like a woman held beyond the closed door of treasure. "Come over here." He unceremoniously led her to the casting of a ruffled grouse, fai hful in every diversified feather. Linda thought it admirable, really amazing; but he dismissed it with a passionate energy. "The dull figuriste!" he exclaimed. "Daguerre! Once I could have done that, yes, and been entertained by its adroitness and insolence—before you made me. Do you suppose I was able then to understand the sheer tragic fortitude of a scrubwoman to live! The head you thought unpleasant—haven't you seen her going home in the March slush of a city? Did you notice the gaps in her shoes, the ragged shawl about a body twisted with forty, fifty, sixty years of wet stone floors and steps? Did you wonder what she had for supper?"

"No, Dodge, I didn't. They always make me wretched."

"Well, to realize all that, to feel the degradation of her nature; to lie, sick with exhaustion, on the broken slats of her bed, under a ravelled-out travesty of a quilt, and get up morning after morning in an iron winter dark—to experience that in your spirit and put it into durable metal, hard stone—is to hold beauty in your hands."

Her interest in his speech was mingled with the knowledge that, in order to dress comfortably for dinner, she must leave immediately. Pleydon helped her into the Hallet open landaulet. Linda demanded quantities of air. He was, he told

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High Company

Soldier Hospital Sketches

By Harry Lee, of the American Red Cross

The author of "High Company" has for a long period served our boys (of whom his son is one) in hospitals over there and here. In their simplicity and beauty his words give us the very heart of the hospital soldiers.—THE EDITORS.

Deferred Payment

From beyond the closed door
Come the light, tripping notes
Of swift-picked strings;
In answer to your tapping
An eager voice calls:
"Come——"

Masood sits upright
In a gaily blanketed chair,
Trim,
His khaki blouse buttoned and hooked.
It is ten months since he has walked,
But—a soldier must be soldierly.
"Welcome, friend!"
As his dark, strong hand is thrust forward
To clasp your own,
You will note a faint jangling,
For about the wrist,
On a thong,
Hang a tiny key,
A medal,
And the numbered disk,
Called in soldier parlance
"The dog-tag."
In the pocket over the heart
Is another medal,
With a star and a cross,
But he will not mention that.
"Once I go out in the morning,
Like the young lion,
Go all day—
Swim in the river,
Row the boat,
What you call—wrestle,
Never make tired."

"Once I go out in the morning
Like the young lion."

"The good soldier make the fight,
He keep the smile, so—I smile."

Before you notice all about
The mute evidences of the struggle
To bear the burden blithely,
The red geraniums,
The flag,
The open book,
The scattered papers,
The half-finished silken bag,
The mandolin,
Even before you sense
The brown Syrian comeliness,
Of starry eyes,
And laughing mouth,
You will be dazzled
by the vision
Of glorified helpless-
ness.
You will be as one
brought suddenly
From the curtained
dulness of indoors
Into the blazing
splendor
Of Oriental day.
You ask him to sing
the Camel-Rider
song,
"You want?"—in
swift, radiant
consent.

"Sure, if you can stand—I sing."
Down goes the dark head,
The mandolin answers the supple fingers:
"Camel—lo! Camel—lo!"
He drones in the passionate monotone
Of the Syrian music.
His faithful chair is the camel's back,
The gray floor of his room,
The desert—
He lurches and sways,
His eyes dreamy, half-closed.

Suddenly he pauses to explain:
"The camel-rider sit on high places,
Bags of coffee both sides,
White silk wind around head,
Dress all in white,
Coming down Lebanon Mountain.
If I walk again,
If not—well,
But if I walk again,
I go once more there,
Sit under the green tent on the roof,
Look down over the town,
Talk to my mother—

"My mother—
When I try to speak about,
I am ashame,
I must say—God.
So thin my mother,
So small,
Eyes so shine.
Always think about the neighbor-woman,
Does she need flour,
Does she need cheese?
Then go and take.
When child born,
Carry water from the well
To that house.

"The kind heart best,
The no-fear heart,
Like Captain Archie Roosevelt,
My Captain.
No fear he have,
Just love for the man,
Love for the liberty,
He come to see me
In hospital in Paris,
Make me take money.
The money go,
The good words stay.

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"I say to myself one day,
When pain too bad:
'It is better I be sleeping
With my brothers
Under the little crosses
Over there—'
And I think,
If I walk,
I wear always long beard,
And go where very sorrow is,
I say to myself:
'What use?'

"Then I remember
Night in the trenches,
Shells fall all around,
Friends drop all side,
Shell burst—bury me in mud
and snow.
Can't move long time,
Then crawl to stable—just walls.
I say to God:
'You make me, you take me,
If my time now—all right.'
I make the fight,
The good soldier make the fight,
He keep the smile,
So—I smile,
I——"

Out in the hospital grounds,
The squad is standing at attention,
The bugle sounds "retreat."
Slowly the flag is descending.
Masood's shoulders straighten,
His lips are firm,
He salutes.

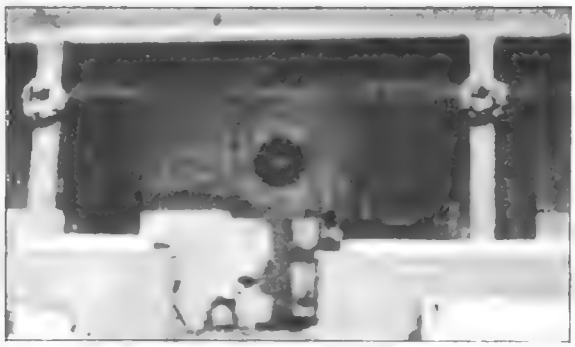
The Good Brown Earth

The hospital grounds are radiant,
Though April has cast but the faintest green
Over the shrubbery
And only a few days ago
The borders were brown and barren.
The dark pines keep perpetual watch
About the towering white pole
Of the flag,
Which lives with the winds,
Far above the highest tower.
The grass is putting on brighter emerald.
All along the drives and walks,
That wind like gray canals
Through the level stretch of the lawns,
Tulips blaze.
Tulips by the myriad,
Golden tulips splashed with crimson,
Like chalices overflowing with wine,
Each lifted cup a symbol
Of some young soldier-life.

Tulips—tulips.
And in and out among them
The old gardener, Van Tassel,
In earthy blue overalls and blouse,
Always ready to bare his bald head,
In his stiff Old World way,
And to stand at exaggerated attention
At the passing of an officer
Or a nurse.

No one of all the lads,
Who gaze from high windows
Down at the miniature Holland,
Or limp by with—
"Gee, some swell sight!"
"How did it get that way?"
"Rainbow Division—eh?"
Or bursting into song—
"When you wore a tulip,
A bright yellow tulip"—
For song comes easily in Spring,
No one of all the lads
Knows whence this riot of glory came.

Van Tassel, the gardener, knows,
But would not tell.
He has often told his good wife,
And will tell her many a time again
Of an evening
Between puffs of his pipe.
How the stern C. O.
Had called even him, Van Tassel,



The little porch,
Whose door opens to the sitting-room—

Into his inner room,
And read a letter to him
With anything but a stern voice,
And sent him to the great house
With the drawn blinds,
In answer to the written words.

"She was sitting by the fire,
The old sweet mother?"
Van Tassel's wife would ask
For the hundredth time,
Pouring him another cup of black coffee,
"—Sitting before the fire,
And dressed in black—you said?
And over the mantel
A painting of a young man
In regimentals,
A young man with blue eyes
And much bright hair,
And on his breast, in silver,
Spread wings——"

The old gardener,
Cheered by the friendly warmth
Of his homely kitchen,
The hot cup,
The pipe,
The good wife's words,
Would rub a rough hand over his shiny
crown
And say:
"She called him 'My flying boy.'
'He will not come home again.
Here is the place they—'
It was a bare hillside—just brown earth,
And a cross.

"'He loved the earth,' she said,
'And flowers.
Every spring we used to tramp together
Through the woods.

"'Is the arbutus blooming—do you know?
I have not gone this year.
I thought about his hill,
It is so bare,
So bare and brown, and oh, so far away.

"'All boys love Spring and flowers.
May I send flowers to the hospital?
Tulips now,
And pansies—by and by?
The other boys will see.

"'My life is like his hill.
But thoughts of him—you know,
And it is spring.'"

All the town goes by the hospital
To see the tulips bloom,
Bright gold and crimson,
In the April weather.

Lights Out!

Tattoo is sounding:
Ra-ta-too—ra-ta-too!
Silver-clear through the night
The bugle calls.
Then faint and far off the echo,
Like a memory:
Ra-ta-too—ra-ta-too!

You start at the sound,
Your thoughts had taken far wings,
And here you are again,
On the long glassed porch,
In the bed with the overhead frame
And the weights
That straighten twisted limbs.
The other beds are empty,
All but Kelling's,
But Kelling is asleep,
Kelling always seems to—sleep.
The other fellows have gone,
On wheels or sticks,
To the movies in the mess-hall.

You, too, have been absent,
In thought,
Ever since the row of round yellow lights
Burst suddenly forth
Out of the darkness,
Like so many port-holes
Along the black hull of the night.
You were living over old days,
Old places,
Old faces all about you.

The farm far off in Ohio,
The road from the village,
So very steep,
The grassy brick path
Winding under the pines
To the little porch,
Whose door opens to the sitting-room,
You could peer through the window,
And see them all there.

Mother and sister knitting,
Father reading the county paper.
Little brother,
With many protrusions of the tongue
At the crosses and curlicues and dots,
And frequent wettings of the pencil's
Ill-sharpened point,
Writing to Big Brother,
Big Sojer Brother,
With the gold stripes on each arm,
And the limp.
How fine to walk down the street
With Big Brother,
With all the kids wishing
He was their big brother.

And there will be a certain
Soft, red-covered couch in the corner,
Where you used to lie with old Tige.
Old Tige,

Old Tige, who waits all day and every day for his master's return.

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Who waits all day and every day,
So mother wrote,
For his master's return,
Watching down that steep road,
Where he saw you go that May-day,
You had to scold him back,
Poor Tige.

How brave mother was that day!
She smiled,
While you kept gulping down that lump,
Which would rise in your throat.
She smiled,
But her face was very white.
Has she aged, you wonder,
Is her hair any grayer—now?

Father kept telling over and over
That old Lincoln joke of his:
About the little man in the big overcoat,
And Lincoln chuckling to himself:
"A small nubbin for such a big shuck!"
"Great man, Lincoln,
Great man!"
How father rambled on about Lincoln
That day,
And little sister,
How she kissed you,
And promised to write,
And said she was going to know
More than "chop-sticks" on the piano
When you came back.

They will be thinking of you to-night,
In the old house in Ohio,
They will be—
Then clear and sudden
From the darkness,
Tattoo—
And the yellow lamps out there,
And the wind blowing,
And the rows of white beds about you.

Kelling has roused too,
Leaning on his elbow and muttering
(Kelling, who never got overseas):
"Another visitor asked me to-day,
'In what engagement were you wounded,
Poor boy?'
I told her,
'In the battle of Camp Upton.'"

(It is Kelling's sensitive point,
They are always asking him that.)

"And when they find I wasn't over,
I see their faces change.
I couldn't help it,
I wanted to go.
Eight months in hospitals
Is no cinch!"

Graham comes hopping in now,
And Conway with the bandaged arm.
Graham is unhooking Conway's blouse.
"Stand still, you," he growls;
"You're more throuble to me
Than the day you was born."
Then there is the endless length
Of leggings to unwind.
You wonder what the muffled laughter is,
Going on in the row behind you,
That heavy weight will not let you turn.

The nurse comes,
Bringing a wine-glass of yellow bitterness.
You have little faith in it,
But much in her.
You would take it
If it killed you, you think.

Shuffling feet,
The screech of a wheel,
Tap of canes,
Much half-whispered talk.
The movies must be over.
Now you know the cause of the laughter
In the row back of you.

Marzyk, who is to be repaid
For numberless practical jokes,
Has found instead of smooth white sheets
A bumpy rack of a bunk.
All the contents of the bags
Which hang at the head of his bed
And Jacques' bed
(Marzyk and Jacques, those confederates)
Have been jumbled,
Hit or miss, between the two.
There are knots to untie.
The mock anger of the victims
Is met with first a "bark" from some one
Down at the end of the line,
Then comes a prolonged "Meow!"
"Quack-quack!"
"Cockle doodle doo!"

The night nurse comes hurriedly
With expostulating hands.
The O. D., hearing the barnyard revel
From his office,
Appears.
He sees three rows of beds,
All occupied with quiet heavy-breathing youths.
Among the Bringers of Peace
Peace reigns.

You chuckle to yourself.
The moon now rivals the yellow lights.
Before you, shimmering in the moonlight,
The goldfish
Go solemnly circling their glassy world.
The looms by the windows,
So busy all the day,
Look ghostly and deserted,
As though work had stopped forever.
Your hale comrades lie

"Sure, I'll be back—before long."

In the poignant abandon of sleep.
Pain seems to have truce.

One of them murmurs:
"It's seven kilometers, I tell you—
You go through woods—
It's on a hill—
He's buried on a—"
Then there is silence.
Your thoughts go back again
To that old house in Ohio.
The sitting-room will be dark now,
The clock will be ticking away unheard,
They will all be asleep:
Father,
Sister,
Little Brother,
Mother—
Will she be—sleeping?

The Roll of Honor

Mrs. O'Toole was waving the yellow paper
From her fourth floor window,
Beckoning with it frantically,
As Molly Dugan came down Forty-sixth,
At the noon-hour,
From the box factory.

"He's not dead—at all, at all!"
Molly heard as she plunged into the hall,
Up the rickety steps,
Flight after musty flight,
Into Mother O'Toole's presence,
Who by this was swaying back and forth,
On the green upholstered rocker,
Among the cluttered treasure
Of her parlor,
Facing the enlarged picture
Of the boy himself;
Rocking to and fro,
Her telegram twisted in hands,
Red and crinkled from everlasting suds:
"The Saints be praised,
'Tis aloive he is—!
And masses said—and all!"

Now sixty-odd lads went forth
From this especial corner
Of little old New York,
This supposedly unregenerate Nazareth,
From which no good thing can come.
Sixty-odd lads who marched away singing:
"Over there, over there,
Send the wor-rd, send the wor-rd over there,
That the Yanks are comin',
The Yanks are comin',
And we won't come back till it's over,
O-ver-r there——"

And after the months,
When the black-bordered Roll of Honor
Appeared in the papers,
"Hell's Kitchen" had its quota—and more.
So Molly Dugan, breathless from the climb,
Wondered which, and might have known
'Twould be Bill Keefe,
Mothered by Mrs. O'Toole
Since the death of his own mother.
"Oh, the grand b'y he was!
Oi moind well the day o' his first Communion,
He had a little blue suit that—
Yes, Mollie dearie, here's the paper
From the hospital in Jarsey
Wheriver that be—
'Arrived safe—feelin' foine.'
O-ho—God be praised!"

Molly asked her forelady at the box factory
For a day off to visit Bill Keefe—
Asked and got permission.
The forelady, by the way,
Wore a gold star.
"I'm livin' alone now, Molly," she said,
"Took a room in Forty-eighth,
Gave up the flat.
Too much work—just for yourself,
Getting old—you see.
Give Bill my love.
He and my Tom were pals,
You mind—how they were?"

So the next morning early
Molly was up and away for the ferry,
At West Twenty-third,
All in her poor little finery,
High heels,
Droopy, slim, velvet clothes,
Long clattering necklace of beads,
Tiny red cap, coquettishly tipped,
Black hair bulging over little ears,
Just a bit of powder on the nose,
A touch of rouge high on the cheeks,
You get so white, workin' inside;
And the gray eyes
That made one forget all else of Molly,
So ready to laugh or cry,
So eager to love,
So sure to know love's pain.

It was all so new to her,
On a week-day, too,
To be sailing away,
Like the swells,
Leaving New York behind.

She stood at the prow of the boat,
In the wind that was making free with the river,
And the sun that was glinting

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On the shifting edges of a million little waves.
Past docks and factories,
Where thousands of other girls were working;

Past the towers of down-town,
Mysterious,
Forbidding,
But "grand, oh, so very grand;"
Into the dim Jersey station,
Out through the smoky yards,
Into a place of little houses;
Through Bayonne,
With water stretching both sides,
As though one were skimming over the surface,
Into a land of wide fields,
And trees,
And sky,
All flashing by—like a movie,
With the ringing of bells,
Blast of whistles,
Then—

A clean still village among green woods,
And somewhere, not far off,
Old Bill Keefe—
"Safe and feelin' foine!"
The hospital orderly led her
Along the corridor, past many wards,
Opened a door and left her
In a dim, high room.

Beyond its half-drawn blind,
Through the open window,
She saw a sunny porch,
Glassed,
Lined with beds.
Some one played a mouth-organ
Out there,
And two bed-ridden youths
Carried on a sham duel
With canes.
In the instant she sensed it all,
And then she saw the gaunt deep-shadowed face,
The closed eyes,
The listless, big-veined hands
Across the breast;
The sheet-covered arch,
Like the top of a gipsy wagon,
Over the legs,

Could this be—Bill?

Old Roustabout, freckled, red-head Bill Keefe,
The "Rusty" of the old days.
Loud-voiced,
Swaggering,
Pitcher for St. Columba's team,
Claimed to be the handiest man with the mits
On the West Side.
Driver of the toppling yellow truck,
Cussin' folks out of his way,
Honk-honking down the tangled streets.
Idol of all the kids on the block,
And the old women,
And the young ones, too, for that.

Could this be Bill—
Come wandering back—like a ghost
To them all?

Sudden pain distorted his face.
He awoke, raised his head,
Saw her standing there;
"Well—for Gawd's sake!"
He cried.
And the voice was his voice.

Noyd, the Swedish boy,
Thinking something had gone wrong,
Popped his head under the blind,
And seeing things anything but wrong,
Disappeared again
More swiftly than he had come.

Past the towers of down-town
Mysterious, forbidding,
But "grand, oh, so very, very grand."

"For the love o' Mike, Moll,
How long was youse standin' there?
Why didn't yez belt me one?
How's all the bunch?
Mom—how's she?
And Pete Kennedy's kid—little Kate?
She was a swell kid—growed, I bet.
And is many o' the old crowd back?
Tom Callahan—y' know his old lady,
Forelady at the box factory yet—ain't she?
He got his same night I got mine,
Never heard since we was at the dressin' station.
No—so he cashed in?
He was a good scout—Tom!
God rest him——"

"Tom's name was on the Honor Roll.
We found it the same evenin'
We found yours—Bill."

"Me—on the Honor Roll?
Me——?
Not all Jerry's 'flyin' pigs'
And 'whiz-bangs,'
Could down this Irishman.
All that worries me is the nurse."
(Said for the benefit of a smiling woman,
In spotless white,
Who had just paused at the door,
To see that all was well.)
"The nurse pesters me day and night
To keep me feet covered.
What's the use o' havin' feet,
If yez can't stick them out
At the foot o' the bed?
I'd oughta had me two hands shot up
Instead——
Reach us the butts, Molly,
That's a good girl—a match,
Foine."

The blue clouds began to rise,
Incense to the familiar gods.

"And how is the little old town?
Is the subway finished—
And what are they diggin' up now?
Do yez iver see me old yellow thruck?
Gad, wouldn't I like to be scorchin'
Acrost Brooklyn Bridge,
Wid the board-floor rattlin' undher me.
Sure, I'll be back—before long.

D'ye moind old man Regan?
Ye couldn't' a' told,
To see him walk,
That his off leg was a bit o' a tree.
They do great things
Nowadays——

"What—ye must go on the three-forty-five?
We've hardly had toime
To blow the foam off.
I'll be lookin' for the both of yez
Soon—
Mother O'Toole, and yourself."

She looked so like the little Irish Rose,
That indeed she was,
All ready to flutter away in the wind,
Taking summer with her,
That a something—very Irish too—
Surged up in the brave heart
Of Private William Keefe
Of the Twenty-seventh,
And made him catch the slim hands
Of Molly Dugan,
In his great ones, and hold them fast.
"I'll not be contint
'Till me name is on the Honor Roll,"
He sighed.

"What talk ye have?"

"The name of William Joseph Keefe,
Wid Mary Dugan,
Framed and hangin' on the wall.
'Tis two people only can get it there,
Father Dooley—and
Yerself.
Won't ye be usin' yer influence
For a poor, crippled soldier-b'y?"

"Ye bold man," laughs Molly,
Trying to loose the hands,
And glad to fail.
"Ye'll be makin' me miss me thrain."

"But will yez—Moll?"

"Faith, 'tis no promise I'll be makin'."
Noyd, the Swedish boy,
Popped his friendly head under the blind again,
And retired more precipitately
Than before.

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WONDERS *of the* WAR

"Flying Pigs," "Pills" and "Poison"

By
John H. Van Deventer
Editor "American Machinist"

PERHAPS *you* were the one who suggested to Uncle Sam the promising idea of gassing the Boche's aircraft. The thought was to embarrass the flying Hun by sending up a salvo of poison-gas shells which would form a deadly cloud in his vicinity.

If you did not suggest this idea, at least some one did, and I am going to tell you what became of the suggestion. It was referred to a body of men whose activities form one of the most interesting stories of American science applied to war and of whose accomplishments little has been written. These engineers, into whose province came the unique and the bizarre in war's offensive machinery, studied this invention carefully, weighed it in the balance and found it wanting. It was a clever idea to poison the air around the flying Fokkers, but it was not practical. The quick diffusion of the gas in air, the rapid flight of the passing plane, the prevalence of winds and other factors, would have required the expenditure of innumerable gas-shells to create an effective poison cloud. Also, gas-masks on aviators would have successfully met this sort of attack, whereas there was no chance of counteracting a well-placed high explosive from an "Archie."

The engineers who investigated the matter were housed in the old Patent Office in Washington, for this was before the building of the great temporary structures which afterward housed our technical experts. They belonged to what was called the "Trench-Warfare Section of Ordnance." I do not know of any other branch or section of the American War Department that was charged with such remarkably varied technical responsibilities as was that section at that time. For in their hands lay not only the development of the wide variety of grenades and trench mortars, which one naturally associates with trench warfare, but also the arming of our aircraft with explosive bombs and the release mechanisms for carrying and dropping them; the development of the entire field of pyrotechnics: signal rockets, flares, position lights, signal lights and smoke torches, and the technical development of chemical warfare and the creation of our poison-gas producing plants. Later on these responsibilities were divided, the Aircraft Armament Section of the Ordnance Department taking over the bomb-dropping and allied activities, and the Chemical Warfare Service taking over the poison gas. But this was not until the Trench-Warfare Section had completed the pioneer technical work.

These men, headed by Col. E. J. W. Ragsdale, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduate and a rover of the seven seas and six continents, had scant precedent to guide them except such bits of information as could be gathered from the French and English.

One could trace in the row of grenade models in a certain glass-encased cabinet in the old Patent Office the successive steps that tediously led to our hand-grenade as we know it. Possibly, and quite naturally, you may think of the hand-grenade as something like a Bolshevist's bomb, made of almost anything that is handy and that will go off and do damage. You would be disabused had you followed the task of perfecting this apparently simple weapon. You would have found it necessary to notch the metal casing in certain peculiar ways, so that it would break properly upon exploding, or in technical language, "fragment" into the proper number of pieces, each of which would have sufficient weight, size and velocity to carry out its mission if it encountered a Hun.

You would have had to devise safety mechanisms secure enough to give absolute protection and yet simple enough to be in keeping with the simple act of throwing a baseball. You would have been surprised to learn that the ordinary primer, which set off the powder train and produced an explosion five seconds after the grenade was thrown, was too noisy, making it necessary to develop a silent primer so that the enemy at night would not be notified by the "pop" that a grenade was coming his way. You would have been surprised to find that there was a delicate problem in choosing the proper metal for a grenade body so that the range of its flying particles would include as many Germans as possible and yet exclnde the thrower. And you would have been surprised to see the carefulness of engineering thought put into such little matters as the standardization of the ignition mechanisms of grenades, so that one of these little self-contained igniters from an offensive grenade could be slipped at will into a gas, smoke or an incendiary grenade.

"Flying Pigs"

AS WITH pills, so, too, was it with flying pigs. Trench mortars were unknown before the present war. Even the little three-inch Stokes which, propelled by a twelve-gage shot-gun cartridge, carried toward the enemy its two pounds of TNT, tumbled in its flight, so that a special detonating fuse was necessary that would explode the shell whether it landed on its side or on either end. Engineering ability surrounded this fuse with all thinkable precautions in order to protect our trench-mortar crews, but, because one precaution had been overlooked, two men were killed at Aberdeen on the day that for the first time Secretary of War Baker saw trench mortars fired.

These men of the Trench-Warfare Section worked out the myriad engineering details which made the American way of handling posion gas the safest in the world, even though our gas was the most deadly. They devised an automatic process so that the filling of the deadly shells was done in a tunnel through which trucks carried them, and where they were filled and closed without the touch of human hands. The empty shells entered one end of the filling building of the great Edgewood gas-plant, going in on cars and then placed on conveyors, passed through the chilling rooms which reduced their temperature.

The Death Tunnel

THEN they were placed by hand on trucks, each truck holding six shells clamped in place, nose up. And then came the journey of the trucks through the poison-gas tunnel, a veritable tunnel of horror, one breath of the atmosphere of which would sign your death-warrant. At the proper point, each mechanically propelled truck came to rest automatically below two rows of filling spouts projecting through the roof of the tunnel and so placed as to come directly over the noses of the shells. Next, as if by magic, trucks and shells rose vertically toward these spouts, bringing the shell noses into contact with valves that caused the chilled poison in its liquid form to enter each shell in predetermined quantity, just as a measured cup of coffee is drawn from the nickel-in-the-slot spout of the "Automat."

Automatically the truck was lowered to the track and passed forward to the capping machine, where cams, reaching from the tunnel sides, inserted with their mechanical hands the shell-closing adapters, while other mechanical hands lowered wrenches and screwed them home. Finally, truck and shells entered a hot-air bath from where, after any of the deadly liquid that had spilled had been evaporated, they emerged from lonesome quarantine and, ready for boxing and shipping, came once more into the company of human beings.

Colonel Ragsdale had several hundred men at work on these varied problems. I once asked him how he succeeded in getting anything done with such a vast assemblage of new people and so many new problems to solve. He said that it was done by giving each man a little part of one problem and keeping him continually at work upon it. And of course each man was the best who could be gotten for that job. Thus the designing of the war pyrotechnics was under the control of a man who had been thirty years in charge of making fireworks and whose mind instinctively dwelt upon rockets, signal lights and flares.

The work of the Trench-Warfare Section of Ordnance has taught us at least two lessons. One is, that since the most deadly poisons known to man can be handled with safety there is no excuse in industry for allowing lesser poisons to harm our workers. The other lesson is, that specialization and "keeping at it" will solve any new problem. Let's put these men to work at the job of reducing the cost of living!

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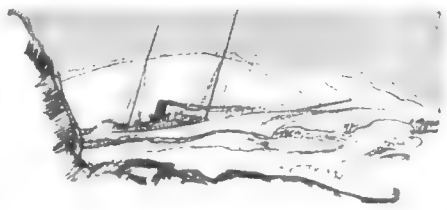
The Magic Carpet

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

THE new maps are out, with boundaries edged along here and there. New green and yellow splotches are new free nations.

Never have maps been so important. Yet they are not so exciting as the old, very old, ones. When the world was small, and beyond the fringes of civilization stretched vast and unexplored expanses, geographers were puzzled. They did not want to leave great blank spaces, so they peopled them with elephants and beasts stranger than any in zoos. And now and then they put in one-legged men or fantastic monsters.



"When the World Shook."

Perhaps these naive maps stimulated medieval travelers. Men will go far and dare all perils to see incredible wonders. They read in Sir John Mandeville of people with flat faces, of men whose eyes were in their shoulders and of winged beasts so strong that they could bear away two yoked oxen. These marvels were no stranger than the pictures on maps, so not many doubted them.

Our passion for accuracy sacrifices much of the fascination that maps might otherwise have. But even modern maps conjure up amazing mind-pictures. Robert Louis Stevenson leaned over an atlas for hours at a time, adventuring among primitive people or wandering in dead cities that had once been world-famous.

Of course one must know about these remote places to get much fun out of an atlas. If you pore over a map of the Pacific and find Easter Island, the name strikes you as odd. And the location, hundreds of miles farther off from anything else than lonely St. Helena! And yet if you know about Easter Island, you are more thrilled. For on this little island once lived men who built enormous stone platforms with stone statues on them weighing tons. They lived in stone houses, some of them a hundred feet long, fitted together without cement. Nobody knows who they were, what their tools were, how they got to Easter Island, or what happened to them.

Sir Rider Haggard's latest hero, *Humphrey Arbuthnot*, in company with a credulous clergyman and an atheistic surgeon, was on his way to visit Easter Island when a cyclone shipwrecked the three men on Orofena. It looked like any other bit of land in the Pacific. The natives lived lazily upon breadfruit; the women did not worry about Paris fashions—girdles of flowers were raiment enough. The clergyman was shocked, not so much by the scantiness as because the women were not at all ashamed.

But you remember that Rider Haggard wrote "When the World Shook" (Longmans, Green) and you know he would not land a hero on an ordinary island. Nor did he. You do a little exploring and land upon a mountain that rises from a lake. Here parallel grooves run into a cave and you come upon ruined airplanes, sunk deep in the dust of ages. And beyond you find the *Lord Oro* and his daughter, *Yva*, who had been taking a two hundred and fifty thousand years' nap. After they wake up, and you hear their story, you gradually find out that our civilization doesn't amount to much, after all.

Oro and his people had hewed out a vast underground city, mysteriously lighted and much more impressive than were Babylon and Nineveh. They lived underground because of the barbarians who filled the skies. Even the barbarians knew how to fly. So *Oro* had deflected the Eternal Traveler, the colossal gyroscope that determined the balance of the earth, drowned the abodes of the wicked and raised new continents. Then he went to sleep for two hundred and fifty thousand years to give things a little time to improve.

Two hundred and fifty thousand years is a ripe old age, especially for one's bride. Think of the possibilities. Some one at dinner might mention the fall of the Roman Empire. Imagine a man's feelings if his wife said meditatively, "Why, I hadn't had my two hundred and forty-nine thousandth birthday then!" And yet not only *Arbuthnot*, but the clergyman and the surgeon fell in love with *Yva* and never seemed a bit worried by her age.

"When the World Shook" reminds one of "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" in spots—the first entrance into the cave, the first sight of the hidden city, the amazing escalator and elevator, and the Eternal Traveler that spins endlessly in the bowels of the earth. After *Oro* is awakened, however, Sir Rider doesn't know just what to do with him. And dragging in the war was a curious blunder. But the Haggard of old is as fantastic, impossible and gripping as ever.

Asia, even more than Africa and the island-dotted Pacific, might still be marked with the monsters of the medieval geographers. One of the least-known tracts is that is the neck of land that stretches southward from Siam, looking on the map like a lobster's claw. It is the Malay Peninsula and in Sir Hugh Clifford's "The Further Side of Silence" (Doubleday, Page), the reader finds out more about the savagery of nature and of man than he can from any dozen books of travel. It is a collection of short stories, all of them true tales, one of the few books of this century about strange lands that it is a misfortune not to know.

The peninsula is one enormous jungle, so dense and so dangerous that even the natives dare not venture far from the rivers that flow through it. Millions of insects buzz below the rank growth that shuts out the sun. Monkeys jabber in the trees. Elephants, bison and rhinoceroses trample the forest trails. Innumerable small beasts slink into hiding when they hear the snarling moan of the tiger. Most pitiable of forest-dwellers are the Sakai, primitive people driven to the streams by great beasts and snakes and insects, and driven back to the jungle by slave-raiding Malays.

It is this world of savagery that is made real in "The Further Side of Silence." It takes you with *Kulop Sumbing* on his lone raid through the Sakai country; with the hunted Sakai caught between a prowling tiger and the slave-hunters; with the Malay *Kria* on his journey up the Telom to his mad infatuation for *Pi-Noi*, the jungle girl who could not be content in a house; with *Pandak Aris* to the salt-lick where strange beasts sniffed about him through a night that seemed eternity. There are unforgettable pictures, too, of the horrors of a Malay prison, of swift and tragic passions of man for maid, of intrigues at a Malay court, of love and war, of faithlessness and high devotion. You can not read it and again be unmoved by even so prosaic a thing as a modern map of Asia.

"The Further Side of Silence."

China always intrigues the imagination. "Civilization" (Doran), by Ellen La Motte, gives you its color, its atmosphere. The author has it in for civilization. She sees China helpless in the greedy clutch of exploiting foreigners, blighted by conscienceless Europe. She makes you see

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how hard it is on the white men who go out there with the best intentions, how their integrity and their energy are inevitably sapped by sloth and caste standards and stupidity.

One of the most unusual books of the year transports you to the other side of Asia. This is Myriam Harry's "The Little Daughter of Jerusalem" (Dutton), translated from the French by Phœbe Allen. To the average American, Jerusalem is a very unreal city. It mixes up past and present so completely that you never quite know whether it is 1919 or just 19. A Bedouin out of the desert, an ungainly camel, a shepherd from the hills, a patriarchal elder in flowing robes, pilgrims in their picturesque rags—they all seem to be living in the morning of civilization. Yet plenty of other things remind you that centuries have rolled by.

"The Little Daughter of Jerusalem."

In practically every book about Jerusalem, the author sees the city as you do, with European or American eyes. But "The Little Daughter of Jerusalem" is the extraordinary exception. It makes you see the city set upon a hill that *Siona Benedictus* saw as she grew through and out of childhood. To *Siona* the Europe of her Russian father and her German mother seemed incredible, as incredible as Jerusalem is to you or me. Chimneys, pine-trees weighted with snow, cows knee-deep in a meadow spangled with forget-me-nots—these were like fairyland to *Siona*. What her eyes actually beheld were sheiks with their faces half hidden by black veils, caravans of mules and camels, beggars and pilgrims and priests.

She was a wise child with a sharp sense of humor. Little *Siona's* early dreams of love were colored by her visionary father's longing for a nomad life under the desert stars, and by her sentimental mother's yearning for German festivals. A Bedouin chief from the other side of the Jordan told her that some time she must marry him and live in his tent. He sent her an ostrich as a lover's gift and daily she looked upon the fantastic bird and dreamed of days and nights in the open. But the chief was killed before *Siona* had to answer him, and then she wove romances about a little playmate, an English boy, and wondered whether she could be happy behind hedgerows.

It is one of the books that is worth reading for more than one reason—for its insight into the mind of a child, for the story itself, or for the series of vivid pictures that it gives of an exotic life translated into every-day existence.

On this side of the world, South America has more of the charm of the unknown than our own continent. But the average book about South America is usually tedious. It is written by a man or woman who coasts along the continent and dresses for dinner each night. Buenos Aires, Rio and Santiago have been so often described that they are beginning to pall, unless you manufacture things that you want to sell. If you go back a few months, you find a very different South America in two books that are better than all the conventional ones lumped together. The curious thing about them is that they are not at all alike. One leaves you quite content with reading about South America; the other makes you want to run down there and see it. Yet both give you true pictures.

"Vagabonding Down the Andes" (Century), by Harry A. Franck, is a stirring tale of an heroic trek down Volcano Avenue and Jungle Trail, over highways trodden by Incas and peons. Bogota, Lima, Quito and Cuzco were some of his stopping-places. So, too, were innumerable miserable little hamlets shuddering in the Andes winds or sheltering in the Bolivian jungle.

It is not a pretty picture of mankind. The author trudged along the continent's backbone and lived intimately with the common people, whom he found incredibly dirty and ignorant, with hardly a flicker of ambition. Yet his book is both interesting and entertaining, a real story of adventure along a high-flung trail, where nature compensated for man's failure. If you want to get away from the conventional travel-book places conventionally described, Mr. Franck is about the best living guide.

"Far Away and Long Ago" (Dutton), by W. H. Hudson, is just as true a picture of the continent, but it is pleasanter. It is concerned with a different scene—the wide-stretching pampas of the Argentine; but this does not wholly account for the difference. Mr. Hudson sees things romantically and reflectively; Mr. Franck realistically and with a sharper journalistic sense. And Mr. Hudson writes of things remembered from his boyhood, when wonder crowded hard upon wonder.

"It was a fascinating boyhood, a little wild animal running about on its hind legs, amazingly interested in the world in which it found itself." It begins with a journey in June, midwinter on the pampas, over a green plain as flat as the sea in calm, with here and there little tufts of trees rising out of grass like islands. The boy lived in a huge low house with a real forest behind it. Along the highway strayed strange passers-by, picturesque natives, most of them poor and ragged, some traveling with the splendor of medieval barons. Some of these grandees he knew well. There was Don Gregorio Gandara, a grotesque round man, who bred thousands of horses, all of them piebalds, who lived in the saddle, mounted always on a fantastically colored horse, with his eyes roving over the broad plains. There was Don Anastacio Bunevadia, a dandy of the pampas, poor but always exquisitely dressed in a land of happy carelessness in attire. And there was Don Evaristo Penalva, a beloved millionaire patriarch, respected by all his neighbors, who did not think it any of their business that Don Evaristo lived contentedly with six wives.

More interesting even than the men and women of the plains were the birds. The boy liked to watch flamingoes and falcons much more than he liked to play games with his brothers. He loved trees and flowers, too, and all that was beautiful in nature—color, fragrance, sounds. This sense of mystery in nature, the thing that the scientists call animism, lingered in the child's mind as he drew into manhood. It gives a romantic quality to this fascinating tale of life under southern stars.

North America is so well known, so thoroughly tamed, that only here and there are tracts that send the imagination roving. One is that narrow strip of gray coast that is marked Labrador. It has had many laureates, for there is a pulling lure about the north, with its long summer days and its cold grimness. "Labrador Days" (Houghton, Mifflin), by Wilfred T. Grenfell, pictures it vividly, from the moment when ice breaks in the bay on the first page, to the burial of *Uncle Rube* in the sea on the last. It is a book of eleven short stories of men and women living daily heroisms, humble fisherfolk eking out just enough, or often not quite enough, to tide them over the long winter.

Always in Labrador is a struggle between man and the sea, the sea that yields a livelihood and in a moment may snatch away a life, the sea that ebbs and flows gently one day past rocky headlands and next roars as it crashes in white waves against them.

"Labrador Days."

There is a gray beauty about Labrador that you feel in these stories, an austerity that breeds strong and simple men and women. They are a patient, sturdy folk, an odd contrast to the Malays of Sir Hugh Clifford's pages. In the tropics comfort is easily won and blood is hot. Violent and faithless loves and hatreds fill the days of men and women. Doctor Grenfell's rogues are thieves, but not philanderers. His lovers are loyal comrades. Wives share their husbands' perils when they can. It is because the author knows them so well that he makes their daily lives so appealing.

So maps come alive if you read the right books. Kafiristan is only a mass of curving lines unless you know Kipling's "The Man Who Would be King." Irregular blocks of color with black dots and letters are not what they seem. One is a matted jungle; another a green plain; another an ice-choked coast. The flat surface of yellows and browns and blues dissolves and, on high hills and in remote valleys, in meadows and thronging cities, one views the great comedy and tragedy of human life.

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A MAN *for the* AGES

(*Continued from page 44*)

Traylors, and while Ann was playing with the baby she seemed to have forgotten her troubles. They stayed to supper, after which the whole family walked to the tavern with them, Joe and Betsy drawing the baby in their "bumble wagon" which Samson had made for them.

That evening Mrs. Peter Lukins called on Abe at Sam Hill's store, where he sat alone before the fire, reading, with two candles burning on the end of a dry-goods box at his elbow.

There was an anxious look in her one eye as she accepted his invitation to sit down in the firelight.

"I wanted to see you private, about Peter," she began. "He don't never have much to say, Peter don't, but he does a power o' thinkin'. His brain kin bore a hole into most any subject you kin bring up."

PETER LUKINS was a slim, sober-faced, quiet little man with a long nose, who worked in the carding-mill. He never spoke save when he was spoken to, and then with a solemn look, as if the matter in hand, however slight, were one of the eternal verities. In his cups he was speechless, and in a way, dumb with merriment. He answered no questions, he expressed no opinions, he told no stories. He only smiled and broke into roars of laughter—even if there were no one to share his joy—as if convinced of the hopeless absurdity of life. Some one had told of following him from Springfield to New Salem, and of hearing him laugh all the way. Many had noted another peculiarity in the man. He seemed always to have a week's growth of beard on his face.

"Is there anything that I can do for your husband?" Abe asked.

"I've been hopin' an' wishin' for some kind of a title for Peter," Mrs. Lukins said. "Something with a good sound to it. You said that anything you could do for the New Salem folks you was goin' to do, an' I thought you could fix it."

Abe smiled and asked: "What title had you in mind?"

"I'd love the title of colonel," she answered, with her eye on a knot-hole in the counter. "If—if it don't 'pear to be owdacious."

"That's a title for a fighting man," said Abe.

"An' that man has fit for his life ever since he was born," said Mrs. Lukins. "He's fit the measles an' the smallpox an' the fever an' aig, an' ol' Hard Luck an' a verycus vein an' conquered 'em."

"I reckon he deserves the title," Abe remarked.

"I ain't sayin' but what there is purtier men," she said reflectively, as she stuck her finger into the knot-hole and felt its edges. "I ain't sayin' but what there is smarter men, but I do say that the title o' 'Old Hoss' which the Smart Ellicks calls him ain't hardly fit to be heard in company."

"A little whitewash wouldn't hurt it any," said Abe. "I'd gladly give him my title of captain if I could unhitch it someway."

"I'd like colonel better," she insisted.

"Better even than judge?"

"Wal, judge has a good sound to it, but I'm sot on colonel. If you kin give that title to a horse, which Samson Traylor has done, I don't see why a man shouldn't be treated just as well."

"I'll see what can be done about it," said Abe, and the good woman left him.

That evening he wrote a playful commission as colonel for Peter Lukins, which was signed in due time by all his friends and neighbors and presented to Peter by a committee of which Abe was chairman.

Coleman Smoot, a man of some means who had a farm on the road to Springfield, was in the village that evening. Abe showed him the commission and asked him to sign it.

"I'll sign it on one condition," said Smoot.

"What is that?" asked Abe.

"That you'll give me a commission."

"A man like you can't expect too much. Would you care to be a general?"

"I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for that. What I want is to be your friend."

"You are that now, aren't you?" Abe asked.

"Yes; but I haven't earned my commission. You haven't given me a chance yet. What can I do to help you along?"

Abe was much impressed by these kindly words.

"My friends do not often ask what they can do for me," he said. "I suppose they haven't thought of it. I'll think it over and let you know."

Three days later he walked out to Coleman Smoot's after supper. As they sat together by the fireside Abe said: "I've been thinking of your friendly questions. It's dangerous to talk that way to a man like me. The fact is, I need two hundred dollars to pay pressing debts and to give me something in my pocket when I go to Vandalia. If you can not lend it to me, I shall think none the less of you."

"I can and will," said Smoot. "I've been watching you for a long time. A man who tries as hard as you do to get along, deserves to be helped. I believe in you. I'll go to Springfield and get the money and bring it to you within a week or so."

Abe Lincoln had many friends who would have done the like for him if they could, and he knew it.

"Every one has faith in you," said Smoot. "We expect much of you and we ought to be willing to do what we can to help."

"Your faith will be my strength—if I have any," said Abe.

On his way home that night he thought of what Jack Kelso had said of democracy and friendship.

ON THE twenty-second of November a letter came to Ann from Bim Kelso, who announced that she was going to New Orleans for the winter with her husband. Thereupon Abe gave up the idea of going to St. Louis, and six days later took the stage for the capital at Rutledge's door, where all the inhabitants of the village had assembled to bid him good-by. Ann Rutledge, with a flash of her old playfulness, kissed him when he got into the stage. Abe's long arm was waving in the air as he looked back at his cheering friends, while the stage rumbled down the road toward the great task of his life, upon which he was presently to begin work in the little village of Vandalia.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Wherein the Route of the Underground Railroad is Surveyed and Samson and Harry spend a Night in the Home of Henry Brimstead and Hear Surprising Revelations, Confidentially Disclosed, and are Charmed by the Personality of his Daughter Annabel.

EARLY in the autumn of that year, the Reverend Elijah Lovejoy of Alton had spent a night with the Traylors on his way to the north. Sitting by the fireside, he had told many a heartrending tale of the cruelties of slavery.

"I would not have you think that all slave-holders are wicked and heartless," he said. "They are like other men the world over. Some are kind and indulgent. If all men were like them, slavery could be tolerated. But they are not. Some men are brutal in the North as well as in the South. If not made so by nature, they are made so by drink. To give them the power of life and death over human beings, which they seem to have in parts of the South, is a crime against God and civilization. Our country can not live and prosper with such a serpent in its bosom. No good man should rest until the serpent is slain."

"I agree with you," said Samson.

"I knew that you would," said the minister. "We have already had some help from you, but we need more. I take it as a duty which God has laid upon me to help every fugitive that comes to my door. Thousands of New Englanders have come into Illinois in the last year. They will help the good work of mercy and grace. If you hear three taps upon your window after dark or the hoot of an owl in your dooryard, you will know what it means. Fix some place on your farm where these poor people, who are seeking the freedom which God wills for all His children, may find rest and security until they have strength to go on."

Within a week after the visit of Mr. Lovejoy, Samson and Harry built a hollow haystack about half-way from the house to the barn. The stack had a comfortable room inside of it, about eight feet by seven, and some six feet in height. Its entrance was an opening near the bottom of the stack well screened by the pendent hay. But no fugitive came to occupy it that winter.

Early in March, Abe wrote a letter to Samson in which he said:

I have not been doing much. I have been getting the hang of things. There are so many able men here that I feel like being modest for a while. It's good practise, if it is a little hard on me. Here are such men as Theodore Ford, William D. Ewing, Stephen T. Logan, Jesse K. Dubois and Governor Duncan. You can not wonder that I feel like lying low until I can see my way a little more clearly. I have met here a young man from your state of the name of Stephen A. Douglas. He is twenty-one years old and about the least man I ever saw to look at, but he is bright and very

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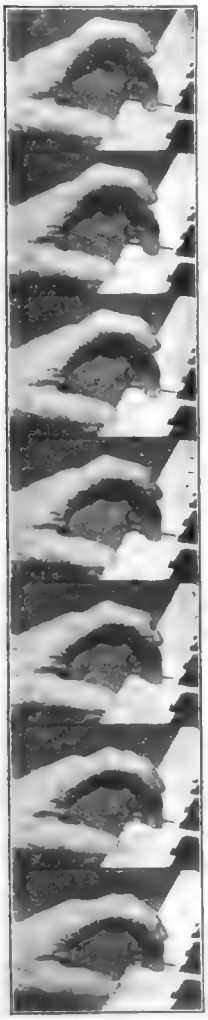

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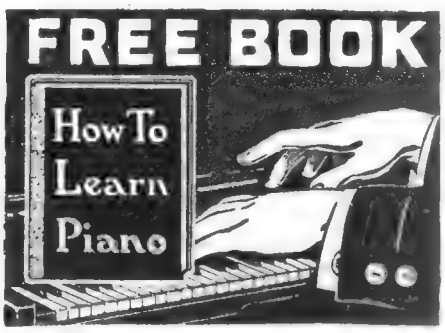

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ambitious. He has taught school and studied law and been admitted to the bar and is bristling up to John J. Hardin in a contest for the office of state's attorney. Some pumpkin, for a boy of twenty-one, I reckon. No chance for internal improvements this session. Money is plenty, and next year I think we can begin harping on that string. More than ever, I am convinced that it is no time for anti-slavery agitation, much as we may feel inclined to it. There's too much fire under the pot now.

Soon after the new year of 1835, Samson and Harry moved the Kelsos to Tazewell County. Mr. Kelso had received an appointment as Land Agent and was to be stationed at the little settlement of Hopedale near the home of John Peasley.

"I hate to be taking you so far away," said Samson.

"Hush, man," said Kelso. "It's a thing to be thought about only in the still o' the night."

"We shall be lonesome."

"Aye, but what is that?

"It's the way the wind blows,
It's the way the tide flows."

LATE in the afternoon they left the Kelsos and their effects at a small frame house in the little village of Hopedale. The men had no sooner begun to unload than the inhabitants came to welcome the newcomers and help them in the work of getting settled. When the goods were deposited in the dooryard, Samson and Harry drove to John Peasley's farm. Mr. Peasley recognized the big, broad-shouldered Vermonter at the first look.

"Do I remember you?" he said. "Well, I guess I do. So does my barn door. Let me take hold of that right hand of yours again. Yes, sir. It's the same old iron hand. Mary Ann!" he called, as his wife came out of the door. "Here's the big man from Vergennes who tossed the purty slaver."

"I see it is," she answered. "Ain't ye comin' in?"

"We've been moving a man to Hopedale and shall have to spend the night somewhere in this neighborhood," said Samson. "Our horses are played out."

"If you try to pass this place, I'll have ye took up," said Peasley. "There's plenty o' food in the house an' stable."

"Look here—that's downright selfish," said his wife. "If we tried to keep you here, Harry Brimstead would never forgive us. He talks about you morning, noon and night. Any one would think that you was the Samson that slew the Philistines."

"How is Henry?" Samson asked.

"He married my sister and they're about as happy as they can be outside o' heaven," she went on. "They've got one of the best farms in Tazewell County and they're going to be rich. They've built 'em a splendid house with a big spare room in it. Henry would have a spare room, because he said that maybe the Traylors would be comin' here to visit 'em some time."

"Yes sir, I didn't think o' that," said Peasley. "Henry and hi wife would holler if we didn't take ye over there. It's only a quarter of a mile. I'll show ye the way and we'll all come over this evening and have a talkin'-bee."

Samson was pleased and astonished by the look of Brimstead and his family and the account of his success. The man from the sand-flats had built a square, two-story house with a stairway, three rooms above it and two below. He was cleanly shaved, save for a black mustache, and neatly dressed, and his face glowed with health and high spirits. A handsome brown-eyed miss of seventeen came galloping up the road on her pony and stopped near them.

"Annabel, do you remember this man?" Brimstead asked.

The girl looked at Samson. "He is the man who helped us out of Flea Valley," said she.

Brimstead leaned close to the ear of Samson and said in a low tone: "Say, everything knew how to jump there. I had a garden that could hop over the fence and back again. Sometimes it was there and sometimes it was off on a vacation. I jumped as soon as I got the chance."

"We called it 'No Santa Claus Land,'" said Samson. "Do you remember how the little girl clung to the wagon?"

"That was me," said a small miss of ten who ran out of the door into the arms of the big man and kissed him.

"Would you mind if I kissed you?" Annabel asked.

"I would be sorry if you didn't," said Samson. "Here's my boy, Harry Needles. You wouldn't dare kiss him, I guess."

"I would be sorry, too, if you didn't," Harry laughed as he took her hand.

"You'll have to stay sorry," said Annabel. "I never saw you before."

"Better late than never," Samson assured her. "You don't often see a better fellow."

The girl laughed and blushed with a subtle look of agreement in her eyes. Then came up from the barn the ragged little lad of No Santa Claus Land—now a sturdy, bright-eyed, handsome boy of twelve.

The horses were put out and all went to supper.

"I have always felt sorry for any kind of a slave," said Samson as they sat down. "When I saw you on the sand-plains you were in bondage."

"Say, I'll tell ye," said Brimstead, as he came nearer, determined at last to make a clean breast of it, "I didn't own that farm. It owned me. I got a sandy intellect. Couldn't get anything out of it but disappointment. My farm was mortgaged to the bank and I was mortgaged to the children. I couldn't even die."

SAMSON wrote in his diary that night: "When Brimstead brings his sense of humor into play, he acts as if he were telling a secret. When he says anything that makes me laugh, he's terribly confidential. Seems so he was kind of ashamed of it. He never laughs himself unless he does it inside. His voice always drops, too, when he talks business."

"The man that's a fool and don't know it is a good deal worse off," said Samson.

"Say, I'll tell ye, he's worse off, but he's happier. If it hurts, there's hope for ye."

"They tell me ye've prospered," said Samson.

Brimstead spoke in a most confidential tone as he answered: "Say, I'll tell ye—no wise man is ever an idiot but once. I wouldn't care to spread it around much, but we're getting along. I've built this house and got my land paid for. You see, we are only four miles from the Illinois River on a good road. I can ship my grain to Alton or St. Louis or New Orleans without much trouble. I've invented a machine to cut it and a double plow, and I expect to have them both working next year. They ought to treble my output, at least."

AFTER supper Brimstead showed models of a mowing-machine with a cutting-bar six feet long, and of a plow which would turn two furrows.

"That's what we need on these prairies," said Samson. "Something that'll turn 'em over and cut the crop quicker."

"Say, I'll tell ye," said Brimstead, as if about to disclose another secret, "I found after I looked the ground over here that I needed a brain. I began to paw around and discovered a rusty old brain among my tools. It hadn't been used for years. I cleaned an' oiled the old thing and got it to workin'. On a little Vermont farm you could git along without it, but here the ground yells for a brain. We don't know how to use our horses. They have power enough to do all the hard work if we only knew how to put it into wheels and gears. We must begin to work our brains as well as our muscles on a farm miles long."

"It ain't fair to expect the land to furnish all the fertility," said Samson.

Brimstead's face glowed as he outlined his vision: "These great stretches of smooth, rich land just everlastingly ram the spurs into you and keep your brain galloping. Mine is going night and day. The prairies are new things and you've got to tackle 'em in a new way. I tell you, the seeding, planting, reaping and threshing is all going to be done by machinery and horses. The wheel will be the foundation of the new era."

"You're right," said Samson.

"Peasley is going to help me," Brimstead confided. "I am going to New York to take out patents and get the machinery made."

"If you want any more help, let me know," said Samson.

"Say, I'll tell ye, I want you to go in with us if it works as I think it will," was the answer of Brimstead. He added in a whisper: "It will make us all rich."

After a moment of silence he asked:

"How are you getting along?"

"Rather slow," Samson answered. "It's hard to get our stuff to market down in the Sangamon country. Our river isn't navigable yet. We hope that Abe Lincoln, who has just been elected to the legislature, will be able to get it widened, straightened and cleaned out so it will be of some use to us down there."

"I've heard of him. They call him Honest Abe, don't they?"

"Yes; and he is honest if a man ever was."

"That's the kind we need to make our laws," said Mrs. Brimstead. "There are not many men who get a reputation for honesty. It ought to be easy, but it isn't."

"Men are pretty good in the main," said Samson. "But ye know there are not so many who can exactly toe the mark. They don't know how, or they're too busy, or something. I guess I'm a little careless and I don't believe I'm a bad fellow either. Abe's conscience don't ever sit down to rest. He traveled three miles one night to give back four cents that he had overcharged a customer. I'd probably have

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"The Vamp"

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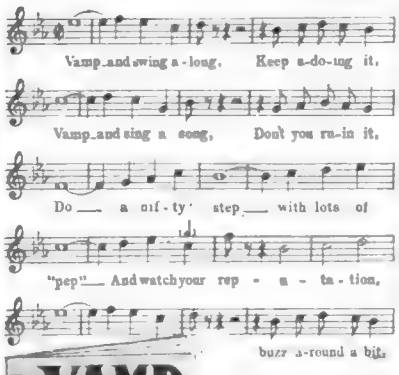
Vamp and swing a - long, Keep a-do-ing it,
Vamp and sing a song, Don't you ru-in it,
Do — a nif - ty step — with lots of
"pep"— And watch your rep - u - ta - tion,
buzz a-round a bit.

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"Lullaby Blues"

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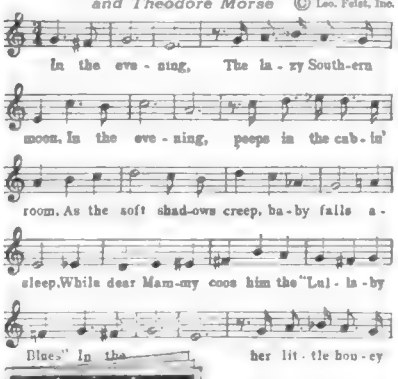
In the eve - ning, The la - zy South-ern
moon. In the eve - ning, peeps in the cab - in'
room. As the soft shad-ows creep, ba-by falls a -
sleep. While dear Mam-my coos him the "Lul - la - by
Blues" In the her lit - tle hou - ey

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"Sand Dunes"

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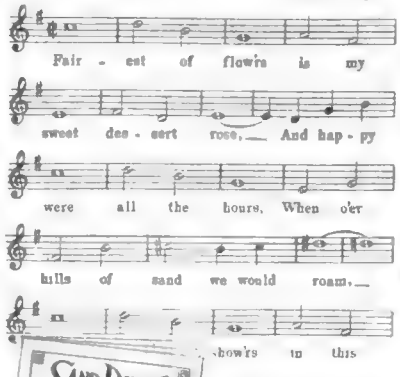
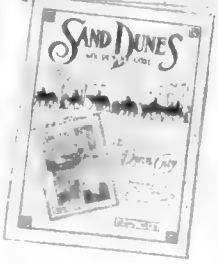

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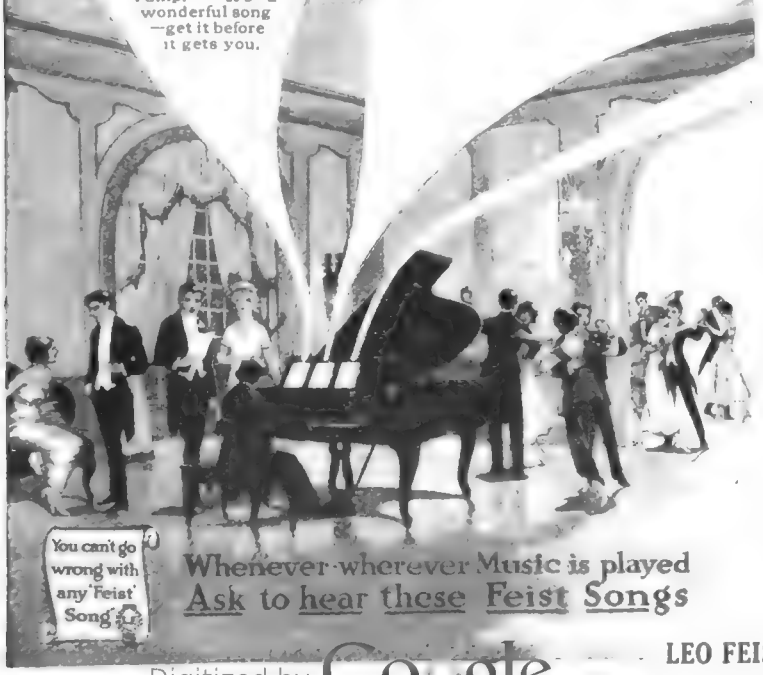

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"Bluin' the Blues"
"In the Land of Lullaby"
"Your Heart is Calling Mine"
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"Star of the East"
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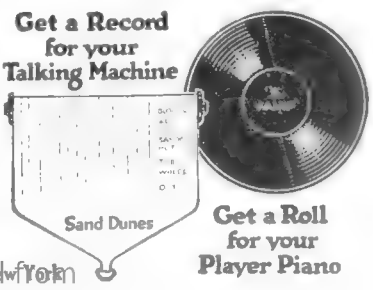

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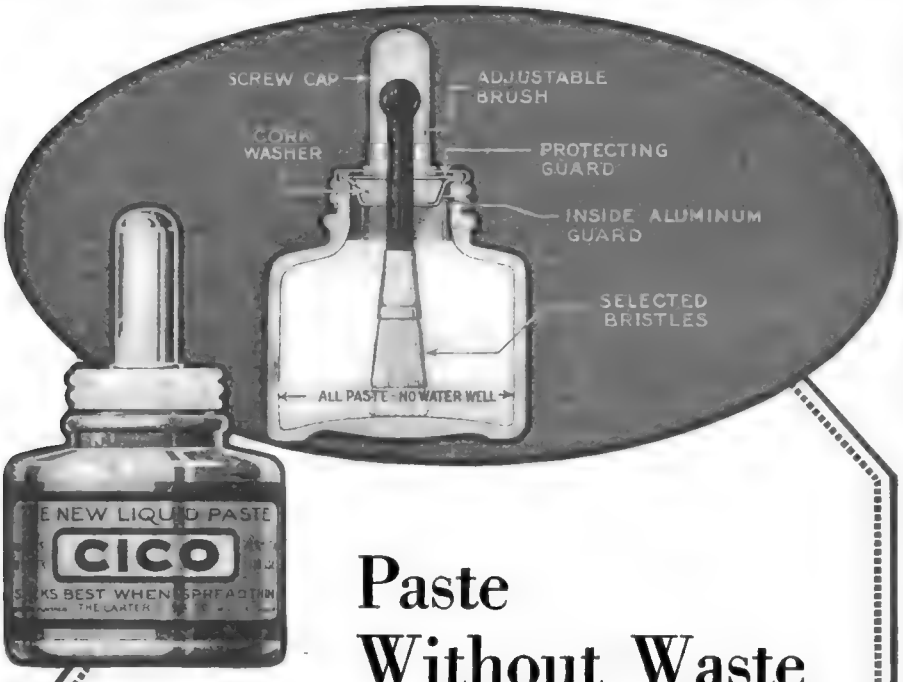

Paste Without Waste

THE Cico jar is full of real paste from top to bottom and side to side. There is no water well to take up room, to run dry, to cause endless jabbing and mixing. Cico paste is ready for instant use, never gets hard, is usable to the last atom, and sticks like a bull dog to a bone.

If you have never used Cico, there's a real treat in store. It needs just one little word to the stationer (pronounced by the way, Sy-co).

CICO PASTE

Note the Cico adjustable brush, with the aluminum guard, which absolutely protects the fingers from contact with the paste. Moving the guard up or down on the brush handle keeps the bristles at the proper height to pick up just the right amount of paste. The guard also serves as a cover to the jar, so that the screw cap need not be replaced after each using.

It would not be possible to use the special container with any other type of paste.

STICKS BEST
WHEN SPREAD THIN

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Manufacturing Chemists

Boston New York Chicago Montreal

5

6

7

8

CARTER INK PRODUCTS

5 Writing Fluid
Fountain Pen Inks
Red Ink (Carmine)
Realblack Ink
8 Ink Eraser

7 Cico Paste
Photolibrary Paste
Cement
Glue Pencils
Great Stickist Mucilage

Carbon Papers
Copying Inks
Drawing Inks
6 Indelible Inks
Stamping Inks

Typewriter Ribbons
VelVet Showcard Colors
White and Gold Inks
Violet, Green and Blue Inks
Numbering Machine Inks

waited to have her come back, and by that time it might have slipped my mind, or maybe she would have moved away. I suppose that in handling dollars we're mostly as honest as Abe, but we're apt to be a little careless with the cents. Abe toes the penny mark and that's how he got his reputation. The good God has given him a sense of justice that is like a chemist's balance: it can weigh down to a fraction of a grain. Now he don't care much about pennies. He can be pretty reckless with 'em. But when they're a measure on the balance, he counts 'em careful, I can tell ye."

"Say, I'll tell ye," said Brimstead, "honesty is like Sapington's Pills: there's nothin' that's so well recommended. It has a great many friends. But honesty has to pay prompt. We don't trust it long. It has poor credit. When we have to give a dollar's worth of work to correct an error of four cents we're apt to decide that honesty don't pay. But that's when it pays best. We've heard the jingle of those four cents away up here in Tazewell County and long before you told us. They say he's a smart talker and that he can split ye wide open laughing."

"He's a great story-teller, but that's a small part of him," said Samson. "He's a kind of a four-horse team. He knows more than any man I ever saw—and can tell it; and he can wrestle like old Satan and swing a scythe or an ax all day an' mighty supple. He's one of us common folks and don't pretend to be a bit better. He is, though, and we know it; but he don't."

"Say, I'll tell ye, he can have every vote in this neighborhood whenever he wants it," said Brimstead.

"Is he going to marry the Rutledge girl?" was the query of Mrs. Brimstead.

"I don't think so," Samson answered, a little surprised at her knowledge of the attachment. "He's as humly as Sam Hill, dresses rough and ain't real handy with the gals. Some fellers are kind o' fenced in with humliness and awkwardness."

BRIMSTEAD expressed his private opinion in a clearly audible whisper: "Say, that kind of protection is better than none. A humly boy don't git tramped on an' nibbled too much."

Annabel and Harry sat in a corner playing checkers. They seemed to be much impressed by the opinion of Mr. Brimstead. For a moment their game was forgotten.

"That boy has a way with the gals," Samson laughed. "There's no fence around either of them."

"They're both liable to be nibbled some," said Brimstead.

"I like to see 'em have a good time," said Mrs. Brimstead. "There are not many boys to play with out here."

"The boys around here are all fenced in," said Annabel. "There's nobody here of my age but Lanky Peters, who looks like a fish, and a red-headed Irish boy with a wooden leg."

Brimstead came close to the ear of Samson and said in a most confidential tone: "Say, she's like a woodpecker in a country where they ain't any trees."

"No, I'm not," the girl answered. "A woodpecker has wings and the right to use them."

"Cheer up. A lot of people will be moving in here this spring—more boys than

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To be hole-ly satisfied, insist on the HOLE

LIKE doughnuts and Chinese money, all *genuine* Life Savers have a hole in the center. Not a dimple or an almost-hole, but a hole that *goes clear through.* That hole is a patented feature. It is your assurance that you are getting real, honest-to-goodness

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Genuine Life Savers have only purest flavorings. They sell so fast they do not lose their delightful flavor and freshness. Far more Life Savers are sold than all imitations combined.

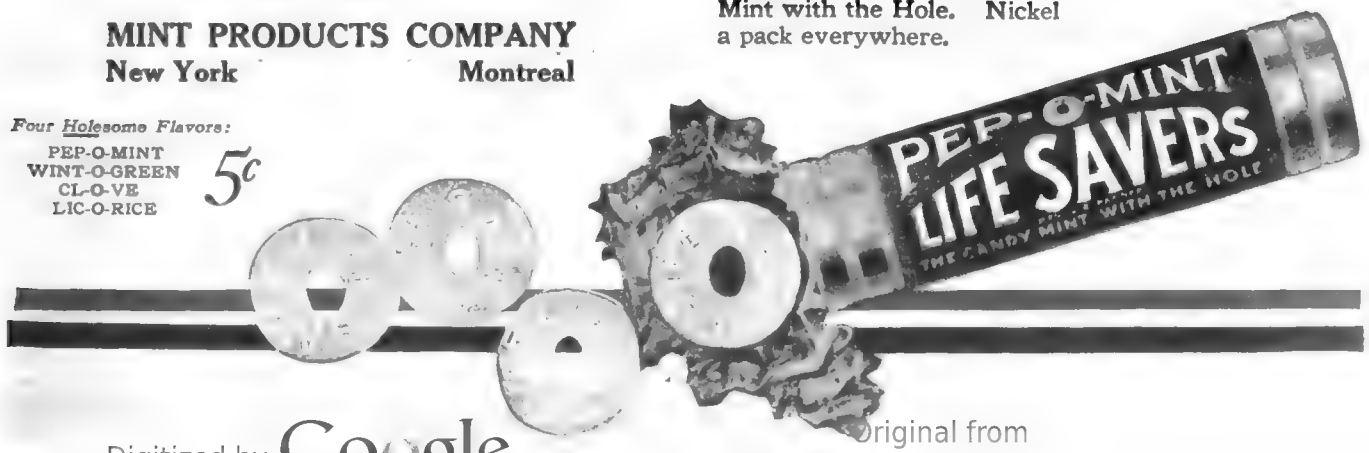
Life Savers are made with such care that they cost the dealer more than any other mint.

Consequently, some dealers try to sell you the imitations on which their profit is larger—and then charge you as much as you pay for *genuine Life Savers.*

To be *sure* of uniform goodness, purity and freshness, insist on the Candy Mint with the Hole. Nickel a pack everywhere.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York Montreal

Four Holesome Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
LIC-O-RICE
5c



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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Cleans every part of every tooth every time it's used. And "A Clean Tooth Never Decays." Always sold in the Yellow Box.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address

425 Coristine Bldg., Montreal, Canada

Brush Your Upper Teeth Downward and Your Lower Teeth Upward

you could shake a stick at," Mrs. Brimstead remarked cheerfully.

"If I shake any stick at them, it will be a stick of candy, for fear of scaring them away," said Annabel with a laugh.

Brimstead said to Samson: "Say, I'll tell ye, you're back in a cove. You must get out into the current."

"And give the young folks a chance to play checkers together," said Samson.

"Say, I'll tell ye," said Brimstead, "this country is mostly miles. They can be your worst enemy unless you get on the right side of 'em. Above all, don't let 'em get too thick between you and your market. When you know about where it is, keep the miles behind ye. Great markets will be springing up in the North. You'll see a big city growing on the southern shore of Lake Michigan before long. I think there will be better markets to the north than there are to the south of us."

"By jingo!" Samson exclaimed. "Your brain is about as busy as a beehive on a bright summer day."

"Say, don't you mention that to a livin' soul," said Brimstead. "My brain began to chase the rainbow when I was a boy. It drove me out of Vermont into the trail to the west and landed me in Flea Valley. Now I'm in a country where no man's dreams are goin' to be big enough to keep up with the facts. We're right under the end of the rainbow and there's a pot of gold for each of us."

"The railroad will be a help in our fight with the miles," said Samson.

"All right. You get the miles behind ye and let the land do the waiting. It won't hurt the land any, but you'd be spoilt if you had to wait twenty years."

THE Peasleys arrived and the men and women spent a delightful hour traveling, without weariness, over the long trail to beloved scenes and the days of their youth. Every day's end, thousands were going East on that trail, each to find his pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow of memory.

Before they went to bed that night Brimstead paid his debt to Samson with interest and very confidentially.

"Say, it ain't all I owe ye, by a darn sight," he whispered. "You're mired in miles. It's almost as bad as sand. I'm goin' to help you out."

At daylight in the morning the team was at the door, ready to set out for the land of plenty. As Samson and Harry were making their farewells, Annabel asked the latter: "May I whisper something in your ear?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't," he said.

He bent his head to her and she kissed his cheek and ran away into the house.

"That means come again," she called from the door with a laugh.

"I guess I'll have to get even," he answered.

"That's a pretty likely girl," said Samson as they were driving away.

"She's as handsome as a picture," the young man answered.

"She is—no mistake!" Samson declared. "She's a good-hearted girl, too. You can tell it by her face and her voice. She's as gentle as a kitten, and about as wide awake as a weasel."

"I don't care much for girls these days," Harry answered. "I guess I'll never get married."

"Nonsense! A big, strapping, handsome young feller like you, only twenty years old! Of course you'll get married."

"I don't see how I'm ever going to care much for another girl," the boy answered.

"There are a lot of things in the world that you don't see, boy. It's a big world, and things shift around a good deal and some of our opinions are apt to move with the wind like thistledown."

It was a long, wearisome ride back to the land of plenty, over frozen ground with barely an inch of snow upon it, under a dark sky with a chilly wind blowing.

"After all, it's home," said Samson, when late in the evening they saw the lighted windows of the cabin ahead. After they had put out their horses and come in by the glowing fire, Samson lifted Sarah in his arms and kissed her.

"I'm kind o' silly, mother, but I can't help it—you look so temptin'," said Samson.

"She looks like an angel," said Harry, as he improved his chance to embrace and kiss the lady of the cabin.

"The wind has been peckin' at us all day," said Samson. "But it's worth it to get back home and see your face and this blazing fire."

"And the good hot supper," said Harry as they sat down at the table.

They told of the Brimsteads and their visit.

"Well, I want to know!" said Sarah. "Big house and plenty o' money! If that don't beat all!"

"That oldest girl is the thing that beats all," said Samson. "She's handsomer than Bim."

"I suppose Harry fell in love with her," Sarah suggested with a smile.

"I've lost my ability to fall in love," said the young man.

"It will come back; you see," said Sarah. "I'm going to get her to pay us a visit in the spring."

Harry went out to feed and water the horses.

"Did you get along all right?" Samson asked.

"Colonel Lukins did the chores faithfully, night and morning," Sarah answered. "His wife helped me with the sewing yesterday. She talked all day about the 'Colonel.' Mrs. Beach, that poor woman from Ohio, who has sent her litte girl so often to borrow tea and sugar, came to-day and wanted to borrow the baby. Her baby is sick and her breasts were paining her."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

In which Abe Returns from Vandalia and is Engaged to Ann, and Three Interesting Slaves arrive at the Home of Samson Traylor, who, with Harry Needles, has an Adventure of Much Importance on the Underground Road.

AGAIN spring had come. The great meadows were awake and full of color. Late in April their green floor was oversown with golden blossoms lying close to the warming breast of the earth. Then came the braver flowers of May, lifting their heads to the sunlight in the lengthening grasses—red and white and pink and blue—and over all the bird songs. They seemed to voice the joy in the heart of man. Sarah Traylor used to say that the beauty of the spring more than paid for the loneliness of the winter.

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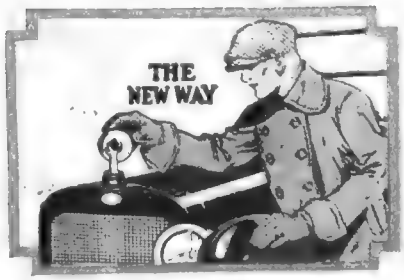
PREVENTS ACCUMULATION OF CARBON

YOU can keep your motor snappy and full of "pep" by ***preventing*** the accumulation of carbon. Don't wait until your engine is choked and caked with it. Use **Johnson's Carbon Remover** every 500 miles, then the carbon is removed while it is soft and powdery, eliminating the frequent grinding of valves and ***keeping*** the motor ***always*** clean. No experience or labor required—you can easily do it yourself in ten minutes—and the cost is trifling.

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

Johnson's Carbon Remover is a perfectly harmless liquid to be poured or squirted into the cylinders. Millions of cans have been used with satisfaction. It simply softens the carbon, then the heat from the engine pulverizes it and it is blown out the exhaust. **Johnson's Carbon Remover** contains no acids and does not affect lubrication.

It is the easiest, cleanest, safest and most satisfactory remedy for carbon. It will save you from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method without laying up your car. A dose of **Johnson's Carbon Remover** —the engine laxative—will stop that knock—quiet the motor, and give the maximum power with the minimum amount of fuel.



JOHNSON'S
Radiator Cement

will stop leaks immediately without laying up the car—no mechanical experience required. It is absolutely harmless in every respect. It isn't a make-shift—it's a permanent repair. It will ordinarily seal a leak in from two to ten minutes. A half pint is sufficient for a Ford.

JOHNSON'S
Black-Lac

Here is a preparation with which you can make your gray, dusty top and side curtains look like new. Johnson's Black-Lac is unequalled for blackening fenders, rims, hoods, lamps—and in fact, all worn metal parts. Prevents rust and keeps your car in a high state of repair.

JOHNSON'S
Hastee Patch

This is the ideal repair for tubes, casings and rubber goods of all kinds. No time, labor or heat required. A patch can be applied in three minutes and it's so simple a child can use it. Gives equally good results on a pin hole puncture or on a large blowout.

For Sale at Leading Hardware and Accessory Stores and Garages

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. E. M. 10, Racine, Wis.
ESTABLISHED 1882

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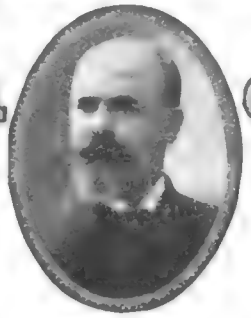
BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

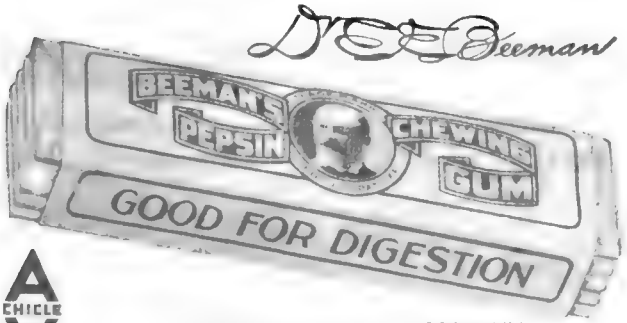


Indigestion a handicap to business success

A FEELING of heaviness after eating with the attendant annoyances that come with slight attacks of indigestion will sooner or later depress the most hopeful and optimistic. No person in business can do his or her best under these conditions.

In the great majority of cases, this type of indigestion is much less severe than its character and effects seem to indicate. Indeed, if men and women will eat more regularly, and less hurriedly, use greater care in selecting their food—especially at midday—and make a practice of chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten to twenty minutes after each meal, they will be surprised and gratified at the prompt relief from their indigestion. And don't forget, removing the handicap of indigestion means a substantial gain in mental and business efficiency.

D. E. Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Abe came back from the legislature to resume his duties as postmaster and surveyor. The evening of his arrival he went to see Ann. The girl was in poor health. She had had no news of McNamar since January. Her spirit seemed to be broken. They walked together that evening up and down the deserted street of the little village. Abe told her of his life in Vandalia and of his hopes and plans.

"My greatest hope is that you will feel that you can put up with me," he said. "I would try to learn how to make you happy. I think if you would help me a little I could do it."

"I don't think I'm worth having," the girl answered. "I feel like a little old woman these days."

"It seems to me that you are the only one in the world worth having," said Abe.

"If you want me to, I will marry you, Abe," said she. "I can not say that I love you, but my mother and father say that I would learn to love you; and sometimes I think it is true. I really want to love you."

They were on the bluff that overlooked the river and the deserted mill and far reaches of woodland. They were quite alone, looking down at the moonlit woods. A broken sigh came from the lips of the tall young man. He wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. He took her hand in both of his, pressed it against his breast and looked down into her face and said: "I wish I could tell you what is in my heart. There are things this tongue of mine could say, but not that. I shall show you, but I shall not try to tell you. Words are good enough for politics and even for the religion of most men; not for this love I feel. Only in my life shall I try to express it."

He held her hand as they walked on in silence for a moment.

"About a year from now we can be married," he said. "I shall be able to take care of you then, I think. Now you must try to get well."

She kissed his cheek and he kissed hers when they parted at the door of the tavern.

"I am sure I shall love you," she whispered.

"Those are the best words that ever came to my ears," he answered, and left, happy with a solemn sense of his commitment.

The next instalment of ***"A Man for the Ages"*** *will appear in the November issue.*

Treasures

By Helen Frazee-Bower

I BROUGHT five thoughts in from the woods,
At dusk when I came over the hill—
A broken twig from a cedar bough,
Three flowers, and a skylark's trill.

The blossoms, nodding from yonder vase,
A breath of the woods impart. . . .
I put the twig by the chimney there,
And the skylark's trill in my heart.

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– along about 6 o'clock

how does your cigarette begin to taste?

NOTE—This is the severest test to which you can put your cigarette

NEARLY dinner time. You've been smoking all day. How is your cigarette appetite?

If it is tired and jaded—in other words, unless it's as fresh, crisp and snappy as right after breakfast—you ought to look around for a different brand of cigarettes.

The right brand (when you find it) will let you feel fine and fit and smoke-hungry clear up to bed-time.

It will give you *enough* of the delicious flavor of Turkish tobacco—but it will be so blended as to off-set the over-richness or heaviness that comes from smoking *too much* Turkish.

The one cigarette which to-day seems to be attracting most men who tire of straight Turkish is Fatima (see at left).

As soon as you are ready to look seriously into the cigarette question, put Fatimas to the 6 o'clock test.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Just enough Turkish*

AT most of the places where straight Turkish cigarettes used to have the "call," Fatima is now the leading cigarette. Here are a few of these places—just as examples of Fatima's popularity among men who really know how to judge cigarettes:

Atlantic City
Marlborough-Blenheim
Hotel Traymore

Boston
Hotel Touraine
Hotel Copley Plaza
Harvard Club
Stock Exchange

Chicago
Auditorium Hotel
Congress Hotel

Narragansett Pier
Casino

New York
Hotel Belmont
Hotel Manhattan
Hotel McAlpin
Stock Exchange
Waldorf-Astoria

Palm Beach
The Breakers

Philadelphia
Ritz-Carlton
Stock Exchange

Washington
The Capitol Building

**Fatima contains more Turkish than any other Turkish blend cigarette.*

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

20 for 23 cents

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© House & Garden

Who's Building Your House?

You can't get away from the sight of turned sods, these days—and somebody holding a blue print.

When it comes your turn to go to the architect's office, will you know just what you want, leaving him to his natural function of telling you how to get it? Or will you be as vague as a man buying a wedding present—"We want—er—a house. Something about ten rooms and a mortgage."

House & Garden is the magazine that shows you all about houses from brick path to kitchen range. Whether you plan to build now or later on when contractors are less haughty, you need House & Garden's expert counsel to get you ready for your great adventure.

Five Numbers of House & Garden, $1

(Six, if you mail the coupon now)

Fall Planting — **October**
Winter gardens—what bulbs to plant in the fall—how to make a rock garden—the Fall Planting Tables, those invaluable pages that represent years of expert investigation, all codified.

House Planning — **November**
Getting together with the architect—collecting for building—how to make an intelligent plan for the furniture in the new home. And—little houses, each perfect of its kind, with plans.

Christmas House — **December**
All the things the house wants for Christmas gifts, together with the newest and prettiest ways to hang the holly, dress the tree, plant Christmas in the heart of the dinner table.

Furniture Number — **January**
Every year our American master craftsmen give us something lovelier; every year the importers bring in new quaintnesses. The best are here.

House Fittings — **February**
The predestined bit of glass, the lamp that makes all the difference in the world, the perfect touch of color.

Spring Gardening — **March**
When the world wakes up, your garden will wake with it if you have this loveliest of all the numbers for your inspired alarm clock.

$1 Invested in House & Garden Will Save You $100

a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen chair

IF you want to make your house what you'd really like it to be—a house to be proud of—a house to be happy in—you will want to take advantage of our special offer of FIVE issues of House & Garden for $1—SIX if you mail the coupon now. Send no money now unless you wish. Just mail the coupon. Your subscription will begin at once.

HOUSE & GARDEN, 19 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

Send me FIVE numbers of House & Garden, beginning with the next issue. It is understood that if this order reaches you promptly, you will send an additional copy of the current number, making SIX in all. I enclose $1 herewith (OR) I will remit $1 on receipt of bill. (Canadian $1.25)

Name .....
(Please write very plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

E. M. 10-19

The Postal Zone Law makes necessary an additional postage charge of 10 cents west of the Mississippi.

Some of Mr. Crawford's home-grown Persian Lamb.

Furry Sheep

By Robert H. Moulton

SEVERAL years ago Mr. L. M. Crawford, a Kansas rancher, invested fifty thousand dollars in a fur-farming venture, whereupon his neighbors began to indulge in sundry facetious remarks regarding his fitness to occupy a suite of rooms in the State Hospital for the Feeble-minded. Now he is receiving congratulations from scientific men in all parts of the country for his introduction of a new fur industry into the United States.

It must have been instinct, it could not have been "common sense," that made Mr. Crawford decide early in 1914 to try breeding on his two-thousand-acre ranch the sort of sheep that the natives of Bokhara, a town in Central Asia with a half-mystical sound to American ears, had grown for ages for their tightly curled, lustrous black fleeces. See the fierce Cossacks ride by! Summer or winter their headgear is the same, a turban-like cap of Persian lamb.

Mr. Crawford reasoned that if these sheep could be bred in Asia they could be bred in Kansas. So he played his mysterious hand and won. He imported thirty-five karakul sheep from Bokhara—twenty rams and fifteen ewes. These he crossed with native Lincoln and Cotswold sheep, and the lambs of this cross bear the valuable pelts. Nearly two thousand lambs bearing these pelts, which are valued at from ten dollars to fifty dollars apiece, were born on the Kansas fur farm this year. Bundles of pelts in lots of fifty, worth more than one thousand dollars a bundle, have been shipped to the New York markets. Only the lambs that died, however, are being sold for fur. The rest will be kept until grown and sold for breeding animals. Pure-bred karakul rams now command twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars each, while the half-bloods sell for about five hundred dollars.

Previous to Mr. Crawford's venture, no one had ever attempted the production of the popular Russian fur for commercial purposes in the United States. He was the pioneer. Only the scientific fact that the karakul rams crossed with native American long-wool ewes would give fur-bearing lambs backed him. But this scientific fact seemed safe to Mr. Crawford, and there wasn't any doubt of the sheep thriving in this country, inasmuch as they are a hardier breed than native sheep. It is quite noticeable that the karakuls and those containing karakul blood are much more hardy than the native sheep.

In fact, Mr. Crawford believes that if American farmers could introduce some karakul blood into their sheep, if for no other purpose than the hardiness and mutton qualities of this breed, the Russian sheep would repay importing. Of equal importance, perhaps, is the fact that crossing karakuls with native sheep results in a great increase in weight, sometimes as much as fifty per cent. Another most desirable result of such crossing is the elimination of the flavor sometimes noticeable in mutton.

What next? Feathered ponies?

Robt. H. Moulton.

Mr. Crawford and one of the pure-bred karakul rams that may bring fortunes to American sheep raisers.

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The Kind He had in France

Millions of packages of

Lady Mary

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Chocolates

were furnished the U. S. Government for use of "the boys in France," and on the transports coming home.

Each piece is wrapped in aluminum foil, stamped with the kind it contains, and all packed in a handsomely decorated can—the chocolates being of the same fine quality as those "he had in France."

½ pound	65c
¾ "	$1.00
1 "	1.25

Dealers Wanted Everywhere

Send 25c for sample 3-ounce package of these delicious chocolates.

THE CHOCOLATE PRODUCTS CO.
Baltimore, Maryland

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A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum
Always made under the signature A. A. Hyde
"The Little Nurse for Little Ills."
©
for cuts
Burns
Colds
Tired Feet
Nervous Headaches
After Shaving
BROKEN skin and cuts are promptly and gently relieved by Mentholatum.
Its antiseptic action prevents infection and its healing touch brings the comfort that has given it the nickname of "the little nurse."
Clear a "snuffy" head cold by applying Mentholatum to the nostrils—outside and inside. It reduces the inflammation and free breathing returns.
For a nervous headache, rub Mentholatum on the throbbing temples—the pain soon vanishes.
Keep Mentholatum always in the house—in a jar or tube. Then you are ready for "little ills" before they come.
At all druggists' in tubes 25c. Jars, 25c, 50c, $1.
The Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
MENTHOLATUM
CUTS BRUISES, BURNS, CHAPS, SUNBURN
Sample sent Free on request.

LINDA CONDON

(*Continued from page 63*)

her at the door, leaving in an hour for New York. "I wish you could be happier," she insisted. He reminded her that he had had the afternoon with her. It was so little, she thought, carried rapidly over the smooth wide street. His love for her increased rather than lessened. How wonderful it was. . . . . The woman outside the barred door of treasure.

XXXI

LINDA thought frequently about Dodge and his feeling for her. Memories of his words, his appearance, speculations, spread through her tranquil daily affairs like the rich subdued pattern of a fine carpet on the bare floors of her life. She was puzzled by the depth of a passion that, apparently, made no demands other than the occasional necessity to be with her and the knowledge that she existed. If she had been a very intelligent woman, and, of course, not quite bad-looking, she might have understood—both Pleydon and Arnaud, the latter a man whose mind was practically absorbed in the pages of books. There could be no doubt, no question, of their love for her.

Then there had always been the others—the men at the parties, in her garden, through the old days of her childhood in hotels. It was very stupid, very annoying, but at the same time she became interested in what, with her candid indifference, affected them. She had never, really, even when she desired, succeeded in giving them anything, anything conscious or for which they moved. Judith Feldt, on the contrary, had been prodigal. And, while certainly numbers of men had been attracted to her, they all tired of her with marked rapidity. Men met Judith, Linda recalled, with eagerness, they came immediately and often to see her—for, perhaps, a month. Then, temporarily deserted, she was submerged in depression and nervous tears.

But, while it was obviously impossible for all lovers to be constant, two extraordinary and superior men would be faithful to her as long as she lived, no—as long as they lived. This was beyond doubt. One was celebrated—she watched with a quiet pride Pleydon's fame penetrate the country—and the other, her husband, a person of the most exacting delicacy of habits, intellect and wit.

What was it, she wondered, that made the supreme importance of women to men worth consideration? Linda was thinking of this, now, in connection with her daughter. Vigné was fourteen; a larger girl than she had ever been, with her father's fine abundant cinnamon-brown hair, a shapely sensitive mouth, and a wide brown gaze with a habit of straying, at inappropriate moments, from things seen to the invisible. She was, Linda realized thankfully, transparently honest; her only affectation was the slight supercilious manner of her associations; and she read, ridiculously like her father, with increasing pleasure.

However, what engaged Linda most was the fact that Vigné already liked men. She had been at the fringe, as it were, of young dances, with a sparkling satisfaction to herself and the securely nice youths

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who "cut in" at her brief appearances.

The truth was that Linda saw more than a trace of Stella Condon's warm generosity of emotion brought by herself to Arnaud's daughter. The faults of every life, every circumstance, were endlessly multiplied through all existence. At fourteen, it was Linda's frowning impression, her mother had very fully instructed her in the wiles and structure of admirable marriage, and she had never completely lost some hard pearls of the elder's wisdom. Should she, in turn, communicate them to Vigné?

The moment, the anxiety, she dreaded had arrived, and it found her no freer of doubt than had the other aspects of her own responses. Yet here she was possessed by the keenest need of absolute rectitude; and perhaps this, she thought, with an unusual pleasure, was an evidence of the affection she had seemed to lack. But in the end she said nothing.

She was still unable to disentangle the flesh from the spirit, love—the love that so amazingly illuminated Dodge Pleydon—from comfort. Pleydon had disturbed all her sense of values, even to the point of unsettling her allegiance to the supremacy of a great deal of money. He had worked this without giving her anything definite that she could explain to Vigné in return. Linda preserved her demand for the actual. If she could only comprehend the force animating Dodge, she felt, life would be clear.

She was tempted to experiment—when had such an occasion happened before?—and discover just how far in several directions Pleydon's devotion went. This would be easy, now she was unrestrained by the fact of Arnaud, and the old shrinking from the sculptor happily vanished. Yet with him before her, on one of his infrequent visits to their house, she realized that her courage was insufficient. Was it that or something deeper?—a reluctance to turn herself like a knife in the source of the profoundest compliment a woman could be paid. Linda thought too highly of his love for that; the texture of the carpet had become too gratifying.

They were all three, in the library, as customary; and Linda restless, saw her reflection in a closed long window. She was wearing yellow, the color of the jonquils on a candle-stand, but with her familiar sash tied and the ends falling to the hem of her skirt. The pointed oval of her face was unchanged, her pallor, the straight line of her black bang, the blueness of her eyes, were as they had been a surprisingly long while ago. Arnaud, with a disconcerting comprehension, demanded, "Well, are you satisfied?" She replied coolly, "Entirely." Pleydon, seated for over an hour without moving, or even the trivial relief of a cigarette, followed her with his luminous, uncomfortable gaze, his disembodied passion.

The next instalment of "Linda Condon" will appear in the November number.

Another article about the Movies

by Herbert Corey

in this number—see page 52

End That Film
On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Must If You Save Them

THE tooth brush alone may remove food debris, but it does not end the film. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film does constant damage. Most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by it.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth and gets into crevices. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why millions of well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after years of search, has found a way to combat film. It is embodied for daily use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It penetrates wherever the film goes. It lingers between the teeth. When you use it, it attacks the film efficiently. We ask you to prove this by a ten-day test, to be made at our expense.

See How Teeth Whiten

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then what a revolution has developed in teeth cleaning methods.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

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Four years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge its daily use. You are bound to adopt it when you know it, for your children and yourself. Cut out this coupon—now, before you forget it—and see what it means to you.

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A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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Skin Hurts
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A Bolshevik Soldier

By Count Ilya Tolstoy

(Transcribed into English by J. W. Jefferis)

IT WAS a beautiful, clear, frosty morning in Petrograd. Russia's former capital had awakened from sleep. The sidewalks, which had not been cleaned since summer, were covered with dirty ice and snow.

The people, shivering with cold, were hastening to and fro: women with empty bags in hand, seeking food; some of them mothers, followed by hungry children; men in tattered, worn-out clothing; workers and soldiers; soldiers and sailors.

Soldiers on the sidewalks; soldiers on the crowded street-cars; soldiers in the long, waiting lines before the stores, where goods are sold at prohibitive prices; soldiers hurrying no one knew where, in automobiles and in trucks; here and there and everywhere soldiers, soldiers, soldiers!

Russian soldiers of to-day are not what they once were, not the superb troops of the past, the pride of Petrograd, the amazement of all the crowned guests of the Czar. The Petrograd soldier is only semi-military, often roaming through the streets of the city, unarmed, beltless, his coat unbuttoned; half of his costume worn according to his own individual taste or caprice. Only soldiers may be seen; never an officer.

From the first days of the Revolution, officers were permitted to wear the clothing of civilians, which they preferred for self-protection, not wishing to incite the class feeling or violence of the soldiers by wearing epaulets, bright metal buttons or other conspicuous marks of distinction.

Before the little church of the Marine hospital were two hearses, having lamps draped in black, and drawn by handsome black horses. Professional mourners in long, worn-out black coats and old, crumpled black-silk hats, shivering in the cold, dancing first on one foot and then on the other, or slapping themselves and their companions to keep warm, were waiting outside for the close of the services in the church. Near the mourners stood a group of curious people and soldiers. A lively conversation was in progress, with jokes and laughter.

"Say, Ivan," remarked a soldier to his comrade, "when I am shot, please be so good as to bury me in such grand style as that! See what comfortable berths those hearses are for a corpse, resting so softly on four rocking springs, so as not to upset a fellow's stomach! So far as comfort goes, I'd rather be a dead bourgeois than a live proletarian!"

"Don't speak about it," responded his companion. "You and I know very well how we were treated during the war; how our bodies were piled in heaps, hundreds at a time, and tossed hurriedly into the ditches. Often the boys had no time to dig deep enough, so both hands and feet peeped out of the dirt. To be sure, they placed a cross, made out of a broken rifle, above us—sometimes. And what a fine feast our bodies were for birds and dogs!"

"But this happened only to us miserable privates," remarked Ivan. "The officers—well, they were buried in separate graves, or their bodies taken back in state with music and flowers and all that, to Petrograd."

"No use talking about that now," interrupted his comrade. "Such times are past forever. Since the Revolution, everybody's equal. The reign of the bourgeoisie is ended. Now it's our time."

Just then a third party approached and inquired, "Whom are you burying to-day?"

"Only two members of the bourgeoisie," replied Ivan carelessly. "They were killed the other day in the Marine hospital by our soldiers."

"Good enough for them," laughed the third, and passed on.

The little church was thronged with praying people. In the center two coffins were standing side by side. Mass was in progress. The priest, a modest old man, with thin, faded, yellow hair, and with a short beard, was performing the mass with the simplicity and solemnity which are the distinctive characteristics of the city clergy; pronouncing the words of the prayers clearly, unaffectedly and sorrowfully.

In the front row, near the coffins, women were standing, wearing heavy black veils. They were the wives and nearest relatives of the dead. No one wept. But in the eyes of these people was something deeper than tears; deeper also than despair. In them was manifest a state of utter hopelessness, when grief reaches its limit, when suffering is carried to the last degree, when the distracted mind and heart become stupefied to the point of indifference.

So appeared some of the women. A few of the men present were well-known political leaders. Everybody knew one another, but no one showed any sign of recognition. The expression of their faces was rigid and severe.

At the close of the mass, one of the soldiers slipped into the church with the mourners. Grasping his military cap in his hand, he stole back of the women who were standing near the coffins. This soldier was Petrov, one of the murderers. A few nights before, with three companions, he had shot these two representatives of the bourgeois party, in a ward of the Marine hospital. This man knew well that the authorities were looking for him, and that if caught he would be punished; but a sort of uncontrollable curiosity had led him to the threshold of the little church. Having arrived there, he could not resist the temptation of stepping inside and gazing upon his victims.

Here was a chance to see who they were; for while helping to kill them, he did not

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Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole grains steam exploded. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process—by shooting the grains from guns.

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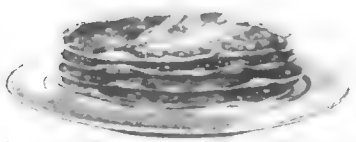

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour
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Now your grocer has a new Puffed Grain delight. It is Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—a flour which we have perfected by testing a thousand blends.

Ground Puffed Rice is used to give the pancakes a fluffy texture and a nutty taste. It makes the finest pancakes that were ever served.

3179

even have time to see their faces. Besides, he was drunk, and had just come in a state of frenzy from a meeting of Bolsheviki, where he had been told that killing bourgeoisie was a religious duty. At this meeting, Petrov was fully convinced by the speakers that the bourgeoisie were the natural enemies of the proletariat. What better evidence could be found than that the "bloated capitalists" kept in their safes the gold wrung from the surplus product of labor, and were therefore responsible for social serfdom!

When one of the speakers exclaimed noisily that the proletarians would get their liberty and their share of wealth, even through the shedding of blood, Petrov, together with others, began to shout: "Death to the bourgeoisie!" Then all together they sang the Russian revolutionary hymn.

It was then that Petrov made up his mind to kill the enemies of the proletariat. At the close of the meeting, one of his friends told him that he knew where there were two members of the bourgeoisie, and that it would be a very fine thing to murder them.

When he stole into the hospital with three companions, both of his victims were lying on couches and fast asleep. Petrov shot one of them in the head, as he slept, but the second awoke, and was killed by all four of the murderers, who did not even know their victims' names. It was sufficient that they were bourgeois.

AND now the two were lying dead before him in the church, with their faces like wax, and their hands crossed helplessly over their breasts. Petrov scrutinized their features with special interest, especially the corpse with blond "seal whiskers," that stood out from under his nose like a brush. There was something very intimate, pitiful and touching about these whiskers, which much resembled the kind one commonly sees on beggars and feeble-minded people.

To Petrov, as he gazed, these particular whiskers looked startlingly familiar. Suddenly he remembered that in the village where he was born, there lived a half-witted man named Platochka, who during the summer season herded cattle and in winter wandered from one house to another, plaiting bark shoes for children and old women. The boys of the village used to tease him, hurling lumps of dirt at his head and pelting him with snowballs. Then Platochka would make a terrible face, threaten them with his big cudgel, and roar at them with an awful voice. Sometimes he would run after his tormentors, and then the children would scatter like a flock of birds. But having reached a safe distance, they would all laugh louder than ever.

Petrov recalled how, when a small boy, he had plastered Platochka's face with a great lump of mud, that the man had pursued him and caught him by the collar, which so frightened the urchin that he began to cry. Almost paralyzed with terror, Petrov looked into the eyes of the man, who, smiling strangely and grimly through his blond "seal whiskers," gently patted the boy on the cheek and let him go.

And now, for the first time in his life, Petrov realized that Platochka had never under any circumstances done harm to a single living creature. This man did not have to use a whip while engaged in herding

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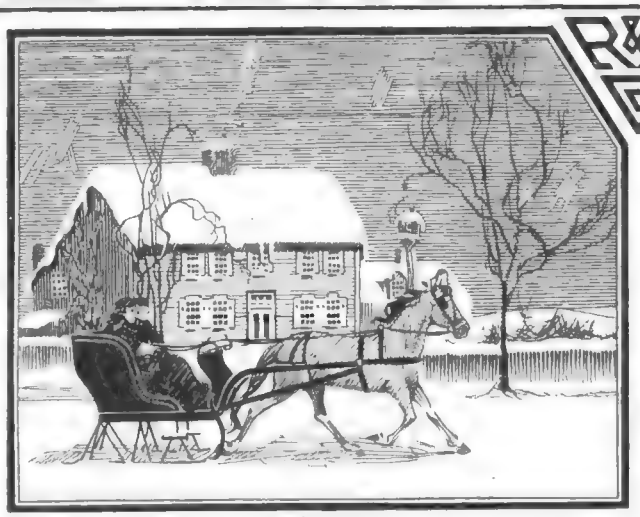

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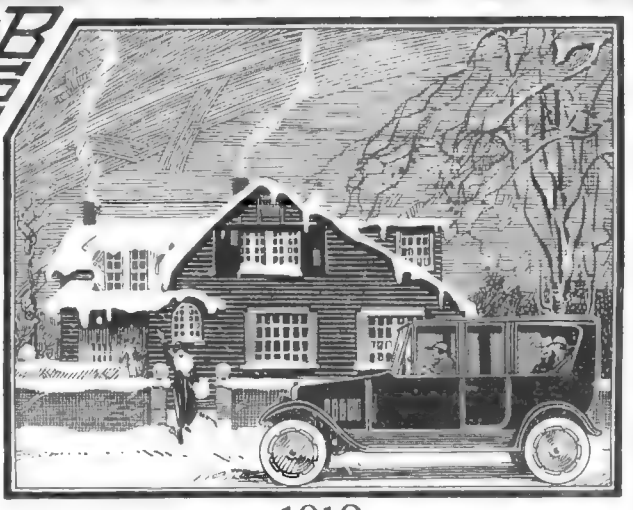

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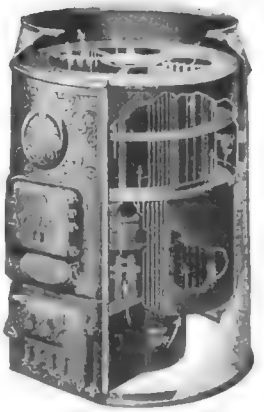

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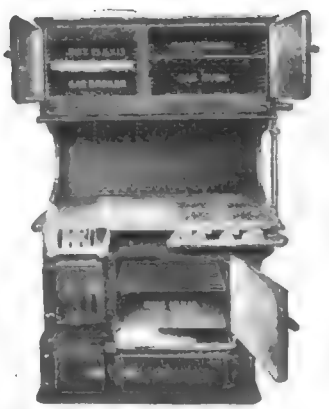

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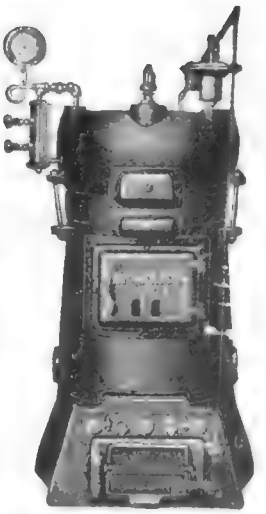

Richardson boiler for steam, hot water or vapor

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End Every Corn Before You Fit a Shoe

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No Dainty Shoes
If You Consider Corns

There are these three ways:

1—Get big, loose-fitting shoes which don't pinch corns, or which permit corn pads.
2—Get dainty shoes and suffer.
3—Remove the corns.

The Sensible Way

The last way is the only way to nowadays consider. A corn is today a reflection. It signifies neglect.

Millions of people know that corns can be quickly ended. They have proved it repeatedly with Blue-jay.

They apply it in a jiffy, and the pain stops instantly. The corn never aches again.

In two days the corn completely disappears. Only one corn in ten needs a second application.

A large proportion of all corns are now ended in that way.

Scientific Methods

Blue-jay is the scientific method, evolved by scientific men. It is made in laboratories known the world over.

It has displaced, with those who know, the old, harsh, mussy methods. It substitutes a method which is gentle, sure and right.

People who now pare corns and merely pad them do themselves injustice. Corn troubles should be ended.

People who use wrong treatments court soreness and disappointment.

Let Blue-jay prove itself. Try it on one corn. It will show you the way to dainty, corn-free feet.

You will never let a corn annoy you after that.

Please don't delay. Ask your druggist now for Blue-jay and apply tonight.

B&B **Blue-jay**

The Scientific Corn Ender

25c Per Package---At Druggists

Stops Pain Instantly. Ends Corns Completely for Millions Every Month

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

(984)

cattle, because he never drove them. They followed him! It was a real pleasure to see Platochka walking in advance, with a great herd of cattle following docilely after. For every cow and sheep he had a name, and knew the characteristics of each.

Such were the thoughts that thronged through the murderer's mind, as he stood beside the coffins in the little church. Petrov was about to go away, then thought it would be better to remain until the end, when the people bid the dead farewell.

Almost unconsciously he became one of those who were sorrowfully bowing and praying over the remains, and with the others, he began to make the sign of the cross. Then the expression of Petrov's face became very concentrated and serious. So engrossed was he, that no one looking at the humble, prayerful worshiper would ever imagine that he was one of the murderers, who a few days before had been guilty of such a brutal and inexcusable deed.

At the conclusion of the service the priest delivered a short sermon, emphasizing the merits of the victims, and praising their various acts of disinterested service for their fellow men. He then exhorted those present to live up to the lofty ideal of universal love and brotherhood.

SUPPRESSED sobs were heard somewhere in the church. Petrov musingly looked once more at the blond "seal whiskers" of his victim, knitted his forehead in a frown; then with his thick and dirty finger wiped a big tear out of his eye and resolutely strode toward the door. Why should he permit the "seal whiskers" of a bourgeois to disturb his equanimity?

The filthy saloon which Pertov entered later, to get something to eat and drink, was full of drunken soldiers. The air was rank with tobacco and cheap vodka. Petrov asked for a bottle of *hanjah*, which is a mixture of denatured alcohol and water. Half an hour later he was drunk, and with bloodshot eyes, reeled down the avenue shouting something incomprehensible to himself and others about the bourgeoisie. When evening came, he was an enthusiastic listener at another meeting of the Bolsheviki, where he heard "orations" about liberty, equality and fraternity.

Within two weeks Petrov was on his way to his country home in the province of Tula. There were several good reasons why he left Petrograd; first, because an investigation was under way to determine who murdered the two patients at the Marine hospital; second, he was anxious to get his share of the land which he learned was now being divided in common among the proletarians; third, and perhaps the chief reason, because he had been deserted by his sweetheart, who had left him in order to marry a cabinet member!

On this girl he had squandered a fortune, which he had realized from the sale of loot stolen from the Czar's winter palace, the spoils having been purchased by a rich foreigner for a million rubles. Of this sum Petrov's share was fifty thousand. The vampire made him buy her a beautiful collar of pearls, and after getting all of his money, left him.

A soldier can travel without money or a ticket, so Petrov went to the depot, and without asking permission of any one, made himself perfectly comfortable in a

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first-class mahogany and plush-lined compartment. The train was packed with passengers, who filled not only all of the seats, but the aisles.

Some were sitting on the roof, that is, the bourgeois!

When any one knocked at the door of his compartment, Petrov replied petulantly that he was a cabinet member and would permit no one to enter.

After traveling thus first-class for two days, Petrov passed through Moscow, where he changed trains, and finally reached his little native country village. This was the first time he had been in it for a period of more than four years. At the beginning of the war he was accustomed to write letters to his wife, and frequently received messages from her; but later, he evidently forgot that he had a wife, so that she did not know whether he was alive or dead.

The road to his home ran through the estate of his former landlord. It was early morning, and Petrov had to go afoot. Passing through the estate, he noticed that all the buildings had been demolished and the beautiful grounds devastated. Later he was told that the peasants had divided the buildings among themselves, each taking his share of the stone and lumber.

IN THE village Petrov met many former friends, but was disagreeably struck with the fact that upon seeing his uniform, they all tried to pass him quickly by and escape. He was informed afterward that this was because of the atrocities committed by the soldiers of the Bolsheviki.

Walking down the long street of the village, Petrov remembered how, when leaving his home for the war, he had marched along this very same street with his fellow soldiers; also, how at the station, he bade his weeping wife and parents farewell. Before him stood the white village church, with its blue domes, faded by time and storm. Once more he recalled the circumstances of his marriage in this church, three years before the outbreak of the war. He remembered how radiant and fascinating was his young bride; how happy and pure were the first three years of their married life together!

How could he think of comparing his wife with those heartless adventuresses whom he had met later, especially his last sweetheart, who had extorted from him the rich necklace of pearls!

Having now passed the white church, Petrov could see afar the old straw roof of his own house, half-hidden by a row of willows. From the chimney, smoke arose. "My wife, Domna, is probably making a fire to bake bread," mused Petrov. "She is about to prepare a meal."

Petrov was hungry. The returning soldier, thinking of the good things Domna used to make, and especially of the hot bread which he had not eaten for so many years, hastened his steps. The front door being open, he entered the "izba," or cottage, without knocking. His wife was standing near the mouth of the big Russian stove, and did not see him enter. But turning her head and beholding for the first time in four years the familiar form and features which had been to her only a dream, Domna was so amazed that she could not move.

"Petrov! Is it you?" she cried, running toward him and encircling his neck with

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"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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HEALTHY teeth need healthy gums to hug them. Else they will loosen in Pyorrhea. Tiny openings will come in the gums to act as the gateways of disease germs, which infect the joints or tonsils, or cause other ailments.

Forhan's prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. No mere toothpaste does. Are *your* gums tender gums? Are they bleeding gums? If so, you are certain to have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people who are over forty have it.

To you we earnestly recommend Forhan's. It preserves the gums, which hold the teeth secure.

Brush your teeth with it. Forhan's cleans the teeth scientifically — keeps them white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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her arms, weeping and laughing at the same time.

"Where's father," inquired the Bolshevik, releasing himself from his wife's embraces.

"In the back yard, working on the sledges," replied Domna.

"Where's mother?"

"Dead," responded his wife, bowing her head sadly. "She was sick for a long time, and always kept asking for news about you."

"Come here, Miroschka," she said, addressing a little boy who was hiding fearfully in a corner, "and greet your father. Don't be afraid," continued the mother encouragingly, taking their son by the hand. "He will do you no harm."

"No, mother," murmured the boy tremulously, and retreating again to the corner. "I am afraid he will kill me!"

"What's the matter? Why is he so frightened?" asked Petrov, looking askance at Miroschka.

"He is terribly afraid of soldiers," replied the mother; "and especially of those damned Bolsheviki. Every day the devils prowl about the village, and we don't know how to save ourselves from them. Never will they pass by anything worth while. To keep what little we have from their clutches, we hide everything from their rapacious eyes. The whole village has been pillaged by their soldiers—bread, linen, clothing, shoes, livestock, even chickens; anything and everything is taken by them, 'socialized,' as they say. Why, do you know, Petrov," she added earnestly, "I'd rather meet the devil than a Bolshevik!"

"I am going to grandfather," said the little boy in a frightened whisper, watchfully evading his father and carefully stealing out of the door.

While attending political meetings in the capital, Petrov had dreamed how he, a noble Bolshevik, would help to improve the country life of the peasantry and establish socialism through all Russia.

The first measure which he planned to help carry out was the division of the landlords' estates among the peasants, and also the socialization of the sugar factories. "The nobles have drunk enough of our blood," he would often say; "it is now time for the people to rule."

Petrov imagined himself annexing not less than thirty acres of land next to his house, which would yield twelve hundred pounds of wheat per acre. With wheat selling at forty rubles a pound, his income would be thirty times forty-eight thousand rubles; so much money that he would not even take the trouble to compute it. His life would be truly royal. Petrov, the proletarian prince!

But when, upon approaching his cottage, he noticed that its condition was considerably worse than before the Revolution, Petrov was slightly disenchanted, and his meeting with the family was therefore not so enthusiastic. The discontent of the returned soldier increased still more after an unpleasant conversation with his father.

"With wheat at forty rubles a pound, we'll roll in riches!" exclaimed Petrov.

"Never again," replied the old peasant grimly, "will I raise crops for the Bolsheviki."

"Couldn't I get work in the sugar factory?" inquired the returned soldier nervously.

"Torn down long ago," said his father. "It could not be run at a profit, because the hands demanded such high wages. So the superintendent sold the beets, sugar and machinery to some Germans from Frankfort-on-the-Rhine!"

"Do you mean to tell me I can't get either land or work?" cried Petrov dumfounded.

"Neither," responded the old man quietly. "The land was socialized and divided long ago. But no one is satisfied with what he got. Rival communities are fighting for possession of the acreage left idle by the fleeing nobles. We've stopped raising crops, because they're stolen by the commissaries of the local soviet. Besides, nearly all of the agricultural implements have either been worn out or destroyed. We can buy at the village store neither shovels, scythes, hatchets, nails nor any useful thing. There is not a new suit of clothing or a pair of leather boots in the village. These clothes are made of homespun and these shoes of bark. We can not light the cottage with oil, because there is none, so we use wooden torches. Of course there is plenty of paper money in the village, but it wouldn't buy anything, even if there was anything to buy. We can not even get sugar and tea," concluded the old man with a sigh. "And what is life without sugar and tea!"

As Petrov was sauntering down the main street he met some Bolshevik soldiers who invited him to share with them a gallon of *hanjah*, which they had stolen from the cellar of a saloon in Moscow.

After Petrov had already spent two weary weeks in his native village, the dull routine of country life began to pall on him. He had failed utterly to convince his wife and father of the blessings of Bolshevism, or to tame his young son, Miroschka, who still remained timorous as a wild animal, not daring to approach within striking distance. There was evidently nothing left for the returned soldier in his native town. The easy life and alluring temptations of the city were irresistible. Besides, what more profitable vocation could be found than looting?

That night Petrov stole into the cellar of his home and filled two bags with wheat—all there was left. His wife, who had awakened from sleep, heard him staggering upstairs with his burden, and tried to stop him. But her outraged husband, still under the influence of *hanjah*, struck her a violent blow on the head with his fist, and she fell unconscious to the floor. Not caring whether she was alive or dead, the Bolshevik soldier hurried to the station and took the midnight train for Petrograd.

A GALLERY OF DOUGHBOY HEROES

A selection of the best ten portraits of American soldiers decorated for unusual bravery, done by the distinguished American painter, Joseph Cummings Chase, who was sent to France to record for the Historical Division of the War College the faces of our doughboy heroes and generals. In the

NOVEMBER EVERYBODY'S.

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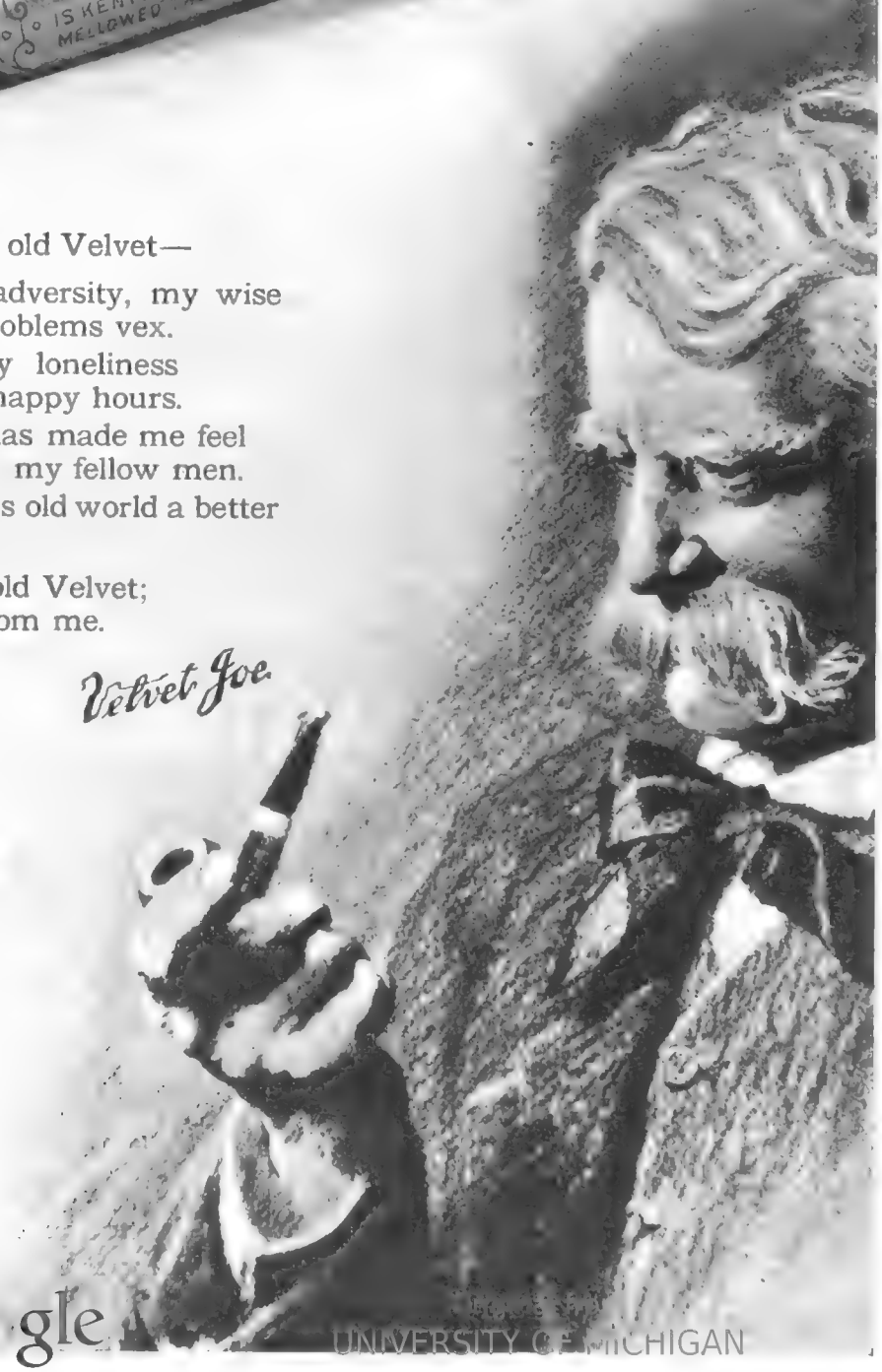
No one shall take them from me-

I love my pipe and good old Velvet—

My comforters in adversity, my wise counselors when problems vex.
Companions of my loneliness and sharers of my happy hours.
Their friendliness has made me feel more kindly toward my fellow men.
They have made this old world a better place to live in.

I love my pipe and good old Velvet;
no one shall take them from me.

Velvet Joe.



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"Yellow Men Sleep"

Read this new novel and your nerves tingle as if you had been racing all night in an aeroplane. Read **"Yellow Men Sleep"** and you are haunted with impressions of scenes and situations that seem to touch into life alluring memories a thousand years old. It is an extraordinary story; something new and exhilarating; Oriental, exotic, fascinating.

Most of the novel's action is in the Desert of Gobi; and the plot reaches across China, and has ramifications extending back to the United States. It involves U. S. Secret Service men and an inaccessible empire in the midst of the desert. The story centers around a beautiful American girl held in the strange empire by trickery and craft, and the efforts to rescue her from her captors and from herself.

"Yellow Men Sleep" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold for $1.60 at all bookstores.

MY NEIGHBOR, THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(*Continued from page 16*)

the world," was the essential meaning of these inscriptions. Roosevelt showed them to us with a smile of comic significance. They were one of his most amusing "exhibits."

It was a lively and altogether charming visit, and yet as in leaving the door I looked back and saw the old colonel standing in the porch of that big empty house, I acknowledged a pang of pain, almost of pity, for in my little apartment in the city two little daughters were awaiting me. My bereavement had not yet begun. I understood now why he read and read.

One day as we were leaving the hotel dining-room together I asked him what he had heard from his sons. "They are all on the firing-line!" he answered gravely. "And they are uninjured, but I know the time is coming when I must go to Edith and tell her that one, and perhaps two, of them are gone. They are at the front and they are brave—it is too much to expect that all of them will return unhurt. But they are doing the right thing. I would be there myself if this war were not so very exclusive."

As he spoke of the almost certain death of his sons, his face took on a look that made me think by contrast of the lithe, swift and happy figure he had been when first I saw him nearly a quarter of a century before. I felt the making of American history as I noted the gray in his hair and heard the note of melancholy foreboding in his voice.

LATE in the autumn I was shocked and grieved to hear that he was ill and that he must go to the hospital. All reports minimized his ailment, but as the weeks went on I became anxious about him and went to call upon him. I had in mind not merely to see how he really looked, but to ask permission to form an organization which should furnish the money to buy a few acres of ground in France and build a modest monument over Quentin's grave.

I said to him: "We want to act at once in this matter so that when you go to visit the grave next summer you will find it in the midst of a cheerful garden, with a beautiful little monument at its head. I have only spoken to a few of your friends about it, but I am sure a call for funds to carry out this project would meet with instant response. It would be a pleasure for all your friends to subscribe."

He did not reply for a moment and his eyes misted. He thanked me and said: "As far as I am concerned, I welcome your suggestion. It is a beautiful idea. I see no objection to it and I am sure the French Government would sell me land enough to do what you have outlined. I don't want the French people to assume any part of the care or expense of such a plot; they have too great a burden now, they must care for so many graves of their own. I would not add a penny to their obligations. However, the question must go to Mrs. Roosevelt. Her wishes must rule in this important matter."

He was lying in his bed as he spoke, and though he looked very well he was curiously immobile, and it troubled me to see him so confined. His trouble was said to be sciatica, but I feared it might turn out to be something more serious. He was reading as usual—and we talked of books and writers as we always did, and then he returned to my plan. "Come and see me again," he said. "I will see Edith and talk the plan over with her. I think she will feel as I do about it, but the decision lies with her."

As I went away I had a vision of what Quentin's small garden could be like when the father and mother would visit it in June. My plan included the graves of other young men who typified the volunteer forces of America—Joyce Kilmer perhaps. I saw it becoming one of the places to which travelers would be directed in the future.

Alas! Mrs. Roosevelt decided against it. She shrank from permitting so much honor to her son when so many other brave boys were lying in unmarked graves, and when I saw the colonel next, he told me with some hesitation that they had decided not to acquiesce in my plan. He was deeply touched by the significance of our desire to honor him through Quentin, but his wife's wishes were final.

We talked of many things during that visit, but in the midst of his vigorous and wide-ranging discussion he said with a note of grim resignation: "I am ready now to sing my *Nunc Dimittis*. I've had a full life and a happy life. The war is won; three of my boys seem likely to come home. Two of them are wounded, it is true, but they are coming home, and I am content. If I am to go now, I shall go satisfied with the outcome."

As the time came to part he gave me his hand in firm clasp as of old, but I could not free my mind of the fear that he was in some way under sentence. He was so singularly immobile. There was something ominous in the fixedness of his lower limbs. His words concerning his possible death, although spoken with a smile, were also deeply significant. I went away shadowed with fear.

THIS apprehension passed away when I read that he was going home for the holidays, and I wrote to him to say that it gave us all joy to think of him back in the old house. I really considered all my fears fantastical and a note from Mrs. Roosevelt confirmed me in my restored confidence.

Alas! This confidence was not justified. In the midst of our holiday rejoicing came the incredible report, "Roosevelt is dead."

Those of us who knew him best were the slowest to believe this report. We could not associate Theodore Roosevelt and death. He was so vital, so tireless, so in love with work. His idea of rest was only a change of activity.

Here came in a comforting thought. I said: "He has not ceased to be—he has merely changed the character and the scene of his doing. He has gone on into some farther vale in a land beyond the ultimate River of Doubt. He is still the explorer, riding the mystic trail with the same joyous eagerness with which he was accustomed to set forth into his beloved West. He is only taking a longer holiday in The Great Open toward which we are all inevitably bound."

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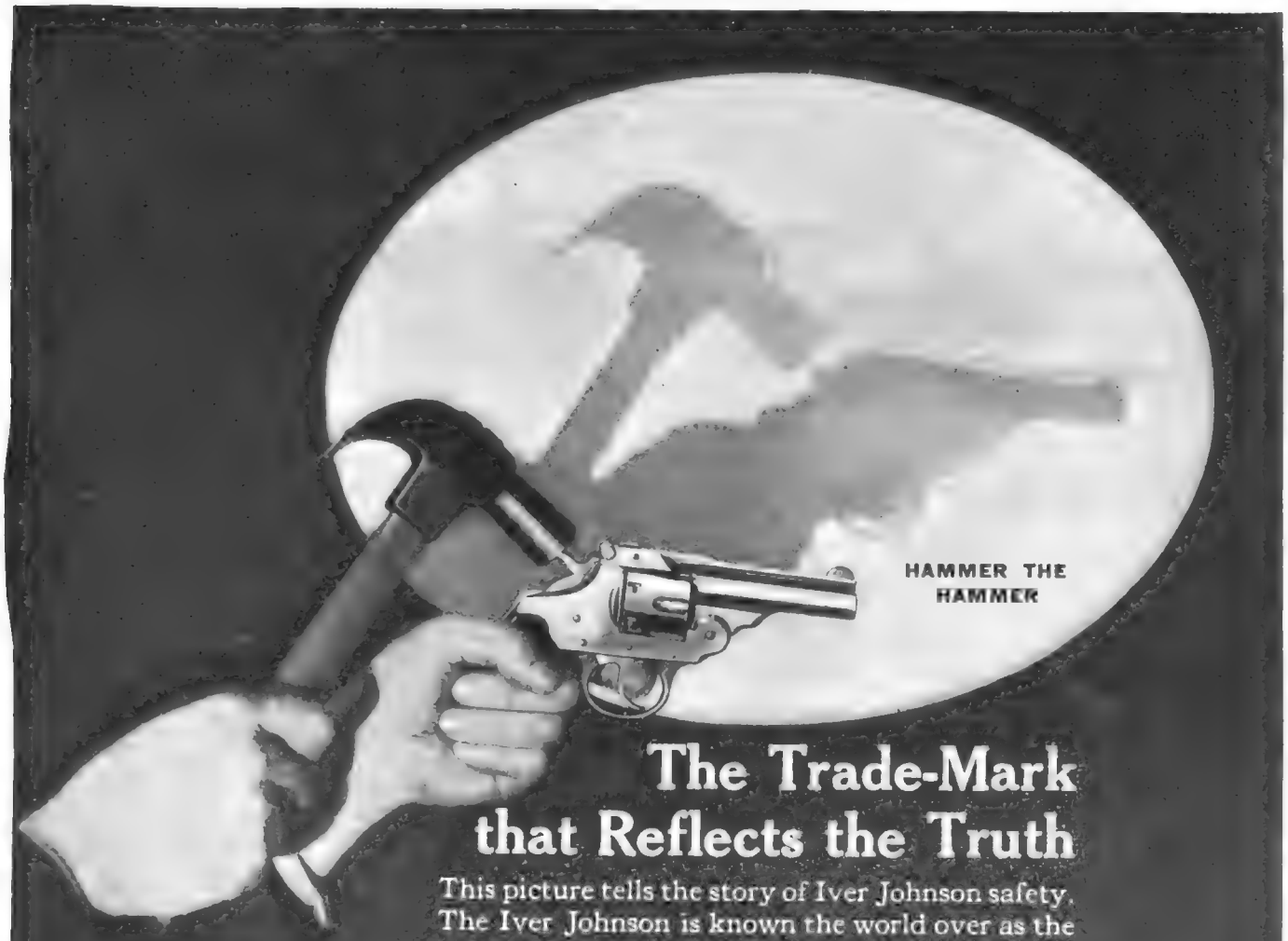

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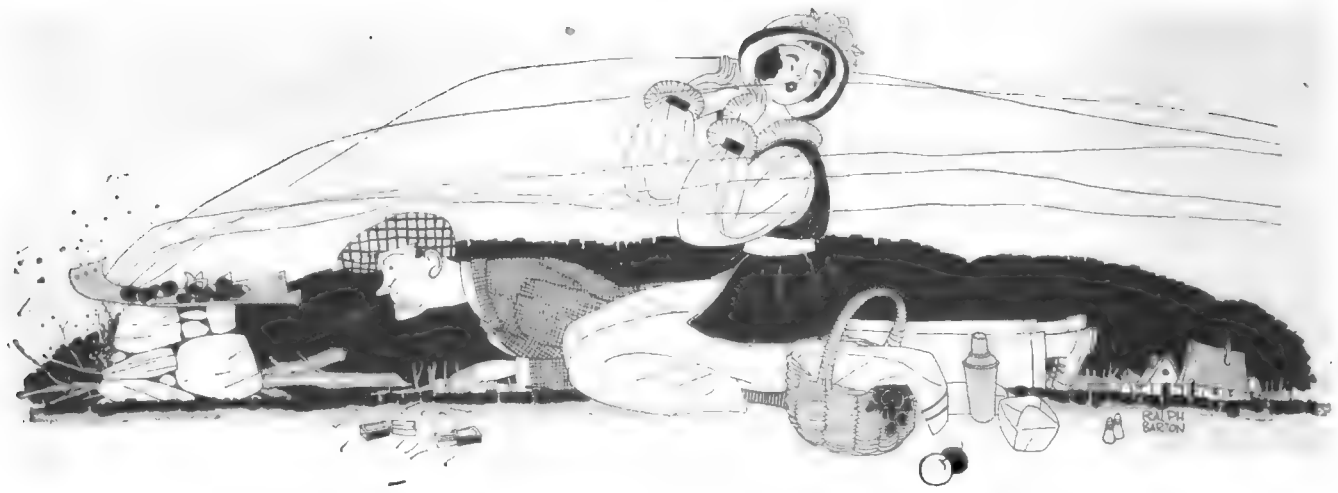

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

AN ENGLISHMAN, unfamiliar with the American negro, and a guest in a Southern home, showed much interest in the dark-skinned race.

"Do all of your negroes speak English?' he inquired on the first day of his visit.

"Oh, no," was the prompt reply of his host, who greatly enjoyed a little joke; "they speak their own language. Come along with me and listen."

Approaching an aged negro he inquired: "Wha' hee?"

"Wha' hoo?" asked the negro.

"Wha boss?" replied the employer.

"Ober dah," was the final response.

"How extraordinary!" commented the visitor.

THE soldier was late in returning to barracks, which did not endear him to his commanding officer, a huge Irishman. So special confinement was ordered.

"But, sir, I lost my way in the town," pleaded the private.

"Well, we will reconsider the sentence," said the officer; "but you better had stay in the barracks until you get acquainted with the town."

"'TIS in the paper, Pat," said Bridget, "that after the first of July when it's no more whisky to be dhrunk that all the people will live longer."

"'Tis thrue, no doubt," replied Pat, "for even if it's no more days we live, life will at least seem longer."

AN OFFICER in the — Division seeing one of his men limping painfully, inquired the reason.

"Well, suh, Ah was done kicked by a mu-el."

"Kicked by a mule! Why, George, how did that happen?"

"Ah doan' know, suh. Ah guess Ah done fohgot to salute him."

A FACTORY hand, who had accidentally lost a finger through careless handling of a machine, was approached by the foreman. "How did it happen?" he inquired.

"Well, boss, I'll show you," said the unlucky one. "You see I had just started the machinery and was putting my hand in like this to—*Gosh!* There goes another one!"

A PSYCHIATRIC Board was testing the mentality of a thick-lipped, weak-faced negro soldier. Among other questions, the specialist asked, "Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking, or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, suh," answered the negro.

"When does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."

THE late Tody Hamilton, famous as a circus press-agent, once planned a special performance at the winter headquarters of his show. He arranged to feed beer to the animals in their cages, and notified the New York newspapers.

Among the reporters was a bibulous veteran known as "Billy." The night before this assignment he had been engaged in a severe bout with John Barleycorn, and the next day felt greatly in need of a pick-me-up. As the keepers, under Hamilton's direction, poured gallons of beer into the receptacles for the animals sniffing at it indifferently, Billy became more and more incensed at the waste.

"I can't stand this any longer, Tody!" he exclaimed. "For the love of Mike, haven't you got an empty cage for me?"

A LONE motor-cyclist, hot, goggled, dusty and hatless, stopped at a wayside inn for refreshments and ordered doughnuts and iced tea. "Two washers for a nut!" cried the waiter on his way to the kitchen for the tea.

TOWARD the end of Nat Goodwin's series of marriages—while he was for the moment without a wife—he was obliged one day to answer a number of official questions. He hurriedly put down the answers, until he came to one which read: "Are you married, single, or divorced?"

He pondered over this for some time. Finally, his look of worriment vanished. Beneath the question he wrote the answer, "Yes."

THE orderly officer had his eagle eye on the morning's rations. "Any complaints?" he inquired of the long table of occupants.

Private Jones rose. "Just taste this, sir," he said, presenting a can of liquid.

"Very excellent soup," stated the officer.

"Yes, sir. But the corporal calls it tea; the cook gave it out as coffee, and now I've found a scrubbing-brush at the bottom of the dixie."

A WELL-KNOWN archbishop and a prominent rabbi are warm friends, notwithstanding their divergent views in matters of religion. Both are well known for their wit. At a banquet in St. Louis where they were guests, the archbishop took occasion to pass a dish of ham to the Jewish rabbi, with the remark: "This is very extraordinary ham, Doctor, and I must insist that you partake of it."

To which the rabbi promptly responded: "Because your Grace has seen fit to so kindly urge the matter upon me, I do not see how I can refuse. I will partake of the ham, but not now—at some future day."

"When?" asked the archbishop.

"On your wedding-day," the rabbi replied.

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The Buckaroo *versus* Berlin!

By Roy Ritchie

Bustin' Uncle Sam's broncbos to beat the Kaiser at "The Flying Circle."

IT'S NO use trying to tell an Easterner anything wild and woolly about the West. Ab - so - lute - lee none. He's wise to all that old stuff. He knows there aren't any more cowboys except in frontier shows and moving - pictures. He knows the cowboy passed half a century ago, along with the old West.

Hasn't he been out there himself? And if not, hasn't he a friend who has and who has told him about it?

Nothing very wild about it, was there? Brick business blocks, and pavements, and tin Henrys, and electric lights every time the train stopped, even going over the mountains, where one kept a furtive lookout for big game, and redskins, and things like that.

Might as well've been back in Indiana wild-and-wooliness.

Not a cowboy to be seen. Nor an Indian. A fellow passenger told him that cowboys are now called ranch-hands and wear overalls. And that the noble red man is busy planting his corn, and buying Liberty bonds, and, on the Sabbath, winding up his Ford and driving the squaw and papeese (plural of papoose?) to church.

A sorry disillusionment, was it not, to one who had dreamed of the West as a land of romance and adventure? And the worst of it is that it was a very badly behaved, errant, purposeless disillusionment which wandered in where it had no business being at all.

For there *are* cowboys in the West, and romance, and adventure. Only one doesn't find them squatted down where you can see them through the car windows.

Back in the vast reaches of eastern Washington and Oregon, tucked into out-of-the-way corners of Montana, Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming, and here and there in the Texas Panhandle and the great Southwest, the old order of things is still pretty much in existence. Here survive in all their Zane Grey splendor the round-up and other institutions of a past generation.

In the vast European convulsion that soaked the world in blood, the men from these ranches manfully held up their end. This story does not dwell upon the many range-riders who volunteered for service in the United States cavalry, nor upon the hundreds drawn into the selective service army, but has to do, rather, with the cowboys whom the Government kept at home. What the average Easterner didn't know about his West, Uncle Sam did. Therefore, when along with our participation in the war came the need of thousands upon thousands of horses, Uncle Sam knew where to lay hands on the right men to take care of this item. Several remount depots were established. Here were shipped horses by trainloads, fresh off the range, and here were gathered the pick of Western cowboys to break them for officers' mounts, the cavalry, field artillery, and the other needs of the service.

The largest of these remount depots, and perhaps the most reminiscent of the pristine glories of the buckaroo, was located near the National Army cantonment at Camp Lewis, Washington. The wonders of the Arabian Nights, wrought in the land of Harun al Rashid, were hardly more striking then the transformation which the Government brought about on this bit of Puget Sound prairie. Combining the powers of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp with all the genii of the traveling carpet, a huge slice of the "cow country" was whisked up, carried westward over the Rockies and Cascades, and successfully transplanted on the outskirts of the populous city of Tacoma.

It was a regular horse ranch, right out of a story-book, accoutered in a way calculated to leave the thrill - hungry Easterner pop-eyed with amazement.

"The Flying Circle" the outfit named it. From ranch-house to corrals it conducted itself as closely to the ways and customs of the buckaroo as the regulations of the United States Army permitted. And cowboys! They were to be seen everywhere—tanned, capable-looking men, wearing high - crowned hats, chaps, spurs and picturesque names. Every one of them, technically a soldier and on the payroll of the Government, four of them sergeants. But never from sunrise to sunset—it does not seem proper to say "reveille to taps" in speaking of the "Flying Circle"—did you glimpse a chevron.

At headquarters—the ranch - house—there was much he-conversation of a decidedly non-military character.

Captain J. W. Jackson, commander of the depot, was not without his troubles. He has told of some of the difficulties to be encountered in trying to make over a bunch of hard-boiled cowmen to conform with the ideas of the War Department.

"For instance," he said, "what we were supposed to be getting at here was not fancy riding, but efficiency in turning out great numbers of properly broken and trained horses. The fellow who boasts of his ability to ride anything with hair on it is not the fellow we wanted. Our men had to have that ability, but they also had to have the right temperament and the judgment to refrain from useless buckarooing. The War Department did not consider this sort of punishment an essential part of a horse's education."

There was a hint of pride in his voice as he added, somewhat inconsistently, it seemed:

"We assembled here an aggregation of the greatest riders in the world."

Hundreds of cowboys applied for jobs under Captain Jackson. The successful ones were chosen most carefully. References were required as to character as

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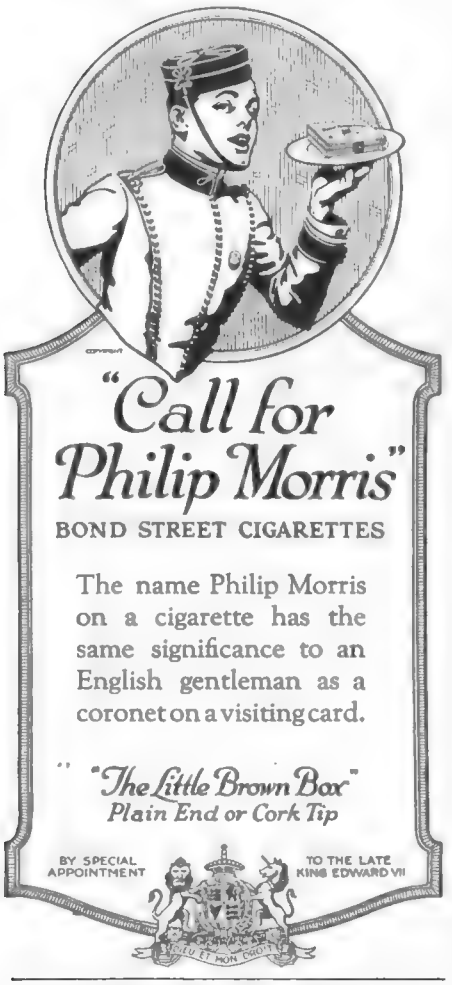
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Among Simple, Friendly Cannibals

"White Shadows in the South Sea" is really a journey to the Marquesas Islands between covers; it is atmosphere and incident and color and human interest. Its appeal is, not only to the readers of travel books, but also to the thousands of fiction readers who delight in books of facts that are presented with the dramatic intensity of a novel. It is the tale of a year's residence among the simple, friendly cannibals in the furthest islands of the far South Seas. The reader will find only the story of what he himself might have experienced and casually learned among these savage people, fast-vanishing links with the childhood of mankind, vanishing because all coppercolored races die when in contact with white men.

"White Shadows in the South Sea" is illustrated from photographs, is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for $4.00.

well as to ability. During the last months of the war I saw many of these men at the "bunk-house," in the "breaking barn," and at work in the high-barred corrals, lariats coiled on their high Mexican saddles, "cutting out" horses with shrill "hi-yi's" to segregate them, according to brand, for the various branches of the service. I made the rounds with Sergeant W. A. Richardson, foreman of the outfit, to whom the captain turned me over. A jovial, shirt-sleeved, squatty man was the foreman, wearing the usual sombrero and, on his slightly bowed legs, short boots into which were tucked his trousers. Never, among his men, was he addressed by his military title. To the riders he was "the foreman," or just plain "Bill."

Bill Richardson used to be a Federal stock-inspector at Miles City, Montana, with a salary of three thousand dollars a year. When the United States took a hand in the big scrap, he immediately resigned his position, sold his home, brought his wife and children to Tacoma, and enlisted. To Captain Jackson he confided that his ancestors had taken part in every war in the nation's history, and he'd be ding-whizzled if he was going to let the family tradition die.

I privately informed Bill of my desire to see a little of what a movie director would call "action stuff," but repeated conscientiously what the captain had told me concerning the orders against buckarooing. Bill's eyes twinkled.

"Well," he said, "the boys just naturally have to mix it with one o' these hosses now and then. You can't break every 'bronk' according to Government specifications, even if some general who's probably never been on a horse's back *does* say so."

A little later it so happened—"accidental-like," as the foreman put it—that in one of the bull-pens which flank the corrals a soldier buckaroo, "Powder River" Elmer Teich, felt called upon to give a lesson in military discipline to a rangy black mare with a bad eye, freshly arrived from the Wyoming hills. She was what is known as "ornery." The idea of army life seemed to be very abhorrent to her.

Other riders clambered up to sit on the rim of the saucer-like pen as the mutineer was driven, snorting with anger, out of the corral and through a narrow door into the sawdust-floored enclosure, followed by Teich and a fellow buckaroo. Teich dropped his saddle and slammed the door behind them. While his companion maneuvered to slip a rope halter over the outlaw's head, Teich drew forth his "makin's" and rolled and lighted a cigaret. Together they got the mare saddled, then, as his colleague scurried out the door, the cowboy swung on to her back.

A thousand thrills were crowded into the second during which the broncho stood quivering. A sudden leap. A shrill squeal of rage. And she was off, whirling, twisting, bucking, in an eddying cloud of sawdust. The buster yelled in apparent enjoyment. The onlookers yelled out of pure excitement.

Minutes passed, tense and sweaty.

At last, sullenly, gradually, the outraged black gave up the hopeless struggle, until finally she stood, panting and chastened. The rider's hat had been jostled down rakishly over one eye. He still puffed his cigaret as he slipped to the ground.

"Peelin' bronks," he said with a grin, "ain't such a bad way to do one's bit."

Maybe not, but, personally, I should much prefer a nice, safe place in the front-line trenches.

This rider, Teich, owns a large ranch near Sheridan, Wyoming, and last year shipped fourteen thousand dollars' worth of cattle. He is a fair specimen of the sort of men who worked at the remount depot. I name a few others selected from the roster at random. The sobriquets are not used in banter. They are the names by which their owners are best known among their mates:

Walter "Bear Tracks" Kane, quartermaster-sergeant, was part proprietor of a ranch near Elko, Nevada.

Ed "Liza Butler" Warren, former buckaroo in the Southwest, was more recently "dude wrangler" in Glacier National Park.

Paxton Irvine of Ross, Wyoming, was wealthy owner of a big stock-ranch and son of ex-Senator Irvine of that state.

Ed "Rawhide" Aspaas of Sheridan, Wyoming, was another ranchman.

"Buckless" Winning was a famous Australian rider and relay racer.

Mickey Millerick, old-time cowboy, has been doing Wild West stunts the past three years for the movies in California.

Ora "Calgary Kid" de Mille was a range-rider in Canada.

And—

(The skeptical Easterner will put his tongue in his cheek at this)

—an insouciant buckaroo answering to the terrible appellation of "Hydrophobia Red."

I did not get this name out of a nickel yellowback. Cross-my-heart-hope-to-die! That's what they called him. The rest of his name was Dave Scott and he hailed from Miles City, Montana. He was a mild-looking man, too, in repose. He did not bite anybody while I was there.

No regulation army saddles were handed out to the men of the "Flying Circle." Each brought with him his own saddle, his own spade bit—silver-mounted, perhaps—and his own rope. Most of them also brought their own saddle blankets of original Navajo manufacture, costing each one as much as a dozen of the sort issued to Uncle Sam's cavalrymen. From among the animals brought in for them to break, the cowboys selected their own mounts. Each rider had a string of three, and these horses were the pride of the ranch.

When the remount depot was established, army authorities got a city cook to take charge of the kitchen. He was a good cook, but the cowboys couldn't quite get used to him. They wanted their "chuck" served ranch style. At last a Montana ranch-hand was appointed to assist him.

It was supper-time when I took my leave. Faintly, across the prairie, came the notes of a bugle sounding the mess-call at the distant cantonment.

They did not have bugles at the "Flying Circle."

As I rode away, the cook's assistant emerged from the kitchen, beating a steel triangle with an iron spoon and bellowing raucously the familiar buckaroos' warning: "Come and git 'er or we'll throw 'er out!"

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Seventeen victories—seventeen days.

Frank Luke—Hell On Balloons

The Story of America's Most Daring Flyer

By C. H. Claudy

ALL the world knows the name of Eddie Rickenbacker, and millions have thrilled at the exploits of Lufbery. These two premier American aces, the one with twenty-six, the other with seventeen, officially confirmed aerial victories to his credit, have been for many months the glory of the American air service.

But with them should be remembered young Frank Luke, Jr., of Phœnix, Arizona, whose meteoric career lasted only seventeen days, but who established a record in that time which has somehow escaped public recognition, in spite of the fact that it is one victory greater than Lufbery's official record. Rickenbacker, alive, and Lufbery, spectacularly dead in combat, shine as the brightest stars in the firmament of daring American aviators, but Luke, who "went west" in as dramatic a manner as he lived and fought, deserves to be bracketed with his more famous compeers.

It is a very simple story, that of Frank Luke. He was twenty years old when he entered the service. He was trained at the University of Texas, at Rockwell Field, at Issoudun and at Cazeaux in France; joined the Twenty-seventh Aero Squadron near Château-Thierry late in July, 1918; had an insatiable appetite for flying, defied all rules of formation and safety in the air, and was very curious about machine guns and what they could do with incendiary bullets. At first, because he was impatient of discipline and habitually got lost from his flight when it went out in formation, the idea got about that he was afraid. Subsequently that idea was very thoroughly abandoned.

The man who commanded his squadron in the fighting in which he took so brilliant a part—Harold E. Hartney—describes his first impression of him as that of "a youth keen and aquiline, blue-eyed and fair, with a strong jaw, and hair brushed back from a broad high forehead."

An aviator who makes a great success is invariably one of three types: he is a cool, cautious, calculating, nervy, nerveless, courageous, brainy man, who wins because he outguesses as well as outfights his opponents—such a flyer as Rickenbacker; or he is a wild and reckless individual with apparently no care for his life, no worry as to his future, and possessing so great a passion for aerial combat that no odds are too great, no risk too large for him to run; or he is just lucky.

No one ever accused Luke of being cool and calculating. And his worst enemies never said he was lucky.

He was continually in hot water with his commanders because of needless risks he ran. Either he had no fear, or so believed in his lucky star that he was certain nothing could hurt him. If, in his practise days, he had a loop to do, he was as apt to make it two hundred feet from the ground as two thousand. If he was to practise a nose dive, he pulled out of it a hundred feet above the earth. Yet so skilful was he with his machine, and so keen on "stunting," that nothing worse than a reprimand ever happened to him until the day he ran out of luck.

His first aerial combat was on September 12, 1918. His own report of it as spread upon the history of the Twenty-seventh Aero Squadron, is as dramatic as it is laconic, though doubtless he never intended his terse sentences to be anything more than matter of fact. He reports:

"Saw three enemy aircraft over Lavigneulle and gave chase, following them directly east toward Pont-à-Mousson where they disappeared toward Metz. Saw an enemy balloon at Marieville. Destroyed it after three passes at it, each within a

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very few yards of the balloon. The third pass was made when the balloon was very near the ground. Both guns stopped, so pulled off to one side, fixed left gun, and turned about to make one final effort to burn balloon, but the next instant it had burst into flames and dropped on the winch, destroying it."

It means something to destroy a balloon. Fighting one or two or three enemy aircraft, a fighting plane has to consider nothing but the guns which they may train on him. Archie shells may burst around him, but the chances of Archies being located near a combat are remote. But when a pilot goes to "strafe" a balloon, he undertakes to attack that which is protected by a battery of Archies. A balloon is a poor helpless thing by itself, but so well protected from the ground that he is a brave man indeed who will dare its destruction.

Evidently this balloon was in good hands, since "the third pass was made when it was near the ground." Its winchmen had hauled it down as rapidly as possible when Frank Luke first attacked it, in the hope of saving both balloon and observers in the basket. But his "third pass" had been a mortal one, and his incendiary bullets had done their work.

TWO days later the young balloon victor tried it again. He "left formation at Abaucourt and attacked enemy balloon near Boinville." This time he had to work harder, for he drove at it six times at close range before his fire took effect. During these six fires his guns jammed twice. But he flew in circles and fixed the guns, and then, not satisfied with destroying the balloon, attacked the Archie battery at the winch.

"Am sure my fire took effect, as the crew scattered," he writes.

He is also sure that he "got" the balloon, as the observer jumped in a parachute after the first attack, and "the last I saw of it was on the ground in a very flabby condition. Confirmation requested," he adds laconically.

All this would seem to be enough excitement for one day, but in the afternoon Luke managed to add a third to his "bag," which he describes in the following elaborate manner: "By order of the C. O. on arriving at Buzy, left formation and brought down enemy balloon in flames. While fixing my guns so I could attack another near-by balloon, eight Fokkers dropped down on me. Dived and pulled away, but they scored several good shots on my plane. Attached you will find confirmation of balloon, with one hundred and twenty-five rounds of fire near Boinville, and another with fifty rounds, near Bois d'Hingry." These were apparently all in the day's work, as no mention is made of enemy aircraft, and no Archie did any damage.

Just what the effect of these destroyed balloons on the battles on the ground may have been, not even history will be able to say. The balloon is the heart of the artillery mechanism; on its reports depend the accuracy of artillery mechanism. When a battery is depending on a balloon for "spotting" its shots, that balloon is shot down, and aircraft are too numerous and active to permit another to be flown in its place, the battery may be rendered ineffective.

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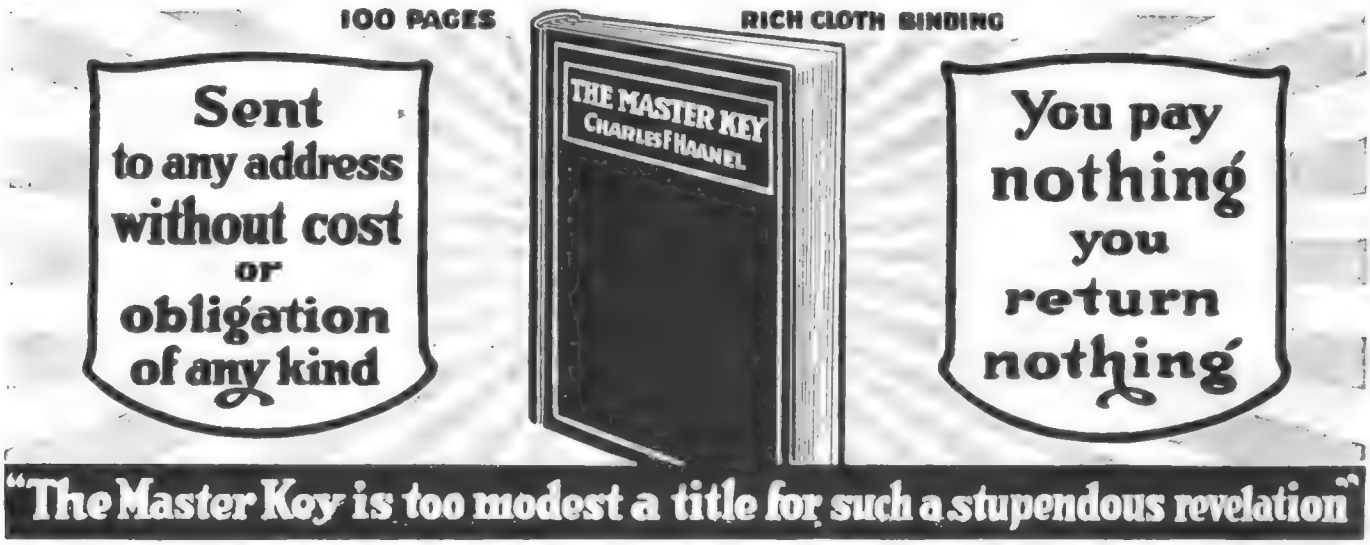
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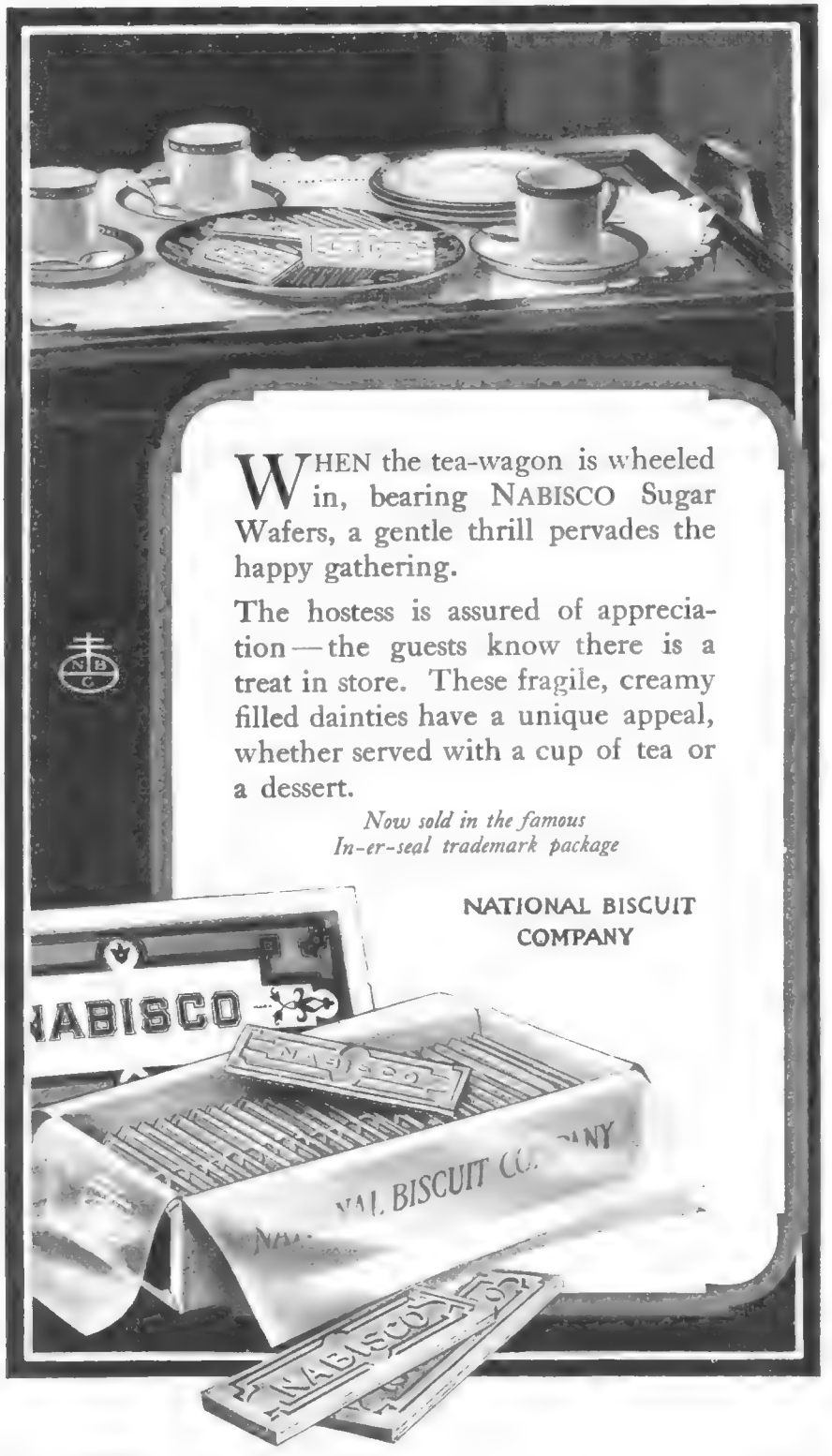
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One balloon a day was not enough for Luke. The man had a hunger for the German aerial sausages, and one success but whetted his appetite for more. So this same day he went out after another, and "saw light at about five hundred meters." At first he thought it was a German machine, but soon found it was a balloon, and in that small statement lies the key to Frank Luke's aerial character. To see something in the air was to go and investigate. Never mind if it was a trap, never mind if it was a single light on a machine at dusk, to make him engage in combat that a dozen others, unlighted, might drop on him and send him crashing. There was *something* in the air, and it couldn't be friendly; therefore, it was to be attacked. So he found it "a Hun balloon. Attacked and destroyed it. Was Archied with white fire. Enemy machine guns were active. Returned very low, but lost my way on account of darkness and landed in a wheatfield."

BY NOW Luke had the habit. Balloons were his meat. He left the aerial battles to his companions and developed his theory of balloon destruction, which was as simple as it was effective—"dusk and dawn." At these hours the balloon, being large, is easily seen, whereas a plane is almost invisible, therefore a "strafing" expedition stood a better chance of success than at brighter hours.

The next day—this is the sixteenth—Luke brought down two balloons, one falling on the observer, who had jumped, the other destroying its own winch by fire. Anti-aircraft guns were very active and "scored several good hits on my plane"; but none did him any vital damage.

Then comes the eighteenth of September, when Luke went wild. He started at four in the morning with his favorite companion, Lieutenant Wehner. Two balloons over St. Mihiel were shot down, one right after the other, both burning. Next a "number of enemy aircraft attacked, the main formation attacking Lieutenant Wehner, who was above." Starting to climb into the battle, two of the enemy aircraft attacked Luke. Luke turned and went head on for the leader, firing as he came. When two machines come head on to each other, it is a question which will swerve. Luke didn't. The other fellow did, and crashed to the ground, a crumpled heap. This one out of the way, Luke turned about for the second, and shot him down.

The story of how Luke shot down these two balloons, even when his motor was on the point of stopping for want of gasoline, of how he manipulated the control-stick and the triggers with one hand and pumped the air-pressure with the other, all the time surrounded by enemy machines, furnishes a supreme example of determination and valor.

Somehow he managed to reach his own side of the line safely, pumping with one hand his air-pressure as he zigzagged back. As he did so, Luke saw friendly aircraft fire in the direction of Verdun. This meant that a German machine was attempting to make a low reconnaissance in the fleeting clouds over the sector, and was probably getting away with valuable information. Luke was still low down, but climbing for all the motor was worth. The moment he gained sufficient altitude, he darted upon the machine and shot it down

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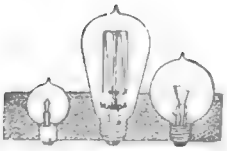

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before the eyes of a whole American division, that cheered as they recognized an American Spad streak across the sky and close in on the enemy.

"After a short encounter he crashed within our lines, southeast of Verdun. Lieutenant Wehner is entitled to share in the victory over both balloons. Confirmation requested . . . two balloons and three planes. Luke."

Two balloons and three planes! Not a bad month's work, and young Luke did it in less than a day, in less than an hour, in a little more than ten minutes. It is a record which has never been equaled by any ace, American or foreign, in the history of the war.

For a few days Luke rested on his laurels. On the twenty-sixth he got a plane; on the twenty-eighth another balloon, the report of which he ends apologetically by saying: "After I pulled away, it burst into flames. As I couldn't find another, I returned to the aerodrome. Confirmation requested."

Frank Luke could not report his last victory, since he paid for it with his life.

On the twenty-ninth, seventeen days after his first balloon, he was reported missing. He had dropped a note asking American balloon observers to watch for burning balloons over the German lines. Twenty minutes later he destroyed three, sending them all down in flames, but he never returned to tell the story in the short passionless words of the day-by-day report.

But the story is not without its finish. The Red Cross reports of deaths at the front tell the story of an unidentified aviator who was killed at Morvanus, five kilometers east of Dun-sur-Meuse, Sunday, September 29, 1918. The Germans had stripped him of all identification marks, but the tale of his last fight as told by French peasants was so spectacular that a Red Cross registration officer looked up the little grave and exhumed the body. On the wrist he found a watch, and the build of body and color of hair were Luke's.

This was the tale as told to Captain McCormick by the French villagers: that they had seen Luke destroy first three German balloons, and follow that by bringing down two of the many planes which attacked him (these are not credited to Luke, as no official evidence was forthcoming); that the aviator had then flown very low and killed eleven Germans, either with hand-grenades or machine-gun fire. While thus engaged, he was apparently hit, for he flew lower, and finally landed without damage to his machine. He was immediately surrounded by Germans, who called on him to surrender. But that would be too tame for Frank Luke. There was no such thing as surrender in him. He pulled his automatic and opened fire, and defended himself until killed. The peasants who told the story didn't know how many he accounted for with his gun. Is it unfair to conclude that the accuracy of fire which brought down eighteen enemy machines officially and three more not credited, in seventeen days, probably took proper toll of those who fought with him his last fight?

So ended Frank Luke, Jr., who gave his life as freely as he had given his effort to the war, and who, in seventeen short days of combat, made a record hardly equaled and never excelled by any aviator of any nation. For their own sakes, it is to be hoped there are no German balloons where he has gone.

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THEY'RE FUNNY PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 57*)

cloudy days and demonstrative about the precise consistency of the morning egg. But the American public will not let them alone. It writes them mash notes of sobby, smeary, mushy adulation. Then the temperament takes hold.

Sometimes a partial cure can be won by the control of the United States mails.

There was once a star who had been a very pleasant chap during his long days of mediocrity. But when he became a celebrity his morning sackful of mash notes completely upset him. He spent hours gravely reading over the letters, and when he reached the lot it was his custom to have a breast pocket full of the best. He would go about reading them to those who would stand and listen, and as the words of a star have great weight with the management, most of the minor players were willing to stand. He began to believe himself the greatest actor of all time.

"I shall not act to-day," he often said, after the members of the company had donned their grease-paint and costumes. "I am not in the mood. I owe it to myself to wait until I am inspired."

"But if you would just walk through this scene!" the director would urge.

"No," the star would decide, "I shall work in my garden. It is there I gather strength for my task."

There was nothing to be done, it seemed. He rarely reached a true temperamental height until a picture had been half completed, and its abandonment would entail the loss of many thousands of dollars. Then he did precisely as he pleased. If the director grew too fervid in his protests he would threaten to quit work altogether—just go away and leave film art dying in its tracks. At last the president of the company had an inspiration and cut off his morning mail. After some days had passed without a single letter reaching him, the publicity man took the star aside:

"We'll have to do something, old man," said he very seriously. "You're losing your grip. That last picture was a flivver and the chief is thinking about canning you."

For days after such a talk the star would be downcast and tractable. If he became entirely too low and began to talk of going away to some South Sea island where no one had ever heard his pitiful story the publicity man would feed him a small handful of mash notes. They always cheered him up, but great care was necessary not to overfeed him.

Curing Inflamed Temperaments.

ANOTHER star became a bully and a tyrant on the lot. The public never sees him on the screen now and believes his enforced retirement was due to domestic causes, but the truth is that he became impossible. No film company will have him at any price. During the making of a film he treated his subordinates worse than Simon Legree ever treated the aged African, and they had to smile and say nothing. Finally one day the assistant director called him aside:

"You talked pretty rough to a little man yesterday," said he. "Did it ever occur to you to talk that way to me?"

It occurred to the star at once and he began to talk that way. But he did not know that the assistant director had at one time been the intercollegiate boxing champion. For a time the assistant director just sniped him, hitting places loudly announced in advance. Then he got down to work. The company paid the star's expenses at Atlantic City for two weeks while his features deflated. For the next two pictures he was bearable, but the cure was not permanent, and the chastened star is no longer working at a job that once netted him $150,000 annually.

The Movie-Star Ego.

THE women stars are even worse than the men. At first the new temperament displays itself in buying handfuls of jewels, and yards of platinum chains, and more country houses than they could possibly live in, and odd little fuzzy dogs. Eventually this palls and they begin to looak bout for a new amusement. They usually find it in hectoring the management.

One star was found in a Whitechapel music hall where she thought herself lucky to get six pounds a week. Some one discovered that she filmed well and her salary rose to $4,000 for seven days. Her temperament was perhaps the most inventive and persistent in the business. Often she would enter for a scene, costumed and grease-painted. The usual greetings were gone through with. Then:

"I do not like this set," she would announce. "It must be changed."

That the change involved infinite trouble and great expense to the management seemed only to please her. Her favorite trick was to wait until a picture was half made and then quarrel with her leading man. As she would refuse to go on with him the company would be compelled to get a new leading man and make the whole picture over. Even the most complacent movie audience would rebel if the heroine's lover underwent a complete change half-way through the play. Various companies accepted her tantrums for a time, but she finally temperamented herself clear out of the business. It is doubtful if she could secure a contract from any of the larger companies now.

The time comes when the unpleasant ego shows on the screen, and then the cure begins. The public will accept indifferent acting and inferior stories, but it is quick to resent a suggestion that the star thinks more of him or herself than conditions warrant. Then that torrent of mash notes which swept the star away from moorings changes almost overnight into a wave of bitterly abusive letters. That temperament which has led him to respond so eagerly to praise immediately causes him to suffer inordinately. Many a star has been made physically unfit to play by the venomous letters he has unwisely read.

Producers say that stars may be divided into two classes. The first is the natural star, who would stand out in the picture no matter how unimportant the part may be. These may be counted on the fingers of the two hands. The stars of the second sort—the manufactured stars—are again subdivided into classes. There are developed stars and advertised stars and bankroll stars and stars from the stage, and, perhaps, accidental stars.

There is the case of Ben Turpin. During his earlier professional career he was a juggler. No doubt he could keep plates whirling in the air with any man alive, but juggling is a business of distinct limitations. He often regretted that he had not adopted a different profession—but what could he do? If he suffered no accident he might reasonably hope to retire with a modest competence at the end of a certain number of years. Then one day he tossed a heavy weight into the air—and forgot to catch it when it came down.

It struck him on the forehead. When he wakened from the coma which followed he discovered that his eyes were crossed. As a juggler he was ruined. Even if he could have juggled—which he could not—nervous people in the audience would not have dared to watch him. It seemed that his livelihood had been taken away from him. Instead of that, however, he went into the movies as a cross-eyed comedian and for years he has been making millions laugh. His one fear is that another heavy weight may some time hit him on the other side of his head.

Stars to Order.

AND there is Miss Lila Lee. Professionally Miss Lee is but seventeen years old. She can not be much older, as a matter of fact, for it is not long since the Gerry Society interfered with her when she played in vaudeville in New York. Now, it is obvious that a girl of seventeen years—or even of eighteen or nineteen years—can not possibly earn one hundred thousand dollars annually unless all ordinary standards of competence are wrong. Few great surgeons take in that much money in fees in the course of a year. No head of a university remotely approaches that salary. Explorers and generals receive pitiful sums in comparison.

Yet that fortune was actually dropped in Miss Lee's lap, because of the caprice of another pretty young woman. Or perhaps because of the business instinct of another pretty young woman, which makes the incident seem even more unreal. Miss Mary Pickford began movie life as an extra girl in California at a salary of five dollars for each day she worked. When her salary soared perilously close to a million dollars a year—which is a greater sum than any other woman has ever been paid in known history in any other art or trade or profession—she declined to sign a new contract. She had discovered she could make more if she worked for herself.

"We must have a star to take Miss Pickford's place," said her bereaved managers. "Who shall it be?"

Why not Miss Lee? She was young and slender and pretty and she could act. She had not acted a great deal, it is true, partly because she was so young and partly because she had always been in vaudeville where about all she was asked to do was to sing and dance. But it was believed

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that she had personality. The studio director thought that she could "get across" on the screen. So she was chosen to take the place left vacant by the departing star and $200,000 was spent in advertising her first picture before it was half made. Things like that do not happen in real life. They often happen—though scaled down, perhaps—in motion-picture land.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these feats was the transformation of Theda Bara. She had been successful in a small way in vaudeville. There is still in existence a copy of a photograph taken of her graduating class in Cincinnati, in which little Miss Goodman held the center of the tiny stage. When she went into the pictures her management decided to produce a picture of "The Vampire"—a so-called dramatization of the Kipling poem. At that time the lurid sex melodrama was a new thing, and it was desired to use every artful aid in centering the public attention on the play.

"We must re-name Miss Goodman," the management decided. "What shall we call her?"

In "The Vampire" is the suggestion of mystery and death and the desert sands. Sands suggest the Arab, and the word Arab turned about became Bara. And death—the letters were transposed and Miss Goodman became Theda. She was described as an exotic—a product of the strange East. For weeks Miss Bara remained incommunicado until she had learned enough French to speak it fluently. No one was permitted to address her in English in the studio. It was months before the secret of her identity leaked out. To-day she has a legal right to the name she made, for it has been sanctioned by the courts.

It is the screen personality that counts. The measure of a star in the movies is quite different from that of a star on the stage. Tricks of the voice, the finer details of acting, are lost on the screen. The actor on the stage is a miniature. whereas the actor for the film must employ the swashing strokes of a poster painter. No one will deny that De Wolf Hopper possesses in a supreme degree the gift of personality, but he is not successful on the screen. Not long ago he was engaged to do a series of pictures at a salary of $10,000 a week. Those who watched the production of the first picture enjoyed it immensely. The big actor was never funnier—but the humor did not appear in the film.

Sometimes personality can be developed. When Miss Norma Talmadge first began to act small parts no one thought of her save as a pretty, slender, dark-eyed girl. Her success was constant, but her progress was slow for the movies, where every extra woman expects to be on the billboards by the end of the week. With her advance in the technique of acting she grew in mental stature. When she had arrived at principal parts she had developed a quality most unusual in a business in which beggar-my-neighbor is a game that every one plays:

"Give them all a chance," said she." "I only want a good picture. I am not jealous."

Pretty girls are reluctantly tolerated in many companies by the women stars, and there are men stars who have bitterly opposed juvenile leads who possess strength and vigor. Miss Talmadge and Miss

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Evelyn Greeley and Clara Kimball Young are among the few who have a broader policy. The lead was actually taken from Miss Young by a second woman in a recent picture. Miss Greeley prefers to surround herself by men and women of competence.

Such women as these have won their place in the film drama quite legitimately. Each has worked for years in the most painstaking fashion and has not been thrust into sudden prominence by an advertising campaign.

The outsider who visits a motion-picture studio is apt to notice two or three blasé, cynical, superior-looking individuals who wander about wearing an air of indifference and a cigaret depending loosely from the lower lip. They seem superior to the caste lines of moviedom. If they feel so disposed they chat condescendingly to the star and the star smiles on them. The director takes them into consultation. Lesser people are flattered by their notice. Upon inquiry one discovers that these are the camera men.

"Many a star and many a director has been made by a good camera man," one is told.

It is the camera man who is responsible for the technical excellence of the picture. His seeming listlessness is translated into electric action when opportunity offers. He knows the precise angle at which his star must be "shot." Sometimes the camera is set on a level with the face and sometimes the leading figure is "under-shot" and sometimes the lens is directed downward. One star looks best when "back-lighted." Chaplin never permits his profile to be photographed except in long shots, in which the details are obscured, while Miss Pickford's contracts provide that but one side of her face is to be photographed. There are stars who are taken only when moving toward the camera and others who like the side shots best. Each star and each star director has his permanent camera man. Usually the contracts provide for this important personage.

Between times the camera man acts as adviser in the all-important matters of make-up and wardrobe. A stage star makes use of not more than four or five changes of costume except in character parts, but in the picture drama the principal female characters often dress for twenty or thirty different scenes, and almost as many dresses are required. Just as the camera is merciless in the revelation of departing youth, so it unhesitatingly betrays any unwise economy in the matter of gowns. Only the most expensive fabrics may be used and for the benefit of the feminine portion of the audiences only the latest cut is ventured on.

Here the camera man's knowledge is invaluable. He knows why an expensive gown fails to register properly. In the executive sessions in which new make-ups are tried out he likewise offers good advice. Hour after hour the star will apply the various shades of powder and paint and the camera man will cheerfully photograph them. When many feet of film have been developed he instructs his principal in the use of these aids.

"A line of red, now, under your chin will cut off that heaviness," he may say. "Red, you know, photographs black. It will look like a shadow."

They're funny people.

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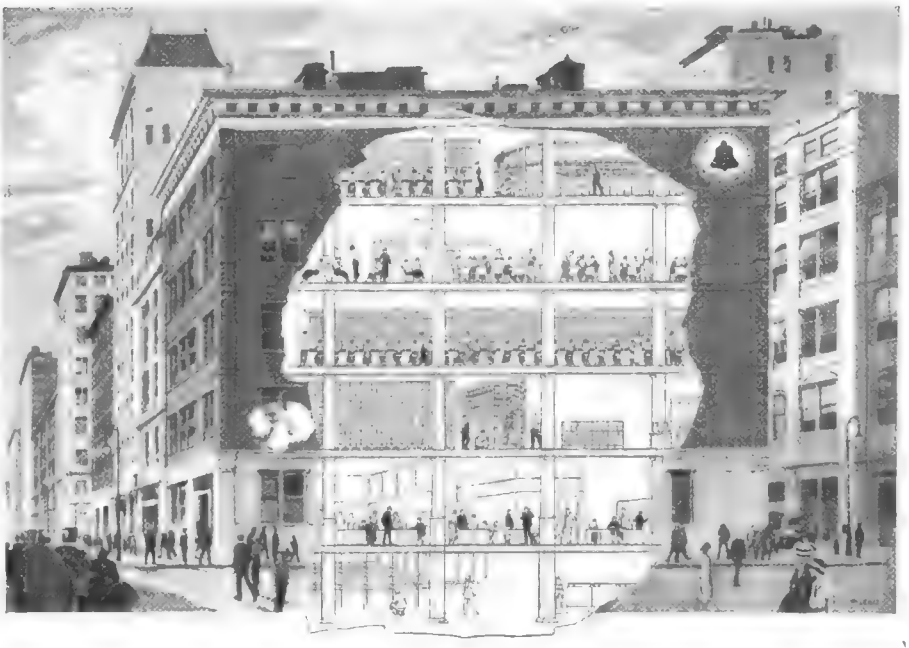

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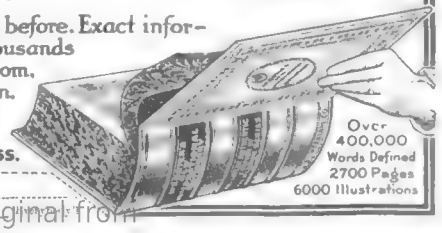

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A Wise Freshman

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Arnt Tiller has had to work so hard all his life, at everything, from mining to shipbuilding, that he only had time last year, when he was over fifty, to nail down his high-school diploma.

Then he looked across Lake Union and observed the students coming and going on the campus of the University of Washington. After a while he couldn't think of anything else but a college education. The high wages paid last year to the shipyard workers gave him his chance to save. When September came around he enrolled for the higher learning. He took the full schedule of sixteen hours and particularly likes his "eight o'clock" where he is never late. English composition, Norwegian culture, zoology and public speaking were checked off his study list last year.

Mr. Tiller does his own housekeeping in his boarding-house room, which is some distance from the campus and from which he walks every day to college.

He has the greatest admiration for his professors who, he says, "are wonderful men, giving the greatest possible assistance to people for fighting the battle of life."

He firmly believes that a freshman is as young as he feels and is particularly anxious not to be thought an old fogy just because he has entered the race for book-learning a bit later than most people.

"The mind and body are entirely separate," says Mr. Tiller, "and the former can keep on developing after the latter has reached maturity. The mind can go on and on. Just one thing, and only one thing, can stop it—crankiness. The fellow who lets himself become cranky can't learn anything new and might as well be dead."

Mr. Tiller has entirely the youthful point of view about education. He maintains, for instance, that football and track, not to mention parties and dramatics, are a very important part of one's college course.

If Freshman Tiller's money-earning luck holds, he expects to graduate with his class in 1922.

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BELOW THE MEDICINAL HUNDRED

(*Continued from page 36*)

good! Gamest up-hill fighter I ever saw in my life! Watch him come out of here, now!"

Old Mr. Hobgood swelled with pride. That was his boy they were talking about. His boy—in an unplayable lie—and those who had seen him before were calmly expecting him to come out of it!

To Mr. Hobgood's eyes, a dozen years fell away from Richard. He looked positively immature; and that was curious, because the muscles of his face were solid with a particularly mature expression.

"Fore!" said Richard, all but inaudibly.

Mr. Hobgood started. So the boy was going after it, was he? Not playing safe, and sidewise, but pitching almost vertically out of soft sand—one chance in a hundred that he would get out at all—and immediate defeat, then and there, if he didn't.

Richard was handling his niblick suggestively, and humming again. Mr. Hobgood's eyes stole over to his own putt. It was a twelve-footer, and if he dropped it, it would give him the only par four he had ever made on the eighteenth. He could surely underwrite a five—he couldn't miss it. And that would mean that he must keep his solemn promise, and do a very remarkable thing. He had figured, of course, that Richard would beat him easily, if he tried. And if Mr. Hobgood won, then whether he maintained his ground, or backed down, Richard would misunderstand him and despise him equally in either case. Mr. Hobgood grew warm. He felt that he was in an equivocal position, no matter what happened. Six holes ago he had felt like a judicious, if Spartan, parent; now he felt very foolish and melodramatic. If Richard would only hurry up and play! Instead, Richard was speaking to him:

"Suppose we finish all square?"

"In that case," said old Mr. Hobgood, trying to master his voice, "I win. That's because you really didn't earn your half on the second hole. You've got to *beat* me, Richard."

His son appeared curiously juvenile to him. He remembered that Richard, as a boy, had always looked pathetic under punishment. He said to himself that it would have been worth half his fortune if he and Richard could have had this last decade of golf together. Why, they could have been playing in the Pater-Filius tournaments at Sleepy Hollow! Richard might perfectly well have been the Amateur Champion by now. Mr. Hobgood caught his breath. He had conceivably robbed his only son of a championship. And he himself had lived sixty-eight years before he had realized what it meant to have a champion in the family.

There was a staccato of applause from the little group of spectators, and Mr. Hobgood, coming violently to himself, saw Richard the storm-center of a cloud of sand, in which a very white ball seemed suspended. Involuntarily, Mr. Hobgood ducked. The ball ran gaily up to the edge of the green and stopped. Richard had accomplished a remarkable out, but he was still thirty feet from the hole. He lighted a cigaret, while his father surveyed him, and debated whether praise would be the best thing for Richard just then, or not.

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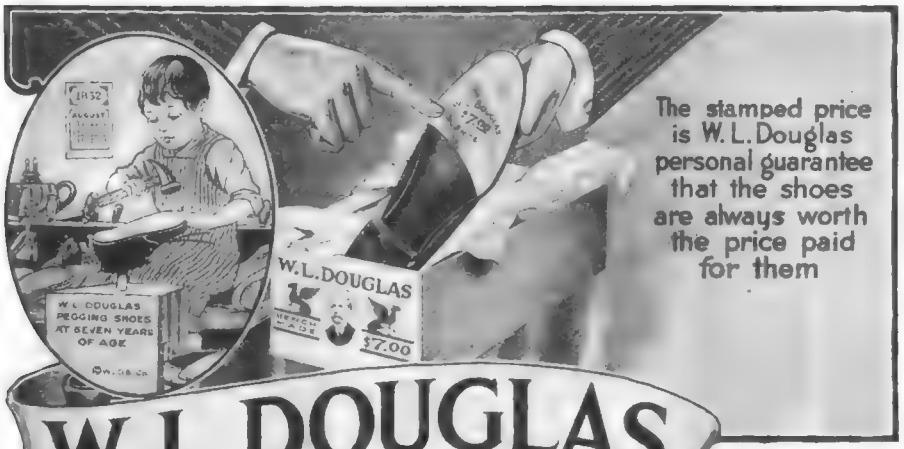

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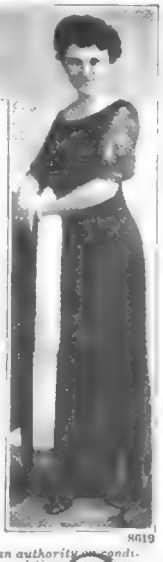

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From the little gallery: "Plays just as careful as though it was a big match, don't he?"

Richard was bending over for the putt. His father could see fine lines on his forehead—could see the rigid determination about his eyes and mouth. Mr. Hobgood's heart almost stopped beating as he watched the try.

"You're *always* short," he said gruffly. "You've *still* left yourself a shot for it. Well, I've got this for the hole——"

Merciless, for Richard's sake, he threw every atom of his resolve into the task. He told himself that he would beat Richard and then bargain with him. Offer to rescind the promise if Richard would guarantee to take regular exercise, say, two afternoons a week. With this in mind, he putted the best he knew how. To his horror, his head lifted before the stroke was played. He felt it; he knew it; but it was too late. The putt was half-topped; Mr. Hobgood overran by two good yards.

"This for the half," he said unsteadily.

He didn't look at Richard. He was wondering, as judges will, whether his judgment had been unnecessarily severe. It had been, of course, an emergency. It had been to compel Richard to wash his brain free of business details, and to infect him again with the incurable itch for golf. He believed that Richard, once bitten, would be unable to stay away from the links. But would Richard ever forgive him for the test? Would Richard ever understand that it had been merely one of those desperate attempts of a parent to meet with justice a situation which apparently couldn't be met without the grossest injustice?

What if Richard, regardless of the outcome, never forgave him?

Mr. Hobgood, squinting at the line of his putt, automatically added Richard's score for the second nine. Five, six, four, five, four, three, five, three—and a putt for a five here. A putt for a 40; a putt that he couldn't possibly miss—his first golf since 1909. Mr. Hobgood breathed hard. Talk about your up-hill fighters! That was his boy—a champion. And Mr. Hobgood wanted him to be a champion again.

He resolutely closed his eyes tight, and putted. He opened his eyes, and saw that he had missed the hole, just as he had intended, by about a foot. He walked tremulously over, and topped the ball in for a six.

"Now," he said, "if you've got the courage of a house mouse, you ought to win the hole, Richard."

Richard barely rimmed the cup, but his ball, following around the curve of the hole, slipped in through the back door for a five and the match, one up.

"Bull luck!" said Mr. Hobgood austerely. "Get off the green—we're holding up the whole course, Richard."

SIMILARLY uncommunicative, they went in to the lockers, and, shortly afterward, to lunch.

"You won't want to go out again this afternoon, I suppose?" said Mr. Hobgood casually.

"Why, I was just thinking about that, father."

"I could go nine more holes with you."

"Well, let's see how we feel after lunch."

Here Mr. Hobgood almost fell off his chair, for he could have sworn that Richard had

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winked at him. But neither of them mentioned the terms, or the outcome, of the morning's round.

"Haven't added up my medal yet," said Mr. Hobgood suddenly.

"I did. You were forty-seven and forty-eight for a ninety-five."

Mr. Hobgood quivered. "Honest? No! It *can't* be! Wait—by George, it *is!*" He sank back, radiant. "Well, I'll be hanged! Ninety-five! Well, I *will* be hanged! Why, Richard!"

Richard was smiling his commendation.

"You wasted a lot of shots, too. You putted like a child on the eighteenth——" He paused, and Mr. Hobgood grew faintly pink. He wondered whether Richard had seen him shut his eyes on the last green. It was an awful thought. It would destroy all Richard's trust in him. "Still, I can't say very much about putting, myself. I made a ninety-two—fifty-two and forty." Richard looked sober. "Thunder! I bet I could shoot ten strokes better this afternoon. And with a week's practise——"

"And the North and South the week after that—" suggested Mr. Hobgood slyly.

"Hm." Richard frowned. "Of course my timing's 'way off. But it's queer how the game does get hold of you again. If Alec Ross could give me a couple of hours—and I've got to get used to these new clubs. You can't take a bit of turf here, can you?"

"Not a mite. And you shouldn't chip your approaches, either, unless you have to. Run 'em up, like I do."

"Yes, I remember. There's a trick to it, though."

After lunch, Mr. Hobgood, craving for an interlude for introspection, waved his son away. "Now let me alone for an hour, Richard. I just want to sit out in the sun. I don't want to talk or do anything. You just go and tend to your own business and write letters or something for about an hour, and then you come back and we'll decide what's best for us to do this afternoon."

Accordingly, Richard vanished. Mr. Hobgood, inhaling deeply, went out to the terrace, and sat down to bask in the sunshine. Ninety-five! None of your medicinal hundreds for old man Hobgood any more; he could break a hundred any time he wanted to. It was easy!

"Telephone, Mr. Hobgood."

"What say? Oh, all right—I'll be right in." Nevertheless, he paused for a moment at the corner of the veranda, and looked over to the west, and smiled to himself very thoroughly and with great self-esteem before he answered the call.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Hobgood. . . Oh, hello, Skinner! Where are you—in New York?. . . I guess you wanted to talk to Richard, didn't you?" Here Mr. Hobgood craned his neck, in order to peer out of the western windows. "No; he's busy. . . . No, I can't call him just now. . . . Well, what is it?"

In the course of half a minute, Mr. Hobgood took to shaking his head peremptorily. "No, Skinner. He won't be coming up to-night. . . . No. Not possibly. . . . Why, I'd judge in about two weeks. . . . Well, we won't *take* the contracts, then. . . . Look here, Skinner, don't forget *I'm* still alive; I don't like to have my young men talk like . . . Sure I'll accept your apology, but you better be

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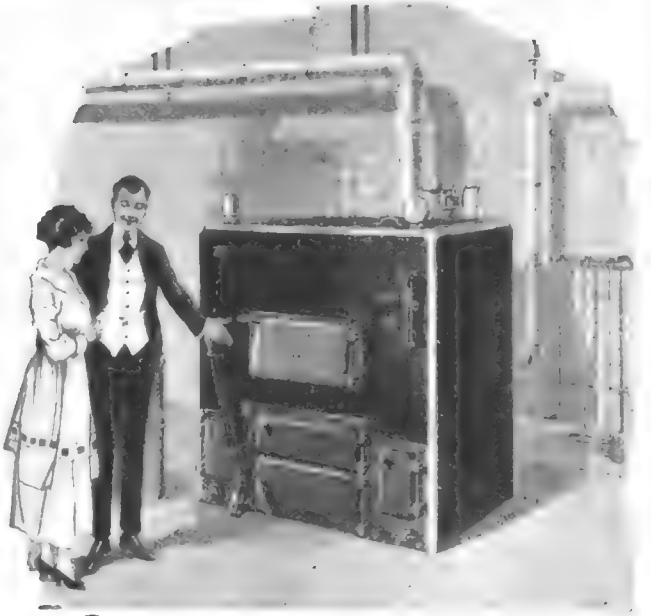

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a little careful how you talk to . . . No, you can't get Richard on the line, and it wouldn't do any good if you did. . . . Two weeks is what I said. . . . You'll just have to get along without him. . . . He'll send the contracts up by mail to-night and you can see to 'em just as well as *he* could—or if you can't, you ought to be afraid to admit it. . . . Say, Skinner, I made a ninety-five to-day! . . . Yes. . . . Oh, you don't play golf? . . . You talk like a fool, Skinner. . . . Well, he'll be up in about two weeks. . . . That's right. . . . Good-by."

Smiling broadly, Mr. Hobgood stood for a moment, gazing out of the window to the practise-greens, where Richard was absorbed with a putter and a dozen new balls. He observed that Richard was vibrant with energy, and that his expression was happier than Mr. Hobgood could remember. And Richard was putting exceptionally well.

"Joe," said Mr. Hobgood to the sable doorman, "go get my putter and some balls. I better warm up for my match this afternoon. Got a good man to play with, too. . . . Yes, he's my son. . . . Did I tell you I shot a ninety-five to-day, Joe? Yes, sir. I bet I break ninety before the season's over, Joe. It's a cinch. Here's a dollar for you."

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By Berton Braley

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But for all we jeer an' for all we knock,
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For when a "show" is planned, we know
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Where H. E's rain, to soothe the pain
Of wounded, crawlin' back.
He takes his chance in our advance
With surgeon's knife in hand;
Where gas clouds lurk he does his work
—A job I couldn't stand.

For though I've kind of a fightin' nerve,
It's another sort of a thing to serve
In a bloody station where wounded flock,
An' that is the job of the Army Doc!

With probe an' splint he does his stint
Without no rest or sleep,
Until he drops or something stops
The wounded lines that creep
To get his aid. An' when he's made
His final dressin', then
His nap he takes, an' when he wakes
He's on the job again.

There's many a simple wooden cross
That marks the place of a Doctor's loss;
But many a soldier's cross ain't there
Because of the Army Doctor's care.
He's true blue in color that will not crock
An' I sure salutes to the Army Doc!

THE ELEPHANT REMEMBERS

(*Continued from page 22*)

place had been questioned. The aristocracy of strength is drawn on quite inflexible lines. It would have been simply absurd for an elephant of the Dwasila or Mierga grades to covet the leadership. They had grown old without making the attempt. Only the great Kumiria, the grand dukes in the aristocracy, had ever made the trial at all. And besides, the bull was a better fighter after thirty years of leadership than on the day he had gained the honor.

The herd stood like heroic figures in stone for a long moment—until Muztagh had replied to the challenge. He was so surprised that he couldn't make any sound at all at first. He had expected to do the challenging himself. The fact that the leader had done it shook his self-confidence to some slight degree. Evidently the old leader still felt able to handle any young and arrogant bulls that desired his place.

Then the herd began to shift. The cows drew back with their calves, the bulls surged forward, and slowly they made a hollow ring, not greatly different from the pugilistic ring known to fight-fans. The calves began to squeal, but their mothers silenced them. Very slowly and grandly, with infinite dignity, Muztagh stamped into the circle. His tusks gleamed. His eyes glowed red. And those appraising old bulls in the ring knew that such an elephant had not been born since the time of their grandfathers.

They looked him over from tail to trunk. They marked the symmetrical form, the legs like mighty pillars, the sloping back, the wide-apart, intelligent eyes. His shoulders were an expression of latent might—power to break a tree-trunk at its base; by the conformity of his muscles he was agile and quick as a tiger. And knowing these things, and recognizing them, and honoring them, devotees of strength that they were, they threw their trunks in the air till they touched their foreheads and blared their full-voiced salute.

They gave it the same instant—as musicians strike the same note at their leader's signal. It was a perfect explosion of sound, a terrible blare, that crashed out through the jungles and wakened every sleeping thing. The dew fell from the trees. A great tawny tiger, lingering in hope of an elephant calf, slipped silently away. The sound rang true and loud to the surrounding hills and echoed and re-echoed softer and softer, until it was just a tiny tremor in the air.

Not only the jungle folk marveled at the sound. At an encampment three miles distant Ahmad Din and his men heard the wild call, and looked with wondering eyes upon each other. Then out of the silence spoke Langur Dass.

"My lord Muztagh has come back to his herd—that is his salute," he said.

Ahmad Din looked darkly about the circle. "And how long shall he stay?" he asked.

The trap was almost ready. The hour to strike had almost come.

Meanwhile the grand old leader stamped into the circle, seeming unconscious of the eyes upon him, battle-scarred and old.

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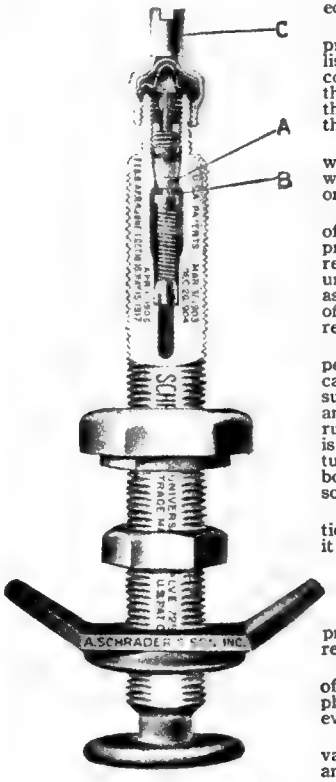

On frequent occasions the tire makers, justly proud of the achievements of their tires, have published the fact that this or that car had crossed the continent "with the same air in the tires with which they started." Such a performance speaks well for the tires, but it also speaks well for the valves on those tires.

Obviously, a tire is only as good as the valve with which it is equipped, and the best tire in the world will give a very poor account of itself if the valve on it leaks.

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It is not enough, however, for a tire valve to be perfect, it must remain perfect. Unfortunately, it cannot remain perfect if dirt or dust or foreign substances are permitted to enter the valve-stem and lodge between the valve seat "A" and the rubber washer "B". Any obstruction at this point is bound to cause a slow escape of air and an eventual soft tire—and soft tires are hard on the pocketbook, as all experienced Motorists know to their sorrow.

We urge you, therefore, to pay particular attention to your Valve Cap "C" and to make sure that it is always put back over the mouth of the valve after pumping the tire or testing its inflation.

The Cap in itself would hermetically seal the air within the tire if there were no plunger or washer further down, however, this would not be practical as it is necessary to have a plunger to retain the air when inflating the tire.

The Cap is the second absolutely airtight closure of the VALVE. In addition it protects the valve-plunger by keeping dust, mud or foreign matter of every kind from entering the valve-stem.

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Even if this fight were his last, he meant to preserve his dignity.

Again the salute sounded—shattering out like a thunderclap over the jungle. Then challenger and challenged closed.

At first the watchers were silent. Then as the battle grew ever fiercer and more terrible, they began to grunt and squeal, surging back and forth, stamping the earth and crashing the underbrush. All the jungle-folk for miles about knew what was occurring. And Ahmad Din wished his *keddah* were completed, for never could there be a better opportunity to surround the herd than at the present moment, when they had forgotten all things except the battling monsters in the center of the ring.

The two bulls were quite evenly matched. The patriarch knew more of fighting, had learned more wiles, but he had neither the strength nor the agility of Muztagh. The late twilight deepened into the intense dark, and the stars of midnight rose above the eastern hills.

All at once, Muztagh went to his knees. But as might a tiger, he sprang aside in time to avoid a terrible tusk blow to his shoulder. And his counter-blow, a lashing cut with the head, shattered the great leader to the earth. The elephants bounded forward, but the old leader had a trick left in his trunk. As Muztagh bore down upon him he reared up beneath, and almost turned the tables. Only the youngster's superior strength saved him from immediate defeat.

But as the night drew to morning, the bulls began to see that the tide of the battle had turned. Youth was conquering—too mighty and agile to resist. The rushes of the patriarch were ever weaker. He still could inflict punishment, and the hides of both of them were terrible to see, but he was no longer able to take advantage of his openings. Then Muztagh did a thing that reassured the old bulls as to his craft and wisdom. Just as a pugilist will invite a blow to draw his opponent within range, Muztagh pretended to leave his great shoulder exposed. The old bull failed to see the plot. He bore down, and Muztagh was ready with flashing tusk.

What happened thereafter occurred too quickly for the eyes of the elephants to follow. They saw the great bull go down and Muztagh stand lunging above him. And the battle was over.

The great leader, seriously hurt, backed away into the shadowed jungle. His trunk was lowered in token of defeat. Then the ring was empty except for a great red-eyed elephant, whose hide was no longer white, standing blaring his triumph to the stars.

Three times the elephant salute crashed out into the jungle silence—the full-voiced salaam to a new king. Muztagh had come into his birthright.

VII

THE *keddah* was built at last. It was a strong stockade, opening with great wings spreading out one hundred yards, and equipped with the great gate that lowered like a portcullis at the funnel end of the wings. The herd had been surrounded by the drivers and beaters, and slowly they had been driven, for long days, toward the *keddah* mouth. They had guns loaded with blank cartridges, and firebrands

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ready to light. At a given signal they would close down quickly about the herd, and stampede it into the yawning mouth of the stockade.

No detail had been overlooked. No expense had been spared. The profit was assured in advance, not only from the matchless Muztagh, but from the herd as well. The king of the jungle, free now as the winds or the waters, was about to go back to his chains. These had been such days! He had led the herd through the hills, and had known the rapture of living as never before. It had been his work to clear the trail of all dangers for the herd. It was his pride to find them the coolest watering-places, the greenest hills. One night a tiger had tried to kill a calf that had wandered from its mother's side. Muztagh lifted his trunk high and charged down with great, driving strides—four tons and over of majestic wrath. The tiger leaped to meet him, but the elephant was ready. He had met tigers before. He avoided the terrible stroke of outstretched claws, and his tusks lashed to one side as the tiger was in midspring. Then he lunged out, and the great knees descended slowly, as a hydraulic press descends on yellow apples. And soon after that the kites were dropping out of the sky for a feast.

His word was law in the herd. And slowly he began to overcome the doubt that the great bulls had of him—doubt of his youth and experience. If he had had three months more of leadership, their trust would have been absolute. But in the meantime, the slow herding toward the *keddah* had begun.

"We will need brave men to stand at the end of the wings of the *keddah*," said Ahmad Din. He spoke no less than truth. The man who stands at the end of the wings, or wide-stretching gates, of the *keddah* is of course in the greatest danger of being charged and killed. The herd, mad with fright, is only slightly less afraid of the spreading wings of the stockade than of the yelling, whooping beaters behind. Often they will try to break through the circle rather than enter the wings.

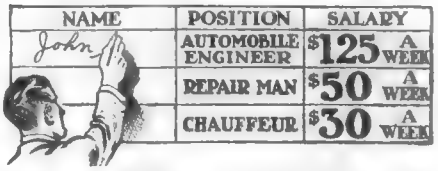
"For two rupees additional I will hold one of the wings," replied old Langur Dass. Ahmad Din glanced at him—at his hard, bright eyes and determined face. Then he peered hard, and tried in vain to read the thoughts behind the eyes. "You are a madman, Langur Dass," he said wonderingly. "But thou shalt lie behind the right-wing men to pass them torches. I have spoken."

"And the two extra rupees?" Langur asked cunningly.

"Maybe." One does not throw away rupees in Upper Burma.

Within the hour the signal of "*Mail, mail!*" (Go on, go on!) was given, and the final laps of the drive began.

The hills grew full of sound. The beaters sprang up with firebrand and rifle, and closed swiftly about the herd. The animals moved slowly at first. The time was not quite ripe to throw them into a panic. Many times the herd would leave their trail and start to dip into a valley or a creek-bed, but always there was a new crowd of beaters to block their path. But presently the beaters closed in on them. Then the animals began a wild descent squarely toward the mouth of the *keddah*. "*Mail*" the wild men cried. "Oh, you



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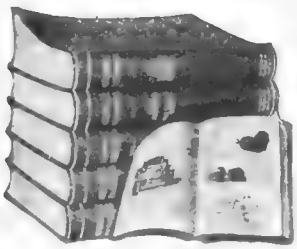

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forest pigs! On, on! Block the way through that valley, you brainless sons of jackals! Are you afraid? *Ail* Stand close! Watch, Puran! Guard your post, Khusru! Now on, on—do not let them halt! *Arre! Aihai!*"

Firebrands waved, rifles cracked, the wild shout of beaters increased in volume. The men closed in, driving the beasts before them.

But there was one man that did not raise his voice. Through all the turmoil and pandemonium he crouched at the end of the stockade wing, tense and silent and alone. To one that could have looked into his eyes, it would have seemed that his thoughts were far and far away. It was just old Langur Dass, named for a monkey and despised of men.

He was waiting for the instant that the herd would come thundering down the hill, in order to pass lighted firebrands to the bold men who held that corner. He was not certain that he could do the thing he had set out to do. Perhaps the herd would sweep past him, through the gates. If he did win, he would have to face alone the screaming, infuriated hillmen, whose knives were always ready to draw. But knives did not matter now. Langur Dass had only his own faith and his own creed, and no fear could make him betray them.

Muztagh had lost control of his herd. At their head ran the old leader that he had worsted. In their hour of fear they had turned back to him. What did this youngster know of elephant-drives? Ever the waving firebrands drew nearer, the beaters lessened their circle, the avenues of escape became more narrow. The yawning arms of the stockade stretched just beyond.

"Will I win, jungle gods?" a little gray man at the *keddah* wing was whispering to the forests. "Will I save you, great one that I knew in babyhood? Will you go down into chains before the night is done? *Ail* I hear the thunder of your feet! The moment is almost here. And now—your last chance, Muztagh!"

"Close down, close down!" Ahmad Din was shouting to his beaters. "The thing is done in another moment. Hasten, pigs of the hills! Raise your voice! Now! *Aihai!*"

The herd was at the very wings of the stockade. They had halted an instant, milling, and the beaters increased their shouts. Only one of all the herd seemed to know the danger—Muztagh himself, and he had dropped from the front rank to the very rear. He stood with uplifted trunk, facing the approaching rows of beaters. And there seemed to be no break in the whole line.

The herd started to move on, into the wings of captivity; and they did not heed his warning squeals to turn. The circle of fire drew nearer. Then his trunk seemed to droop, and he turned, too. He could not break the line. He turned too, toward the mouth of the *keddah*.

But even as he turned, a brown figure darted toward him from the end of the wing. A voice known long ago was calling to him—a voice that penetrated high and clear above the babble of the beaters. "Muztagh!" it was crying. "Muztagh!"

But it was not the words that turned Muztagh. An elephant can not understand words, except a few elemental sounds such as a horse or dog can learn. Rather it was the smell of the man,

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remembered from long ago, and the sound of his voice, never quite forgotten. For an elephant never forgets.

"Muztagh! Muztagh!"

The elephant knew him now. He remembered his one friend among all the human beings that he knew in his calfhood; the one mortal from whom he had received love and given love in exchange.

"More firebrands!" yelled the men who held that corner of the wing. "Firebrands! Where is Langur Dass?" but instead of firebrands that would have frightened beast and aided men, Langur Dass stepped out from behind a tree and beat at the heads of the right-wing guards with a bamboo cane that whistled and whacked and scattered them into panic—yelling all the while—"Muztagh! O my Muztagh! Here is an opening! Muztagh, come!"

And Muztagh did come—trumpeting—crashing like an avalanche, with Langur Dass hard after him, afraid, now that he had done the trick. And hot on the trail of Langur Dass ran Ahmad Din, with his knife drawn, not meaning to let that prize be lost to him at less than the cost of the trickster's life.

But it was not written that the knife should ever enter the flesh of Langur Dass.

The elephant never forgets, and Muztagh was monarch of his breed. He turned back two paces, and struck with his trunk. Ahmad Din was knocked aside as the wind whips a straw.

For an instant elephant and man stood front to front. To the left of them the gates of the stockade dropped shut behind the herd. The elephant stood with trunk slightly lifted, for the moment motionless. The long-haired man who had saved him stood lifting upstretched arms.

It was such a scene as one might remember in an old legend, wherein beasts and men were brothers, or such as sometimes might steal, like something remembered from another age, into a man's dreams. Nowhere but in India, where men have a little knowledge of the mystery of the elephant, could it have taken place at all.

For Langur Dass was speaking to my lord the elephant:

"Take me with thee, Muztagh! Monarch of the hills! Thou and I are not of the world of men, but of the jungle and the rain, the silence, and the cold touch of rivers. We are brothers, Muztagh. O beloved, wilt thou leave me here to die!"

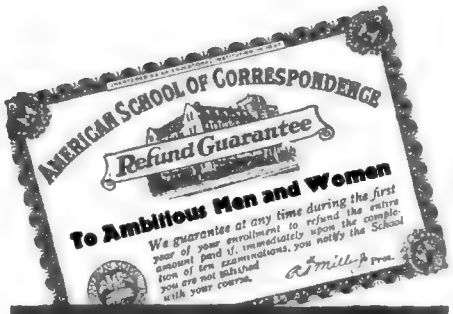
The elephant slowly turned his head and looked scornfully at the group of beaters bearing down on Langur Dass, murder shining no less from their knives than from their lighted eyes.

"Take me," the old man pleaded; "thy herd is gone."

The elephant seemed to know what he was asking. He had lifted him to his great shoulders many times, in the last days of his captivity. And besides, his old love for Langur Dass had never been forgotten. It all returned, full and strong as ever. For an elephant never can forget.

It was not one of the man-herd that stood pleading before him. It was one of his own jungle people, just as, deep in his heart, he had always known. So with one motion light as air, he swung him gently to his shoulder.

The jungle, vast and mysterious and still, closed its gates behind them.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Nose-Rings and Self-Determination

By C. R. Calhoun

CHANGING the style of wearing gold nose-rings by government order has aroused dissatisfaction in social circles in the San Blas Indian country on the Atlantic coast of Panama near Colombia, and the ladies have sent a delegation to President Porras to protest against this interference with their personal liberty and to request permission to return their gold rings to their respective noses.

Several months ago three Panama policemen were sent down to the San Blas coast country with instructions to see that all women, in fact all female Indians resident in that province, removed their nasal adornments, and to advise them that the style of wearing gold rings was in the same class as bustles and hoop-skirts so far as the Government of Panama was concerned. The policemen did their duty and the San Blas, although stating that the object could not be accomplished in a day or a week, complied with the order, and the women folk obediently removed the nose-rings.

Everything was lovely for a while until the ladies began to miss their rings. They seemed to lack something, and their respective noses and the muscles and nerves thereof lacked the gentle pressure and pull of the golden circlets to which they had been accustomed since their respective owners were children. The removal of the rings got on the ladies' nerves and they put them back again, saying that it was impossible to get along without them.

This was called to the attention of the policemen, who arrested the husbands of the offending ladies and fined them twenty Balboas (dollars). Trouble started and it seemed that the policemen may have beaten up some of the Indians. It all resulted in the Indians of Arriba del Diablo (Above the Devil) province sending Sim Phillip, Jack Archibold and Joe Harvey—all San Blas Indians in spite of their names—to petition the President of Panama for relief for their ladies. This committee speaks very good English and as the members have sailed in British and American ships to many ports in the outside world they know that nose-rings have gone out of style in most of the other countries, although the latter may have styles that they consider just as ridiculous.

Sim, Jack and Joe say that they are in favor of letting the style go out of date along with moss-agate collar-buttons, and that the female children born within the last few months have not been having their noses pierced in anticipation of the day when some gallant San Blas youth would present them with a gold ring. From now on the practise will be stopped, but they argue that to take away the rings from the women and grown-up girls would be taking away from them a custom that has been handed down for generations, and that is more than they can stand.

Two San Blas suffragettes

After waiting six days in Panama vainly trying to see the President, the committee had to return to their tribe, leaving the following letters of complaint from some of their people:

May 15, 1919.

Garrido and Claudio make trouble for the Indians the people wanted to put back their nose-rings. Anna tell the policeman to punish them. The Indians said we do not want to make trouble.

May 24, 1919.

Porvenir (Future) chief make trouble with Indians. Garrido and Claudio beat Chief Louis very bad and bring him to Porvenir and put him in jail. Dear President, will you help me with it. We do not make no trouble.

June 10, 1919.

I write you these few lines. Indians can not do without nose-rings. They say it is their custom. All people in this world have different customs. DOLAY PARPARTI.

It is not known whether or not the petition will soften the heart of the Chief Executive of the Republic and cause him to permit the ladies of the San Blas to wear their jewelry in the manner to which they have been accustomed. It might be explained that the San Blas women do not have a vote in the Republic of Panama.

Until a few years ago the San Blas Indians had not acknowledged the sovereignty of either the Republic of Panama or the United States of Colombia, and their country was a tiny Latin American Switzerland. However, after a visit from President Porras they finally submitted to the Government of Panama. It is not known how much the present crisis, which is the most talked-of matter on the San Blas coast, will strain their relations with the present Government. The San Blas believed in self-determination long before the League of Nations was thought of, and now it is possible that some of their statesmen may consider the nose-rings of their ladies a subject for reference to that tribunal.

The San Blas occupy the Atlantic coast and the adjacent islands near the Colombian border and are among the best natural sailors in the world, many of them going to sea on ships from the Panama Canal. They are great fishermen and their coast and islands are said to produce the best coconuts in the world. These natural seamen bring large loads of coconuts to Cristobal, piled high in their dugout sailboats, up the roughest bit of coast on the Caribbean, with the waves laving over the edge, and never lose a nut.

Their blood is probably the purest of any of the American Indians, as no men in the world have guarded their women with more jealousy and efficiency than the San Blas. In a country everywhere touched with the blood of the West Indian negroes the San Blas never show the slightest trace of any kind of mixture. Until a few years ago, and it is still often true, no men other than those of their own tribe were permitted to be ashore on their coasts or on their islands after sunset. It is said that any San Blas woman who has become intimate with a foreigner to the extent of possible tainting of the blood of the race must suffer the death penalty. These Indians have other customs that are as peculiar as the nose-rings of their women and the tiny Weber-Fields derbies worn by the large-headed men when they come to Panama.

Courtship in the San Blas is a strenuous matter, especially for the bride-to-be. In order to win her the suitor must chase her and catch her in the water. The San Blas live in or on the water from birth and are natural swimmers and divers. The women do not wear too many clothes and they must be slippery in the water so that a man who is not a good swimmer would either have to be a bachelor or marry an old and inactive woman. After the girl has been caught in the water, and before the wedding ceremony, she is buried in the sand up to her neck and has to live on water for three days.

With suffrage granted to the women of many of the states and more of them getting it, there is little danger of President Wilson prescribing the length or width of skirts or visibility of silk stockings and thus giving our own ladies a grievance similiar to that of their sisters in the San Blas country.

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Amateurs give no pain to this artist.

Found: A Practical Artist

By Marjorie Kinnan

INTRODUCING an artist, as "artistic" and ethereal as tradition demands, but one who carries with her a saw, a hammer, bits of wood and a warm, jolly love of "real, every-day, honest-to-God people"—Mrs. Donald Pratt, *née* Margaret Swain, formerly of the Provincetown Players, New York, who says:

"Art for art's sake has no place in this busy world. The Lord would never have tolerated it for one moment."

Mrs. Pratt first worked for a year in Kentucky, staging fairy pantomimes with the children of the poor mountain whites, and the transient miners. Then she was dramatic director for the revival of miracle plays, under the Episcopal Church, in Ohio, which has since spread all through the West.

She has worked with children, directing two thousand at one time. She has danced—here, there, everywhere—and has acted with many Little Theatre groups.

Now she has turned to the most practical of constructive work with the pageantry department of the Young Women's Christian Association, where she sits at her desk, or works at her model theatre, as a boon to the hundreds of communities all over the United States who write in for help in staging pageants and dramas.

Bibliographies of helpful books are sent in answer to countless requests; lists of plays are given—plays both good and simple; pictures are sent as suggestions for costumes.

Mrs. Pratt has just finished a set of scenery which will be manna from the gods for small communities—a set which is convertible into either a formal drawing-room or a rustic cottage. This cuts the expense exactly in half, and opens up as many possibilities for combination sets.

Perhaps the most practical help to an artistic end is this practical artist's model theatre, where she works out every idea that is to be offered to any one else. Mrs. Pratt expects eventually to make this theatre a "kitbag" theatre, which will fold and unfold, and may be carried everywhere about the country for making demonstrations.

The tiny stage is sixteen inches by five. At the rear is a balcony nine inches high, supported by pillars, with steps of varying heights leading up to it, and suitable for various pageantry groupings. The stage, instead of using the conventional curtain, is approached by long, low steps. The furniture, like the scenery, is made to be as adaptable as possible.

"What I want to do," says Mrs. Pratt, "is to help people to create. The model theatre is like a pen to a poet or a typewriter to a newspaperman. We want to help those who have never expressed themselves before to do so, and to do it well.

"Snobbish artists feel pain when amateurs interpret a great piece of work badly. Yet in the end, the amateur may have something to give the professional. It may take years. But what are years?"

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YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT TO SIMPSON'S

(*Continued from page 28*)

Terry pounded Paul on the shoulder. "Never mind, you poor benighted city boob; don't feel badly. You don't know any better."

Paul's eyes darkened. "If you mean I don't know anything about roughing it," he observed, "you're entirely right. It's a form of recreation I have consistently avoided all my life."

As Terry and Ed left the kitchen bearing the steaming platter, Elsie turned to Paul.

"You mustn't let Terry tease you," she said with an air of one rebuking a petulant child.

Paul shrugged; then he smiled. "Excuse it on the grounds of my hunger. Under hunger's influence a man goes back to the primitive." Terry's head appeared in the kitchen door, this time for forks, and he nodded in agreement.

"Yes, we are all a whole lot different with the veneer peeled off—come on in and have supper; we're waiting for you."

After having disposed of the meager fare, four stalks of asparagus apiece and three sweet crackers, there was not much else for the party to do but go to bed.

"Not that I can sleep on an empty stomach," Helen complained bitterly.

She had Terry up at daylight, and he drove seven miles to the next town for a list of supplies, compiled by Helen.

WHEN he returned, smoke was rising from the kitchen chimney, and Elsie met him at the door. "Did you bring some bacon?" she demanded. "Here—give it to me. Ed caught some trout, beauties, and we are waiting to fry them."

"Where's Paul?" Terry asked, passing over the bacon.

"He's in bed, I guess," Elsie called over her shoulder. Then, as Terry started across the room, "Oh, don't bother to call him. He would only be in the way with his laughing and smarty-smarty comments on everything. You needn't look at me like that—they are smarty-smarty."

After breakfast Ed Stevens lined them all up. "Now," he said, "this is the question before the house. Of course this isn't my party, but apparently somebody has to decide things. Are we going to stay or are we not?"

After the babel of voices had subsided, the decision seemed to be that they were going to stay. Paul had cast no vote at all.

"Well, then," Ed continued, "we'll have to have some division of the work."

"I'm an I. W. W.," Dolly Bettany volunteered.

Nobody else said anything, but still there was no objection when Ed apportioned their daily tasks.

For two days everything went smoothly enough. Terry was jubilant until Helen, meeting him in the boat-house, took some of the wind out of his sails.

"Yes, everything seems to be going right enough," she remarked. "Paul is either sulky or bored or satirical. And the rest is doing me good. See how much of this sweater I have finished. But you want to watch Dolly Bettany, or that big-eyed baby vamp will permanently annex the simple child of nature and your story will lack a moral."

This bothered Terry. He walked back to the house, his head bent thoughtfully.

He found Paul chopping wood. Elsie came to the kitchen door to inquire how soon she could have some to start her fire, and a chip flew off the block and hit her squarely in the eye.

"It's the way you hold the ax. Ed's chips never fly around like that," Terry declared, running to Elsie.

Paul stood his ax against the kitchen steps, got some water from the lake, and bound his handkerchief over Elsie's eyes. Then he turned on Terry. "I'm through," he announced. "From now on I am the idle jest of this camp—with emphasis on the idle. I can't chop wood, and I can't cook, my dusting is poor—and I will not wash dishes——"

"Um. I've noticed that there is a lot you can't do," Terry snapped. "But you can learn."

"But why?" Paul queried airily. "Each to his own trade. There isn't so much to do around here anyway, and what there is, all of you do better than I do."

"We'll teach you—willingly."

"Again, I ask why? It takes far longer to teach a stupid pupil than to do a thing yourself."

"You mean a pupil who doesn't want to learn."

Paul laughed shamelessly. "Exactly."

"Will you tell me why you came?" Terry, in his indignation, quite forgot his obligations as a host.

Paul looked at him with dancing eyes. "To talk to your cousin and to woo your trout—both of which seem elusive so far." And he walked to the boat-house singing,

"Fishing, fishing, it's one of the gentler arts,
Whether you fish for fishes, or whether you fish for hearts——"

"Hearts!" Terry observed disgustedly. "Yes—that's just about Paul's speed."

Elsie didn't say anything. She merely nodded absently. But in her eyes was the dazed expression of a little girl who sees some of the bright paint rubbed from a new toy.

Paul got out the canoe and paddled down the lake. On his way back he put into a little inlet and, drawing the canoe up on the shore, he settled back among the cushions and drew Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" from his pocket."

The sun had been out for three days now, and the woods were full of the lisping whispers of the freshly budded trees and the happy, heart-thrilling song of the birds. Presently there was an echo of their melody, and a flutter of a light dress among the trees. It was Elsie wandering down the path. She was singing, and she didn't see Paul.

"Mine oft-repeated pray'r's in vain,
The parting guest would stay: Oh cherry flow'rs,
Pour down your petals, that from these bowers
He ne'er may find the homeward path again."

She came upon the canoe and stopped.

Paul rose and, coming to stand beside her, smiled down into her eyes. "I never knew you sang before. You have a lovely voice. There are so many things I don't know about you," he added wistfully.

"I might say the same about you," Elsie answered. "But we learn so much every day."

"That sounds very enigmatic. Don't be that way—you are too young and happy. What was the name of that song?"

"I don't know. It's a love-song from the Japanese. I felt like singing it because I have just come from the farm at the bend of the lake. The cherry-trees are in full bloom. They are beautiful."

Paul nodded. "Cherry-blossoms are very pretty. I never knew how pretty they were until this winter at the automobile show."

"At the automobile show?" Elsie stared.

"Yes. In the exhibit of the Durand cars they had all the columns draped with dark-red velvet, and against this background they had tied single branches of cherry-blossoms. They weren't bunched, you know—you just got a single effect. It was very clever."

"Yes, it must have been," Elsie agreed, looking at him with an odd expression in her eyes—the expression of a girl who is looking at a man from a long way off.

"Will you take me to the cherry-trees?" Paul asked.

Elsie shook her head, her lips curling. "No, you don't like walking in the woods along the narrow crooked paths where the low branches catch at you with friendly little hands; and you wouldn't like the orchard. There are a hundred trees in bloom—rather bunched, you know. Nature is not as clever at effects as your city decorators." Then she turned away and left him.

PAUL got into his canoe and with short, vicious strokes headed for the middle of the lake. Then he had a change of mood. He returned to shore, and after drawing the canoe out of the water, walked down the path to the orchard. When he came upon the cherry-trees, he stopped with a sharp breath. "They look like glad-eyed brides," he murmured.

But later in the evening, when he had made the opportunity to tell Elsie that he had seen her cherry-trees, he made no mention of brides.

"I tramped two miles to look at them," he told her resentfully, "seeing that they inspired that pretty song. I was hot and tired and hungry, and all I saw was some old, weather-beaten trees, with some scraggy blossoms on them; and cherry-blossoms have no scent."

Elsie was looking at him steadily. "I think you are deliberately trying to be as disagreeable as you know how," she announced.

"Do you?" Paul smiled. He seemed to be considering this. "I wonder if you're right."

Elsie didn't reply but took her basket, and a few moments later Paul frowned to see her picking radishes in the garden at the back of the house with Ed Stevens and laughing far more than the occasion seemed to warrant.

Dolly Bettany was taking a nap, Helen was ripping out three rows in her sweater, and there was nothing for Paul to do but

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take a book and retire to his own room.

But later in the afternoon Terry came back from town with some broilers and a basket of mushrooms which he declared were worth their weight in gold. So dinner that night was a gay and festive occasion. And afterward they all sat on the pier and watched the moon rise. And Elsie sang. Her voice was soft and sweet and as perfect in tone as a bird's.

She finished and they paid her the tribute of a deep silence for a moment or two. Then Helen said dreamily: "You know when I hear singing I always seem to see pictures. Now to-night," and her voice grew softly tender, "I seem to see Ted and Bunny playing in a garden with—with Jim smiling at them over the hedge."

Elsie was looking at Paul, a certain wistfulness in her eyes. "And do you see pictures too?" she asked him.

"Sometimes. Now you have a very beautiful voice; it's so appealing. I see you standing on a great stage, dark velvet curtains falling behind you—and there are flowers—flowers everywhere—and the sound of wildly applauding people."

There was a moment's silence. Then Ed Stevens said: "Oh, I don't think that Elsie has that kind of a voice at all. It's funny about music, isn't it? To me there is a feeling of home in that song of hers—the sweet smell of an old-fashioned garden, larkspur, mignonette, love-lies-bleeding; a child calling, cattle crowding to the bars, and a candle winking in the window like a star."

Elsie leaned forward to slip her hand in his. "That—that is the nicest thing anybody ever said about my voice."

Twenty minutes later Terry found her crying on the kitchen steps.

"Why—oh why—couldn't *he* have said that?" she sobbed.

"Because, dear," Terry answered gently, "he didn't know how. Paul is different from Ed. As different—as he is from you."

TERRY sat for a long time over his pipe that night. He seemed to be arguing with himself and having a hard time of it. Finally he shook his head. "But what else was there for me to do?" he murmured. Then he lifted his shoulders irritably. "Gee—sometimes I wish I had been born with the ability to sit on the side lines of life and attend strictly to my own knitting."

The next afternoon Terry and Ed Stevens—and Dolly Bettany—drove into town. They left Helen feverishly finishing her sweater and Elsie preparing vegetables in the kitchen with Paul trying to help her.

"Please don't stand there making fun of me," he begged. "If you'd only show me how——"

"But you don't want to learn—you said so," Elsie objected.

"Well, maybe I did. But from the time I was in school there were some people who could teach me and some who couldn't. Now you"—he came quite close and took the vegetable knife and a large carrot out of her hand—"now you have taught me so much. Will you let me teach you something——"

Elsie was looking at him out of big, doubtful eyes, when Helen burst into the kitchen.

"Come quick!" she cried wildly. "The stove in my room—it tipped over—and the whole place is burning up!"

Paul snatched a pail of water from the doorstep and dashed across the living-room. He threw the water into the blazing room, but the flames only leaped higher than ever.

He turned to Elsie and Helen huddled behind him. "Get your things out!" he commanded. "Get everything out you can—we'll never get this fire out."

He tore down draperies and he flung water-soaked rugs on the roof, but the house seemed doomed. The flames mounted higher and higher above the tree-tops until the people in the farm-house a half a mile away saw them and telephoned into town. Terry, ambling down the main street, heard the news and leaping into the car tore back to the camp.

Paul was on his way to the roof with an armful of wet blankets when Helen clutched his arm.

"My sweater, my blue sweater!" she screamed. "I just finished it; it's in the sitting-room. Oh, don't let it burn up!"

Paul glanced at the furnace before him. "Must you have it?"

Helen was frankly crying and wringing her hands. "It's the only thing—I ever made—my baby," she sobbed.

Paul looked into her eyes and nodded. Then wrapping his coat about his head he plunged into the house.

When he came out, he found that the car had arrived, and Terry and Ed, accompanied by half a dozen men, were piling out.

"The pump—the pump," Terry shouted. "Here's the connection; we may be able to save the garage!"

Ed dragged the hose from the garage and Terry made the connection. They soon had a stream of water playing on the blaze, but though they saved the garage the house burned until it was a mass of blackened timbers.

Late that night, with the car waiting to take them to the village where they were to sleep, Terry stood and gazed solemnly at the ruins.

"Pretty expensive rescue party," he remarked. "Still—I wonder if it brought Elsie to her senses?"

He turned to find Elsie at his side. "Oh," she breathed, placing her little hand on his arm, "it's been such a wonderful party, Terry—with such a wonderful ending."

TERRY, glancing at the ruins before him, gasped. "What do you mean by that?"

"And wasn't it fine, the way Paul risked his life for Helen's baby sweater?" she went on dreamily.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Terry agreed satirically. "And threw water, *water*, on burning kerosene, and never thought of the pump—which would have saved the house. I'm glad he did singe his eyebrows and front hair!" he added viciously.

"Terry! How could you expect Paul to know about the kerosene—and the pump——?"

"Ed would have known."

"Ed! Since he has fallen under the spell of Dolly Bettany Ed doesn't know anything. She's teaching him to play the ukulele. Ed Stevens!"

"Don't be jealous. It's your own fault that she got him away from you," Terry said acidly.

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Elsie laughed easily. "Don't be foolish. I've known Ed all my life. No girl ever cares—really cares, for a man she knows as well as that. Besides—I am engaged to some one else."

"Engaged—to some one else? Not to Paul?"

"Yes, Terry."

"What!" Terry all but howled. "After the way he's behaved in this camp?"

"Ah, but Terry," Elsie put in gently, "that doesn't count. We won't be spending our lives in a camp, you know. Paul hates them. I have turned the management of the factory over to Ed Stevens, and Paul and I will live in New York. New York—after twenty-one years of River Falls—and the Ladies' Aid—and Chautauqua! And you must admit, Terry," she added mischievously, "in New York Paul makes a charming playfellow."

"Charming, yes," Terry agreed crossly. Then he shook an impressive finger. "But take it from Terry, Elsie Wayne—you can't take that to Simpson's!"

Elsie laughed. "Simpson's—oh, yes, I know—the money-lender. Paul took me to one of his fascinating shops. But Terry," she went on to explain, "considering Aunt Louise's will, there is very little chance of us ever having to go to Simpson's."

Terry watched her flutter away to join Paul.

"And yet everything worked along exactly as I planned," he declared in bewilderment. He shook his head. "'In this world there are two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst; that is real tragedy.'"

America

By Grace Hazard Conkling

The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters
. . . and shall be chased before the wind.
—ISAIAH.

FOR you the early dawn was white,
For you the sunrise cloud unfurled,
And stars were lent you by the night
To chart you through a changing world.
You follow a bewildered course,
You tend unto a haven veiled,
Before the wind's relentless force
Sailing an ocean never sailed.
Like him, the intrepid Genoese
Who wrested you from the unknown,
You shape a whole world's destinies.
You sail not for yourself alone!
The nations driven and oppressed,
Like mighty waters rushing by,
Shall turn them toward your waiting west,
Shall read like you the written sky.
A great wind blows from the new dawn;
The surging nations can not rest;
Your sunrise bars,
Your blazing stars,
Bright on that wind shall lead them on!

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